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HOYLE'S

HYMNS AND SONGS,

FOR

Temperance Societies

AND

BANDS OF HOPE.

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PREFACE.

In the history of the Temperance movement the power of Song has ever been recognised. Music has supplied the most pleasing and effectual means for the advancement of right principles. For many years Mr. Hoyle has laboured assiduously in this department; his vigorous, soul-stirring songs are eagerly sought for and sung at large gatherings throughout the country; they have also attained a degree of popularity in Ireland, Scotland, America, and Australia.

Encouraged by this appreciation of his labours, Mr. Hoyle sends forth this enlarged edition of "Hymns and Songs." Forty pieces have been added, including a number of new Songs and Choruses, now published for the first time.

The rapid development of the *Good Templar* movement has created a large demand for Temperance pieces. Mr. Hoyle respectfully commends this enlarged edition to all his *Brother Templars* throughout the kingdom, feeling assured that his "Hymns and Songs" will contribute to the pleasure and prosperity of the various Lodges where they are used. In proper order will be found hymns for opening and closing, anniversary pieces, hymns sacred and moral, melodies, songs, choruses, etc., on the various phases of the Temperance question. The character and merit of each piece has been carefully considered; in short, no effort has been spared to render this edition the most complete and useful Book of Temperance Hymns and Songs extant.

Mr. Hoyle tenders his cordial thanks to W. H. Whitehead, Esq., Organist, Radnor Street Chapel, for valuable aid rendered in revising the harmonies, and preparing the work for the press; also to the Authors of the select pieces, and Proprietors of the copyright, for the permission to use them so freely given; and if he has unwittingly made any mistake in this matter, he trusts that he may be informed of it, that it may be apologised for and rectified.

REVIEWS AND TESTIMONIALS.

From the Rev. E. Hewlett, M.A., St. Paul's, Manchester.

"I have gone through Mr. Hoyle's book of Hymns and Songs with much attention, having carefully perused every piece in it, and have much pleasure in bearing testimony to its excellence. It is respectable, to say the least, in point of literary merit, sound in Temperance sentiment, and religious in tone. The plan upon which it is arranged will, I think, prove a great recommendation, containing pieces suitable both for children and adults, and so classified that there will be no difficulty in at once turning to Hymns suited to the various occasions when such may be required. The type is good, the printing clear, and the price a marvel of cheapness."

From Joseph Malins, Esq., Grand Worthy Chief Templar of England.

"Now that I have looked through your 'Hymns and Songs,' permit me to express my conviction that it is a good and cheap work, and one that is well suited for the use of Lodges and Members of the Order."

From the Rev. W. Caine, M.A., late Chaplain of the County Gaol, Manchester.

"I have read your Hymns and Songs with very great pleasure; they are free, I am happy to say, from the objections which are often deservedly brought against hymns sung at Temperance and Band of Hope Meetings, whilst they are full of soul-stirring vigour. Let me thank you for the spirit of holiness and purity which pervades all your book. I would earnestly recommend all Temperance Societies to procure your Hymns and Songs; most of them are as suitable for adults as for children."

"Scottish Temperance League Journal" says, "The numerous original compositions of Mr. Hoyle himself give great value to the book. We can cordially recommend it as one of the most excellent, useful, and interesting books of Temperance Song we have seen."

From Professor Kirk, Edinburgh, Grand Worthy Chaplain of Scotland.

"I wish to send you my unqualified approval of your excellent book of Hymns and Songs. It seems to me that no one can have even the slightest ground of complaint as to their fitness for Good Templar meetings."

From the Rev. T. B. Stephenson, London, Editor of the "Wesleyan Temperance Magazine."

"Every body must desire to see a Temperance Hymn Book in common use, which will not be ridiculous for its feebleness, or offensive by its bad taste. I am glad to see yours, for I think it is a great advance on all its predecessors."

"Weekly Record," London, says, "Mr. Hoyle's book should be found in the possession of every Temperance Society and family."

From Dr. F. R. Lees, Leeds. Author of "Alliance Prize Essay," &c., &c.

"Your book contains some stirring rhymes, and seems excellently adapted to its object."

"Alliance News" says, "Mr. Hoyle's Hymns and Songs are respectable in point of merit, sound in sentiment, characterised by a vein of piety, and abundantly varied to suit almost all manner of tunes."

For want of space we are obliged to omit similar Reviews from "Temperance Advocate," "Devon and Cornwall Temperance Journal," "Bury Guardian," "City News," "Star of Mona," &c.

INDEX.

Abide with me, fast falls 40
Again revolving seasons 50
Again we raise the 51
All gracious God, to Thee 2
A little, 'tis a little word 26
A better time would 135
A pretty bird was 106
A glass of water bright 151
A cry for help 178
A light in the window 179
All may be well 181
Be kind to thy father 67
Bold Samson, strongest 33
Brothers, sisters, welcome 49
By providence and grace 44
Bear on the Temperance 119
Brave soldiers hear the 98
Come friends, let's cheer 153
Clear the way 165
Come all ye children 105
Come children and help 83
Drink from the well 162
Drunkards are dying day 45
Drunkards cannot enter 13
Don't go near the bar- 100
Do what you can for 136
Drink's no respecter of 84
Each effort to redeem 18
Father, in every work of 9
Father, in Thy love and 12
Father, from Thy throne 41
Father, Thou art great 43
Far over land and sea 34
For a season called to 42
For ever with the Lord 65
For the thousands, Lord 3
Friends of the cause of 48
Father Daniel 154
Father, come home 82
Gentle Jesus, meek and 69
Glory to Thee, my God 37
God bless our youthful 10
Go, when the morning 55
Give me a draught from 131
Give me the drink that 124
Glorious News 137
Holiest, breathe an 39
How happy the Abstainer 29
How happy would be 35
How long, O Lord our 4
How long shall Christian 30
Hope of England 169
Heralds of old England 95
Here in the dawn of 122
Here with faces clean 118
Home! home! well as 108
If I were a voice 185a
I met little Jane just 103
I'm happy all the day 75
I'm happy as a king 143
I stood beside a mount 96
I've a little darling 113
I'm going to enlist 150
I love the cause of 1
I'm but a stranger here 56
In the golden west now 66
In this vale of tears 54
I would be like an angel 58
Jesus is our Shepherd 57
Jesus watches o'er thee 32
Joyfully, joyfully onward 27
Joe Perkins 104
Jonathan Giles 115
Just another 159
Lead, kindly light 64
Leagued with all the 20
Let Temperance and 11
Let us with a gladsome 7
Lord, assembled in Thy 46
Lord, on Thy saving grace 14
Lord, while saints and 6
Land of our fathers 123
Learn to say No 109
Little Nell 185
Love at home 186
Let children of England 89
Little children meeting 140
Men of Britain 77
Merrily through the 129
Merry Dick 80
Now let us raise 36
Now pray we for our 15
Native land 167
Never forget the dear 74
Now don't you know 99
Now's the time to win 107
O hast thou not heard 53
O Lord, our Guardian 8
O Lord, the cause of 19
Onward, Lord, we press 17
Onward, onward 28, 115a
Our fathers were high 21
Our good Temperance 149
Onward friends of 171
Of all the aids to virtue's 144
O have you heard the 120
Old John Cross 94
Old Robert Strong 141
Once again we meet 72
O the crystal spring 127
O the times are bad 88
Our hopes are bright 73
O whisky, beer, and 93
Pledged in a noble cause 22
Press on we will and 31
Poor child of the drunk 90
Poor Mary Gray 146
Prevention 147
Pull together, boys 177
Rise with the lark 110
Round the Temperance 125
Shall we meet beyond 60
Shall we gather at the 63
Soon the sons of England 5
Stay, drunkard, stay! 23
Sun of my soul, Thou 38
Suppose the little cowslip 68
Sober John 70
Some people you meet 91
Some would tell me 112
Stand out of the way 87
Strong drink is the bane 130
Sound the battle cry 168
Swell the loud chorus 166
Sing we merrily 183
The old year's long 47
Though often here we're 61
Thousands that fill a 24
The barrel is a mighty 92
The children are gather 142
The doctor is a nobler 139
The drunkard as he 134
The Grand Permissive Bill 133
The good time 46a
The cooling spring 81
The gushing rill 126
Thy will be done 52
The Mantrap 116
The merry birds in wood 102
The song birds that 121
The Temperance ship 86
The victims 85
There is an art of 138
There's a glorious work 79
Tho' the bowl and the 78
The Temperance banner 148
The teetotal car 152
Tom the Tailor 155
The old soldier boy 156
The weaver and the 157
The better time 158
The mountain rill 161
The world is all awry 164
The reason why 170
The downfall of alcohol 172
The young abstainer 173
The Coldstream Guards 174
The pipe and bowl 175
The social glass 176
The army of the brave 180
The bubbling spring 182
We'll never forget the 62
We plough the fertile 59
When shall the saints 16
Who hath sorrow? who 25
Water as it gushes 117
We are a band of young 132
Well done, John 145
We'll win the day 101
When Adam dwelt in 97
When our fathers love 71
When the bright sun 111
When we say we'll pass 128
Who is a brave man 76
Wand'ring through the 160
Wake the song 163
What do all the birds say 184
Yes, I've a home in 114

LIST OF POPULAR TUNES,

NOT GIVEN IN THE INDEX.

Annie Lisle	30	Irish	14	Ring the Bell, Watchman	162
Abridge	50	I want to be an angel	35	Sweet rest in heaven	1
A little ship was on	96	Innocents	7	Spanish Chant	34
Auld Lang Syne	102	Just before the battle	100	Strike for the right	58a
Belmont	9	Melcombe	2	Star of Peace	43
Bethlehem Ephrata	28	Men of Harlech	77	St. Michael's	61b
Carlisle	4	My native land	58b	Sound the Loud Timbrel	166
Creation	19	My own native land	121	Sunday school Volunteer	180
Child of hope	31	Merrily o'er the waves	129	The Alpine Herdsman	83
Cambridge	33	Merrily oh!	132	The Shining Shore	86
Come, come away	130	National Anthem	10	Tramp, tramp	128
Christmas is here	155	Nottingham	61c	The Minstrel Boy	134
Catch the sunshine	169	Nelly Bly	185	The Star-spangled	148
Dismissal	3	No one cares for me	85a	Toll the Bell	181
Darwell's	22	Old Hundredth	61a	To all you Ladies now	101
Deck the hall	163	Only believe	92	The Prodigal Son	184
Emigrant ship	5	Old folks at home	124	Try Again	107
Evan	24	Our Hielandmen	135	Vesper Hymn	6
Foot Traveller	122	Old King Coal	161	Village Choristers	98
German Hymn	25	Onward, Christian	171	Wareham	8
Glorious Apollo	123	Pilgrims of the night	36	Warrington	11
God is ever good	140	Pic-nic Glee	183	Winter's	39
Harwood	29	Rockingham	23	Willie we have missed	93
Hart's	42	Richmond	26	Whither, Pilgrims	95
Home, sweet home	89	Rest for the weary	113	Yes! or No!	84
Hazel Dell	125	Rosalie, the Prairie	117	Ye Banks and Braes	135

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Many of these are Mr. Hoyle's own pieces, and must not be re-printed without his permission.

HOYLE'S HYMNS AND SONGS

FOR

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES AND BANDS OF HOPE.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE PIECES.

Hymns Acknowledging and Imploring Divine Aid.....	No.	1 to 19
Hymns on the various Phases of the Temperance Question.	,,	20 to 35
Hymns to be Used at the Close of each Meeting.....	,,	36 to 43
Hymns for Anniversary Occasions	,,	44 to 51
Hymns Sacred and Moral.....	,,	52 to 69
Songs on the various Phases of the Temperance Question ...	,,	70 to 146

1. I LOVE THE CAUSE.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Music by Bradbury.

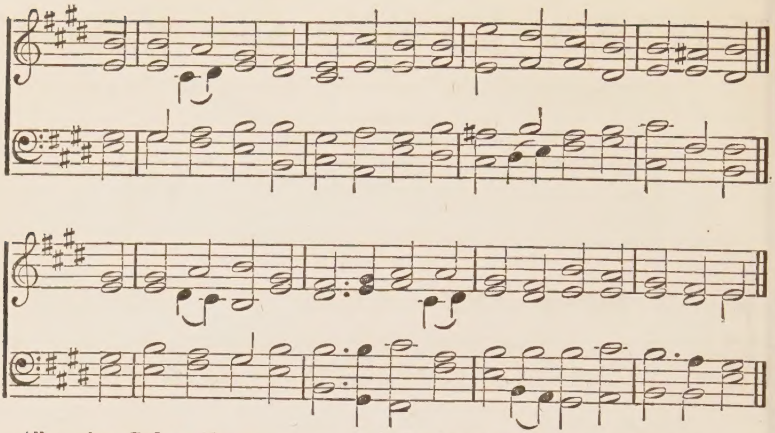
I love the cause of temperance,
'Tis good and true I know;
It gives a joy and blessing
To many a heart of woe;
It makes the home of sadness
A glad and bright abode;
And the drunkard, once so fallen,
Is nearer brought to God.
Lead us onward, O Lord.

Strong drink, impetuous ever,
Sweeps like a rising flood,
And downward beareth many
That once were wise and good;
The poor man from his cottage.
The monarch from his throne,
And the young in life's fair morning,
Are carried swiftly down. Lead, &c.

I would not be a drunkard,
For all this world can give,
In sorrow and in sadness
A sinful life to live;
But still in words of kindness
I'll ask him to abstain,
And God may yet restore him
To happiness again. Lead us, &c.

2. ALL GRACIOUS GOD. L.M.

Music by Webbe.



All gracious God, to Thee we raise
Our voice, in solemn prayer and praise;
We praise Thee for Thy mercy shown;
Lord, let that mercy now be known!

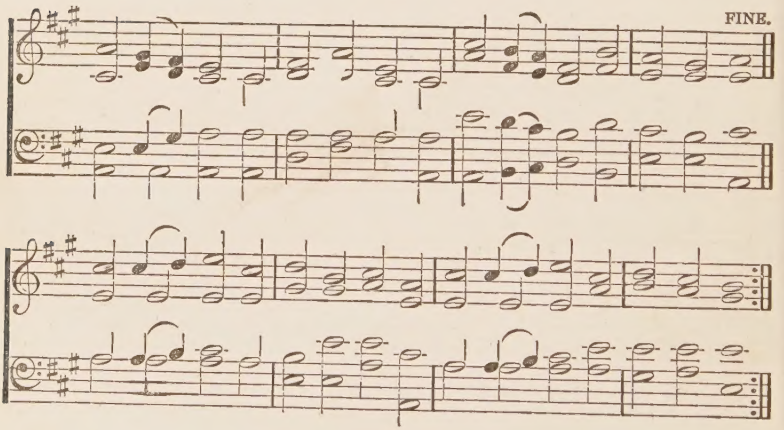
Intemperance on every hand
Abounds in this our guilty land:
While drunkards glory in their shame,
And pour contempt on Jesu's name.

Lord! let Thy banner be displayed,
And check the ruin sin hath made;
The foe with power divine assail,
Nor let the hosts of hell prevail.

By gospel principles reclaim
The drunkard from his course of shame;
O Lord, Thy Holy Spirit give,
And bid the dying sinner live!

3. FOR THE THOUSANDS. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

Words by W. Hoyle.



For the thousands, Lord, that suffer,
We would labour every day;
Be Thou still our sure Defender,
And direct us in the way;
Of Thy goodness
Help us now we humbly pray.

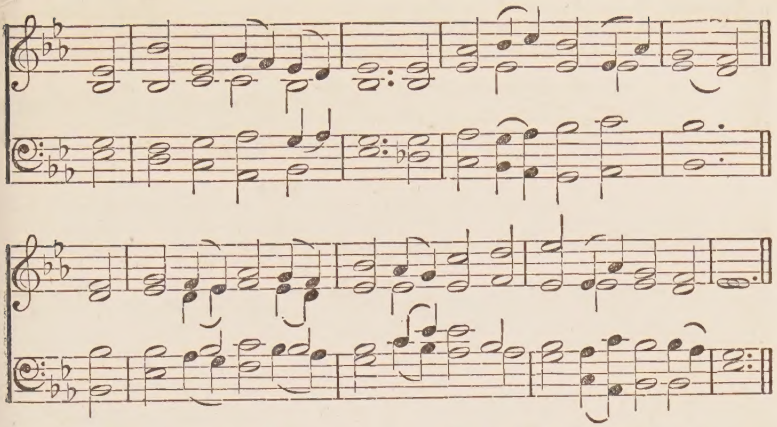
On the dark abode of sorrow,
Bid the light of temperance shine;
Lead, O lead, the fallen drunkard

In the way of truth divine;
And his children,
Make them now and ever Thine.

From the homes of rich and mighty,
And the dwellings of the poor,
Friends of truth and temperance gather,
'Till strong drink shall be no more;
Far removing
Galling bondage from our shore.

4. HOW LONG, O LORD. S.M.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Music by Lockhart.



How long, O Lord our God,
Shall sin and sorrow reign,
And drunkards tread the downward road
To everlasting pain?

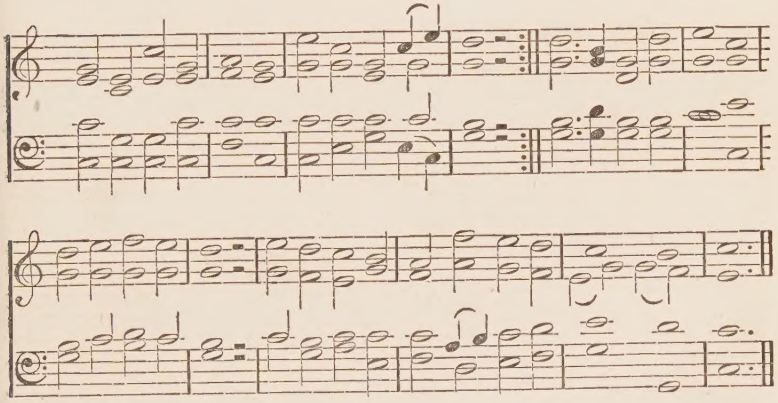
O Lord with pity move
All those that fear Thy name,
So shall they spread the cause of love—
The drunkard to reclaim.

Thy goodness and Thy power,
And mercy never cease,
Thou canst the drunkard yet restore
To happiness and peace.

Come and strong drink remove,
And bring the better day,
When all men shall Thy precepts love,
And Thy commands obey.

5. SOON THE SONS. 6.5.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Music by Goss.



Soon the sons of England, on her seagirt shore,
Shall rejoice in temperance, and shall [drink no more;
Lord, with every blessing, bless our temperance band,
Of Thy goodness keep them with Thy [mighty hand.

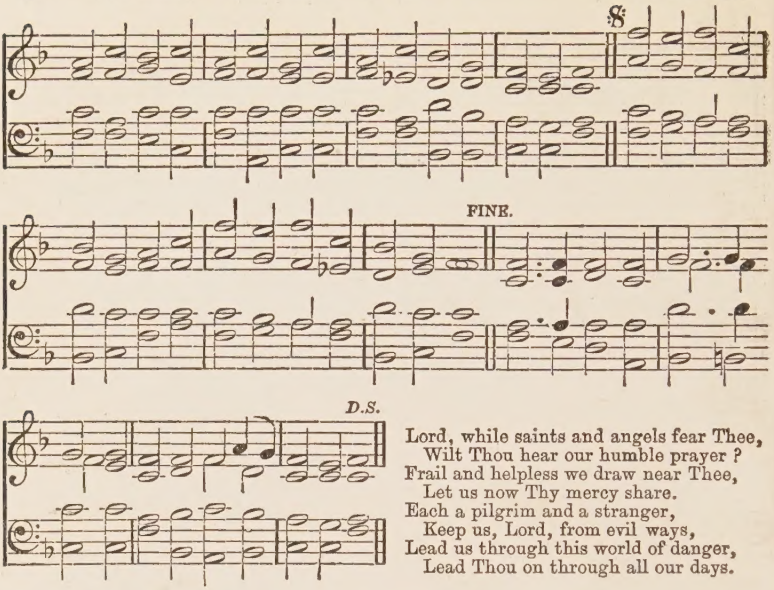
Though in homes of England sadness yet is found,
And a cry of sorrow rises all around;
Boundless joy and pleasure through her land shall reign,
When her sons and daughters shall from [drink abstain.

Like the good in story let us labour on.
Still our course pursuing till the victory's won;
Evermore confiding in our heavenly [King,
He to rescue drunkards will deliverance bring.

Soon the sons of England, on her seagirt shore,
Shall rejoice in temperance and shall [drink no more;
Then from folly rising shall they look on high,
To their home and fatherland beyond [the sky.

6. LORD, WHILE SAINTS. 8.7s.

Words by W. Hoyle.

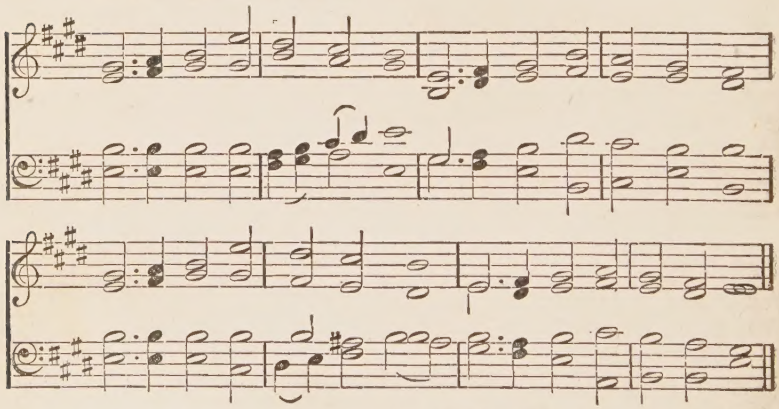


Lord, while saints and angels fear Thee,
Wilt Thou hear our humble prayer ?
Frail and helpless we draw near Thee,
Let us now Thy mercy share.
Each a pilgrim and a stranger,
Keep us, Lord, from evil ways,
Lead us through this world of danger,
Lead Thou on through all our days.

Fallen is our favoured nation,
Sunk in sorrow and in shame ;
Speed the Temperance reformation,
Every drunkard now reclaim.—Each, &c.

May we keep our vow recorded,
Looking daily unto Thee ;
By Thy loving smile rewarded,
Striving drunkards to set free.—Each, &c.

7. LET US WITH. 7s.



Let us with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind :
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He, with all commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light :
For His mercies, &c.

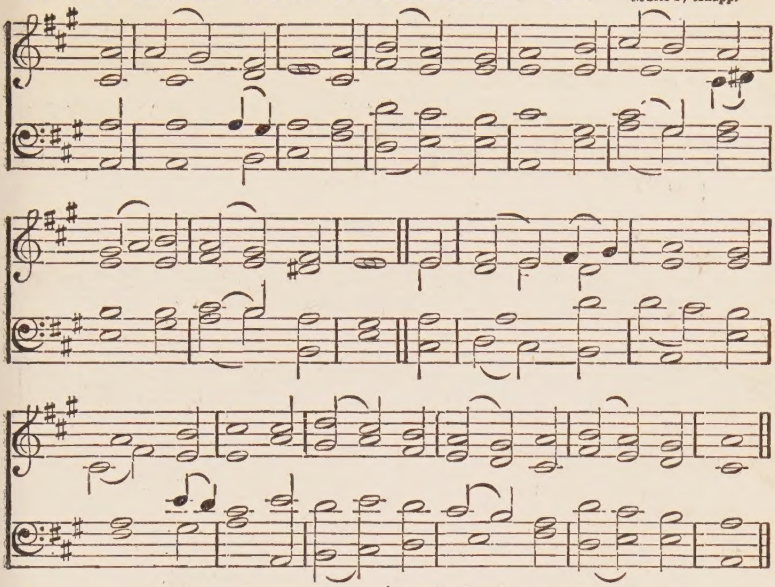
All things living he doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need :
For His mercies, &c.

He hath, with a piteous eye,
Look'd upon our misery :
For His mercies, &c.

Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind :
For His mercies, &c.

8. O LORD OUR GUARDIAN. L.M.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Music by Knapp.



O Lord, our Guardian and our Stay,
Do Thou our humble efforts bless,
And every evil take away,
And spread the cause of righteousness.

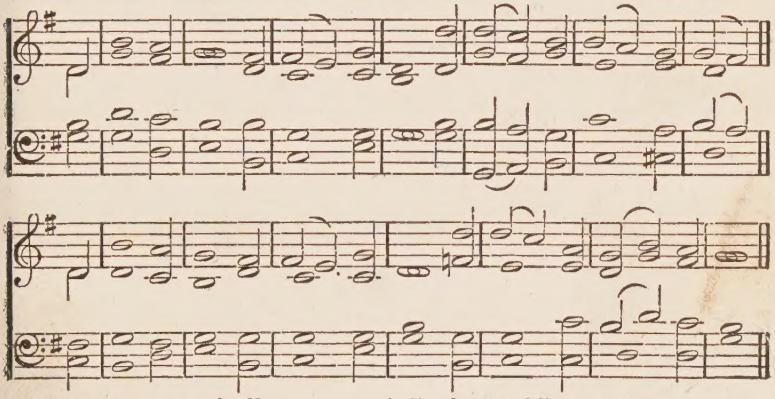
From day to day Thy power make known,
Thy wisdom and Thy truth divine;
And may we still Thy goodness own,
While round our path Thy mercies shine.

O Lord, whatever good is done,
Is through Thine arm Thy watchful carer
And brighter trophies shall be won
If Thou art only with us there.

The drunkard, Lord, in pity see,
A slave to Satan and to sin;
O teach him from his sin to flee,
Restore and make him clean within.

9. FATHER, IN EVERY. C.M.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Music by Webbe.



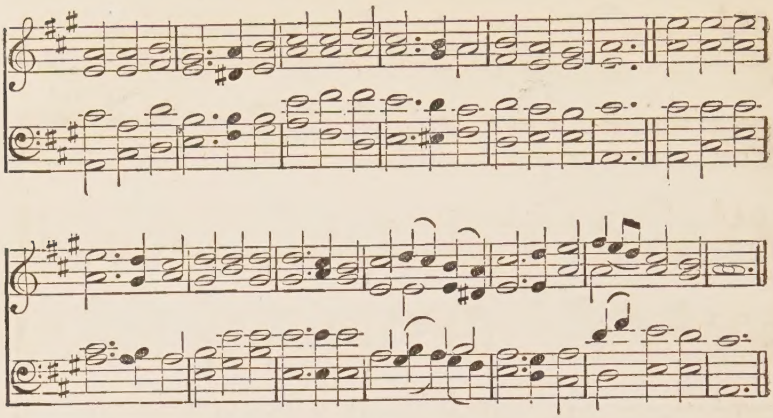
FATHER, in every work of love,
No danger need I fear;
Thou wilt Thy gracious aid afford,
For Thou art ever near.

Then may I gladly labour still,
The temperance cause to spread,
Since Thou hast Thine approval shown,
In blessings freely shed.

Teach me to follow and desire
Whate'er Thou dost approve,
And help a weaker brother on,
In ways of truth and love.

O may Thy peaceful reign begin,
Thine utmost will be done,
Till all the nations of the earth
Thy majesty shall own.

10. GOD BLESS OUR YOUTHFUL. Music by Dr. Bull.

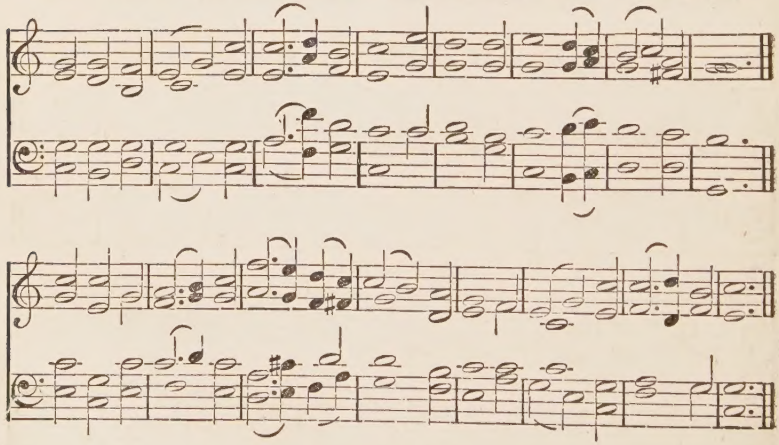


God bless our youthful band,
O may we firmly stand,
True to our pledge;
May we to liberty,
Truth, love, and charity,
Evermore faithful be,
From youth to age.

While for the drunkard's sake
All efforts, Lord we make,
Our labours bless;
And save us now, we pray,
From all that leads astray.
And take strong drink away,
And all distress.

May Britain's children stand
A noble temperance band,
And may we see
Our holy cause extend,
Until all nations blend,
And one great shout ascend,
"The world is free!"

11. LET TEMPERANCE AND. L.M. Music by Harrison.

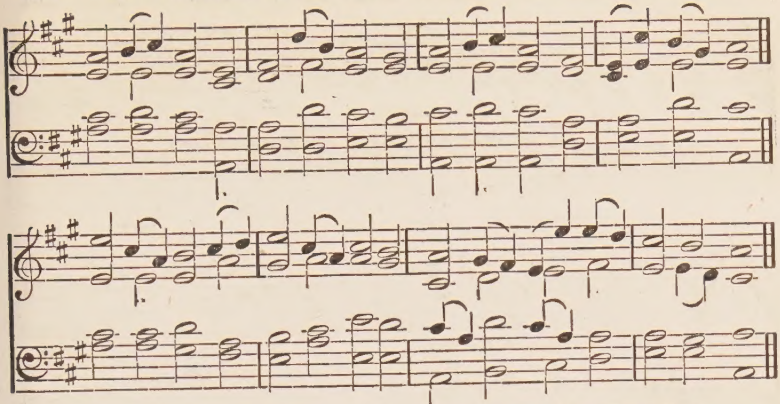


Let temperance and her sons rejoice,
And be their praises loud and long;
Let every heart and every voice
Conspire to raise a joyful song.

Loud let the anthem rise to God,
Whose favouring mercies so abound,
Swift let his praises fly abroad,
The circuit of the earth abound.

His children's prayer He deigns to grant,
He stays the progress of the foe;
And temperance, like a cherished plant,
Beneath His fostering care shall grow.

12. FATHER, IN THY LOVE. 8.7s. Words by W. Hoyle.



FATHER, in thy love and mercy,
Look upon our temperance band;
In a world of sin and danger,
Still support us with Thy hand.

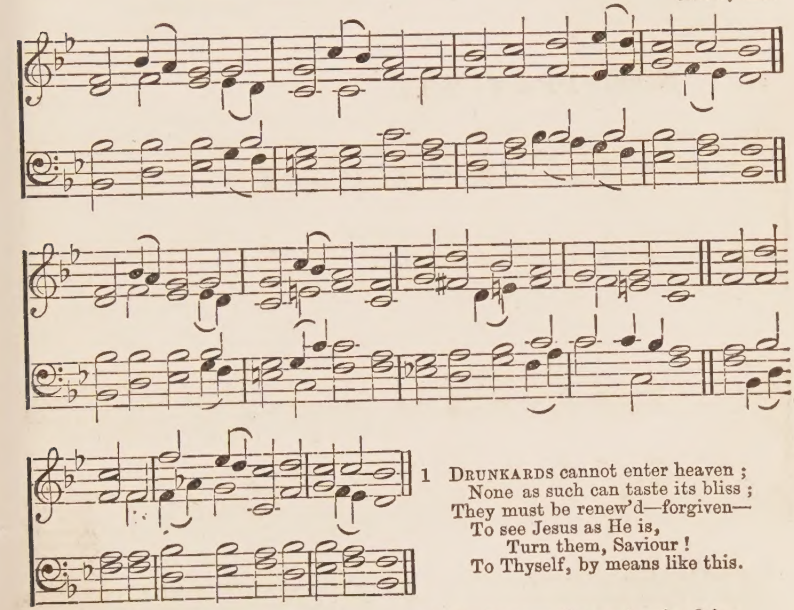
While to Thee we look for safety,
Thou wilt surely guide and bless,
And preserve us now and ever
In the paths of righteousness.

On thine arm alone depending.
Faithful ever may we prove;
Still our onward course pursuing,
In the work of truth and love.

And let joyful songs and praises
Fill our hearts from day to day,
While Thy goodness and Thy mercy
Flow to cheer us on our way.

13. DRUNKARDS CANNOT ENTER. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

Music by Stork.



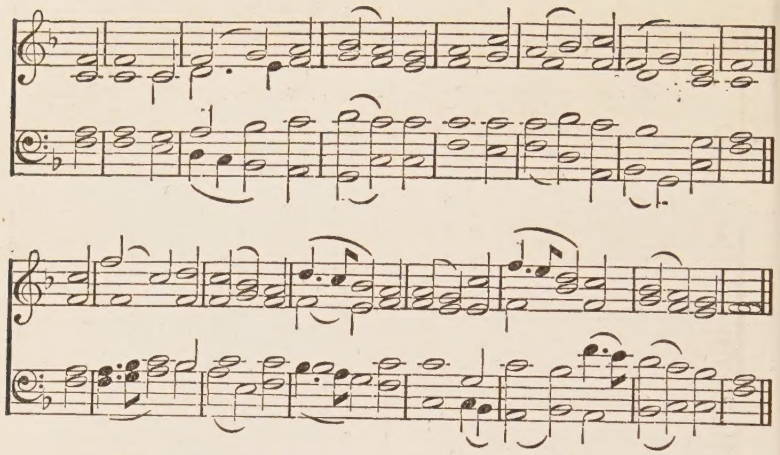
1 DRUNKARDS cannot enter heaven;
None as such can taste its bliss;
They must be renew'd—forgiven—
To see Jesus as He is,
Turn them, Saviour!
To Thyself, by means like this.

2 Look, with infinite compassion,
On these erring brethren, Lord!
While we seek their soul's salvation,
In obedience to Thy word,—
Turn them, Saviour!
With our efforts, grace afford.

3 Smile upon the work we're doing,
Draw men from the ways of sin,
Save them from eternal ruin,
From the dreadful path they're in;
Turn them, Saviour!
To Thy cross new trophies win.

14. LORD, ON THY SAVING. C.M.

Music by Smith.



LORD, on Thy saving grace alone
Our humble hopes depend;
O hear us from Thy gracious throne,
To us Thy blessing send.

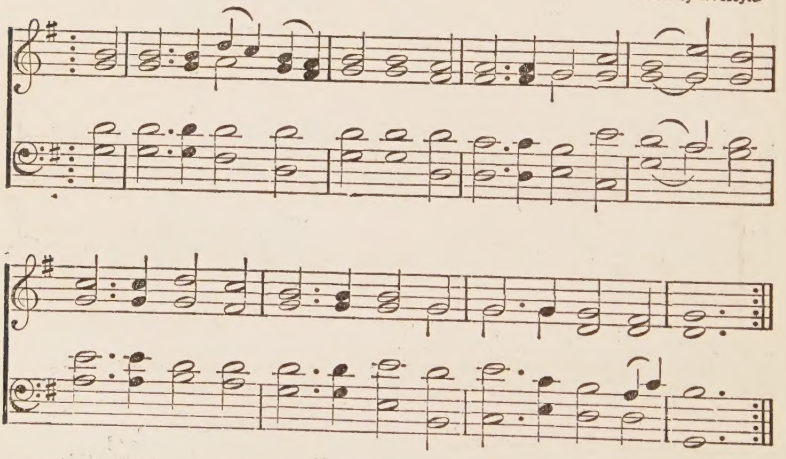
What awful crimes, increasing, rise
Through all our sinful isle!
What land so favoured from the skies!
What land so base and vile!

Regardless of Thy smile or frown,
Men still strong drink desire,
And sink with strange indifference down
To everlasting fire.

Stretch out Thy hand, Almighty Lord;
Thy saving power display;
'Till all men shall obey Thy word,
And strong drink flee away.

15. NOW PRAY WE.

Music by W. Hoyle.



Now pray we for our country,
That England long may be
The holy and the happy,
And the gloriously free.
Who blesseth her is blessed,
So peace be in her walls,
And joy in all her palaces,
Her cottages and halls.

Now pray we for our country,
That she may still remain
The shield of those who would be free,
O'er Europe's wide domain.
Who trusteth her is trusted,
Where'er his footsteps roam,
So joy to every noble heart,
In every honest home.

16. WHEN SHALL THE SAINTS.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

When shall the saints of God a - rise, With ho - ly zeal in - spired, And
ev - 'ry self - ish aim des - pise, To bring the time de - sired. When
shall they dash the bowl a - way, A bro - ther's soul to gain: With
pure ex - am - ple when shall they, Lead o - thers to ab - stain! With
pure ex - am - ple when shall they, Lead o - thers to ab - stain!

We send the gospel through the earth
That souls may reign on high,
Yet drunkards, though of English birth,
Beneath our gaze may die;
And with the Bible in our hands
We read their hopeless fate,
O can we thus keep God's commands,
And on our Saviour wait?

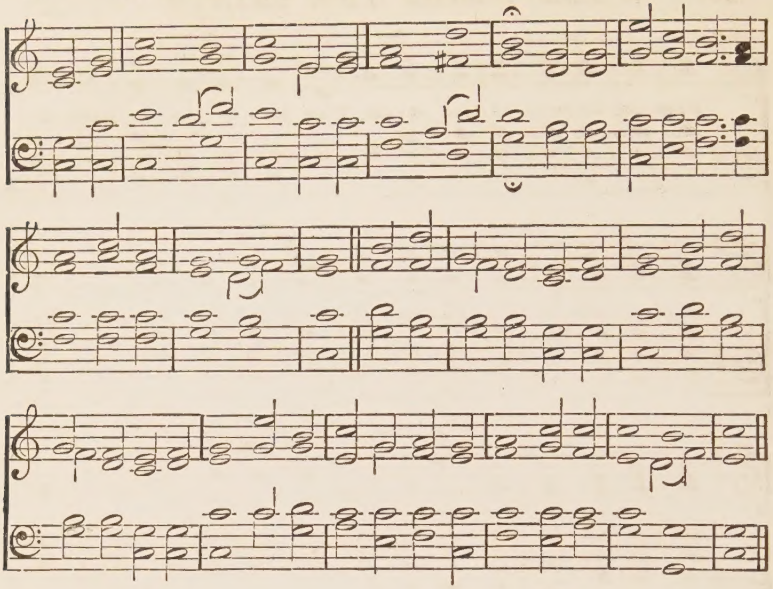
O blest Redeemer, Thou didst come
To raise the fallen up,
And in Thy shining courts there's room,
And for the vilest, hope.

Then let us not pass idly by,
While drunkards near us grieve;
Thou didst for each poor sinner die,
Lord teach us so to live.

O send Thy gracious Spirit down,
And every soul renew;
And from the humblest to the crown,
May each his duty do.
No hearts that faint, no faltering hands,
But strong, O Lord, in Thee,
Till all men follow Thy commands,
And Britain's curse shall flee.

17. ONWARD, LORD WE PRESS.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



ONWARD, Lord, we press,
Onward, led by Thee,
Children of our land to bless,
Drunkards to set free;
Led by Thee, Almighty Lord,
Armed by Thy strong shield and sword,
Cheered by Thine eternal word,
Victors we shall be.

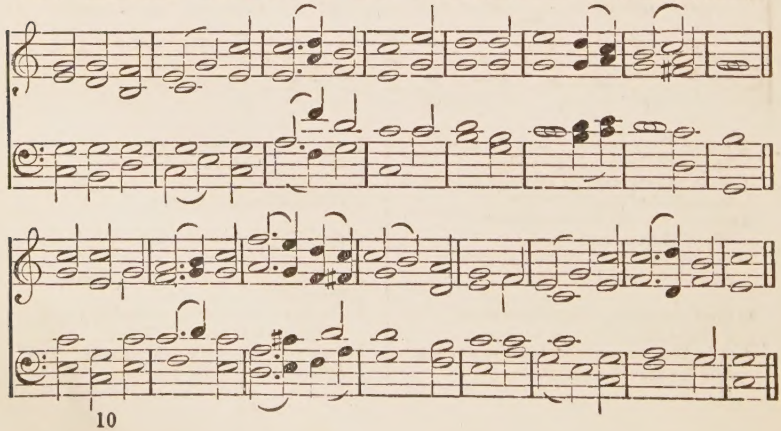
Onward, Lord, we go,
Onward, upward still,
Teaching youth and age below,
All Thy perfect will;
Scripture, science, history's page
Aid us in the war we wage,
Men of every rank and age,
Our brave army fill.

Onward, one and all,
Onward, all in one,
Friends of freedom, hear the call,
Cast the strongholds down.
Sixty thousand yearly die,
In a drunkard's grave they lie,
Christian, list their ghostly cry,
Put thine armour on.

Onward, evermore,
Onward to the end,
Lord, Thy blessing we implore,
Thou canst victory send;
Hear us from Thy throne above,
God of holiness and love,
Britain's shame and curse remove,
Thine own cause defend

18. EACH EFFORT TO REDEEM. L.M.

Music by Harrison.

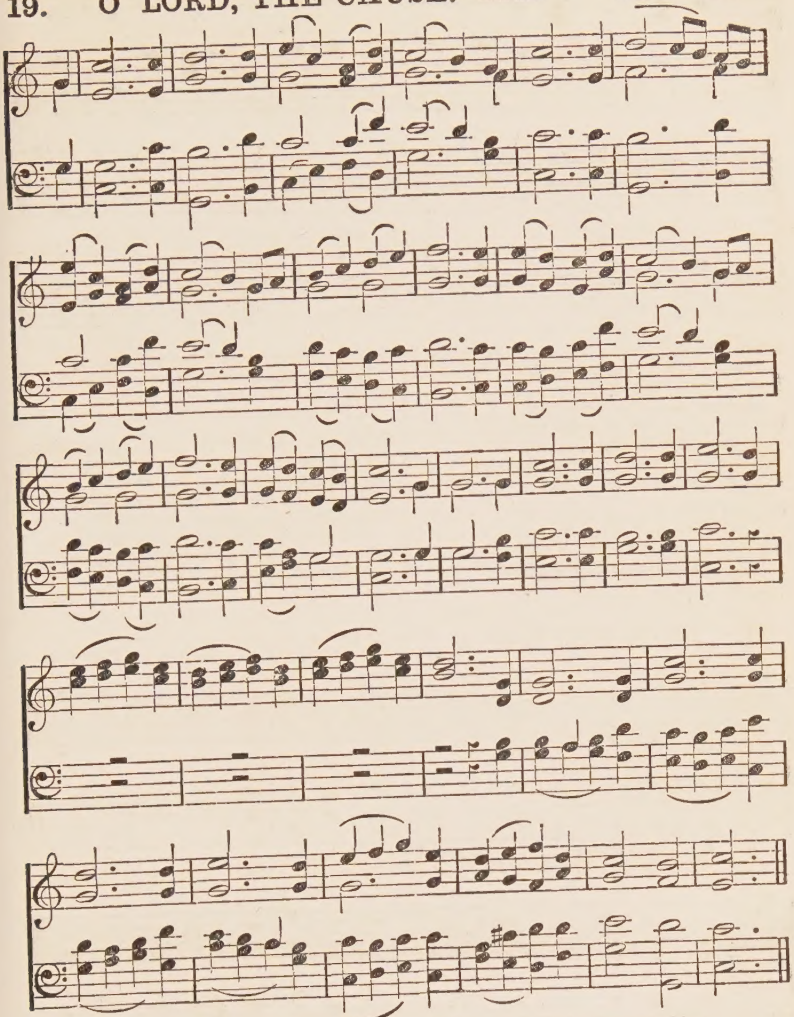


EACH effort to redeem our race,
Who by intemperance are made slaves,
And lead them back to paths of peace,
The blessing of our God receives.

Assured that He will still approve
And bless our labours to the end;
Let us in this employ of love
Look unto God our Guide and Friend.

19. O LORD, THE CAUSE. D.L.M.

Words by W. Hoyle.



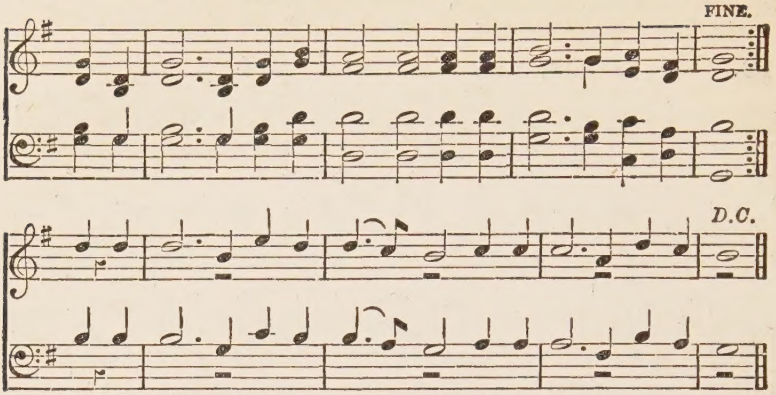
O LORD, the cause of temperance bless,
Crown every effort with success,
And let us never strive in vain;
Help, Thou, the drunkard to abstain.
In holy conflict lead us on,
Let Thine Almighty power be shown;
E'en though a host of foes unite,
Thine arm can spread the cause of right.

O Lord, our temperance speakers bless,
Fill them with zeal and holiness,
Thy wisdom, power, and grace bestow,
Nor let them faint or weary grow;

And may we all in love combine,
And walk in all Thy laws divine,
That all the world may know and see
True friends of temperance follow Thee.

Our bands of young abstainers bless,
O give to each Thy saving grace;
And make us all one army brave,
Forth led by Thee our land to save.
Come, and strong drink from earth remove,
And bring the time of joy and love;
Hear, Lord, the prayer Thy servants raise,
Thine be the glory, Thine the praise.

20. LEAGUED WITH ALL. 8.7.



LEAGUED with all the powers of darkness,
Foe to every friend of truth;
In our midst, behold the tempter
Dealing poison to our youth.
See him press, with gentle whisper,
To their lips the fatal bowl;
While its maddening drops bewilder
Every feeling of the soul.

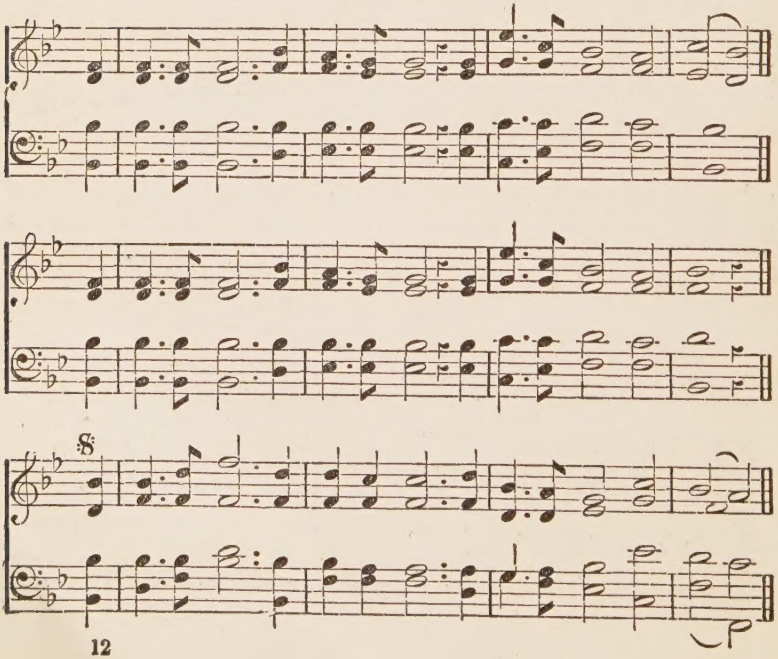
Step by step he leads the victim
To the verge of dread despair;
Hurls him o'er the brink of ruin,
Laughs and leaves him hopeless there.

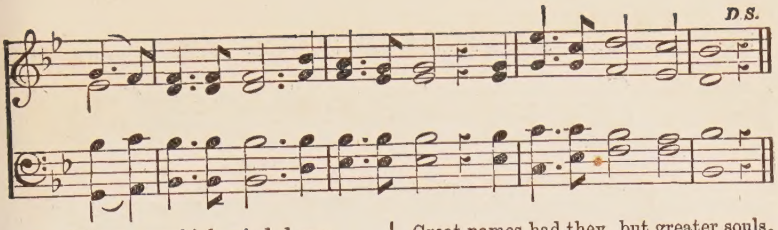
Widowed hearts and homes deserted,
Helpless children orphans made;
What a picture! God of mercy!
Let this cruel tide be stayed.

Friends of temperance, Christian workers,
Let your glorious standard wave;
Up and arm yourselves for conflict,
Fired with zeal and courage brave.
Touch not, taste not, be your motto,
And your watchword in the fight;
God will give you strength to conquer,
He'll protect you in the right.

21. OUR FATHERS WERE. D.C.M.

Words by Rev. H. M. Gunn





Our fathers were high-minded men
  Who firmly kept the faith;
To freedom and to conscience true,
  In danger and in death.
Nor should their deeds be e'er forgot,
  For noble men were they,
Who struggled hard for sacred rights,
  And bravely won the day.

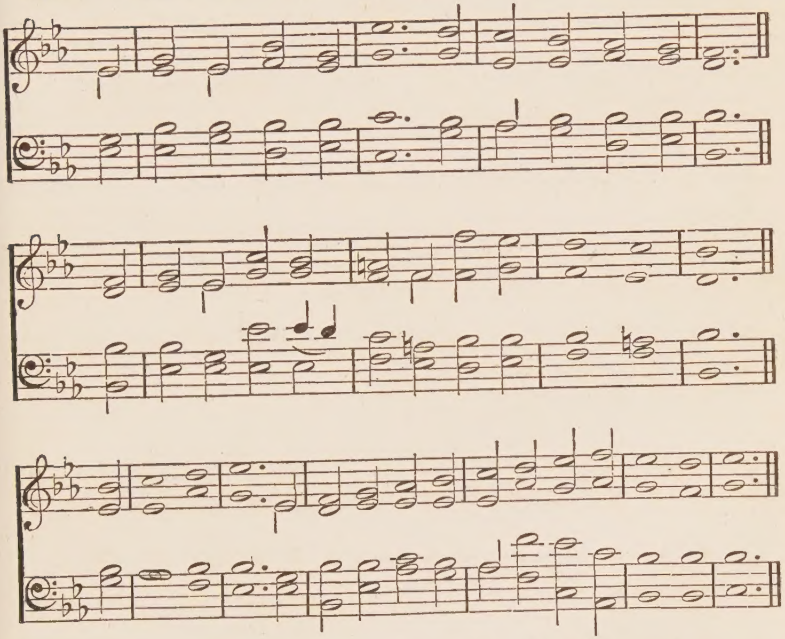
For all they suffered, little cared
  Those earnest men and wise;
Their zeal for Christ, their love of truth,
  Made them the shame despise.

Great names had they, but greater souls,
  True heroes of their age,
That, like a rock in stormy seas,
  Defied opposing rage.

And such as our forefathers were
  May we their children be,
And in our hearts their spirit live,
  That baffled tyranny.
O we will bear and we will do
  Whatever must be done,
'Till for this good old cause of truth
  The victory shall be won.

22. PLEDGED IN A NOBLE. P.M.

Music by Darwell.



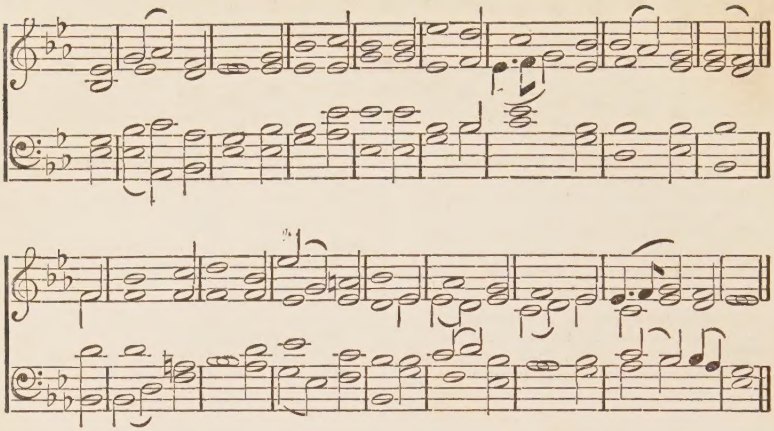
PLEDGED in a noble cause,
  We here each other greet,
And, bound by temperance laws,
  As friends and brethren meet,
To make a full determined stand
Against the foe that rules our land.

Our Leader is the Lord,
  Who reigns from pole to pole,
And swiftly at His word
  The mighty thunders roll;
Forth led by Him our faithful band
Shall chase intemperance from the land.

Then let us onward press,
  Our cause is good and great,
Cheered by our past success,
  We'll make the foe retreat;
Nor for a moment quarter give,
Resolved for truth to work and live.

23. STAY, DRUNKARD STAY. L.M.

Music by Miller.



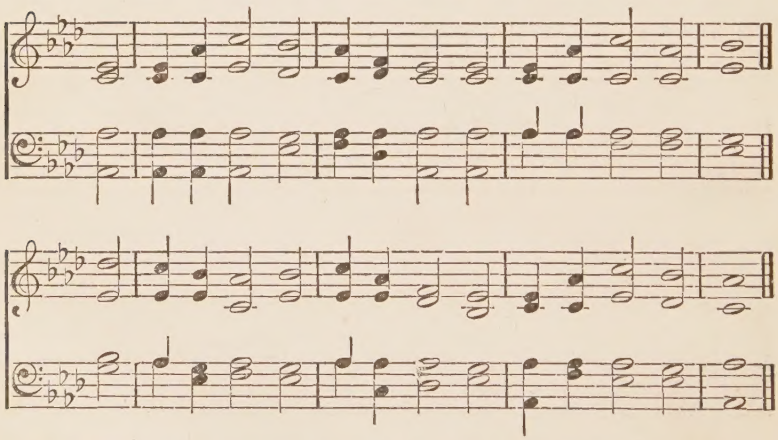
STAY, drunkard, stay! thine is the road,
That leads from virtue and from God;
Wilt thou not pause awhile and see,
The drunkard's sin and misery?

Stay, drunkard, stay! while mercy cries,
Do not that pitying love despise;
Look unto Christ—His grace receive,
Forsake strong drink—repent—believe.

Stay, drunkard, stay! thou canst not tell
How near thou art to death and hell;
On sin's rough billows thou art toss'd,
O look to Christ ere thou art lost!

24. THOUSANDS THAT FILL. C.M.

Music by L. Mason.
Words by W. Hoyle.



THOUSANDS that fill a drunkard's grave
To us a warning tell,
For years they lived a sinful life,
Nor thought of death or hell.

Once they were children young and free,
And read God's holy Word,
And sung in many a Sabbath school
The praises of the Lord.

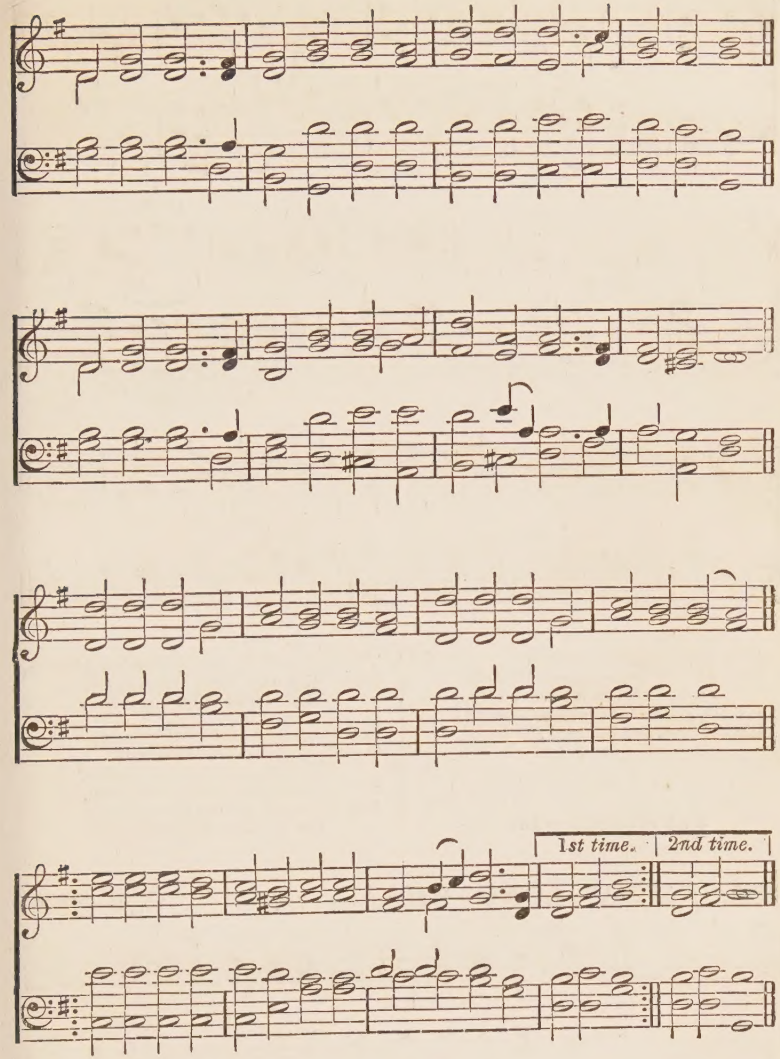
But ere their youthful days were past
They learned the drunkard's way,
For they were never taught to shun
The drink that leads astray.

We thank Thee, Lord, that Bands of Hope
Are rising all around,
That children now may tread the road
Where purest joys abound.

O may we love the Band of Hope
And may it ever be
The hope of England and the world,
Leading the soul to Thee.

28. ONWARD, ONWARD!* 8.7.

Music by Mendelssohn.



ONWARD, onward! band victorious,
Rear the temperance banner high;
Thus far has your course been glorious,
Now your day of triumph's nigh.
Vice and error flee before you,
As the darkness flies the sun;
Onward! victory hovers o'er you,
Soon the battle will be won.

Onward, onward! songs and praises
Ring to heaven's topmost arch;
Wheresoe'er your standard rises,
And your conquering legions march.

Gird the temperance armour on you,
Look for guidance from above;
God and angels smile upon you—
Hasten, then, your work of love,

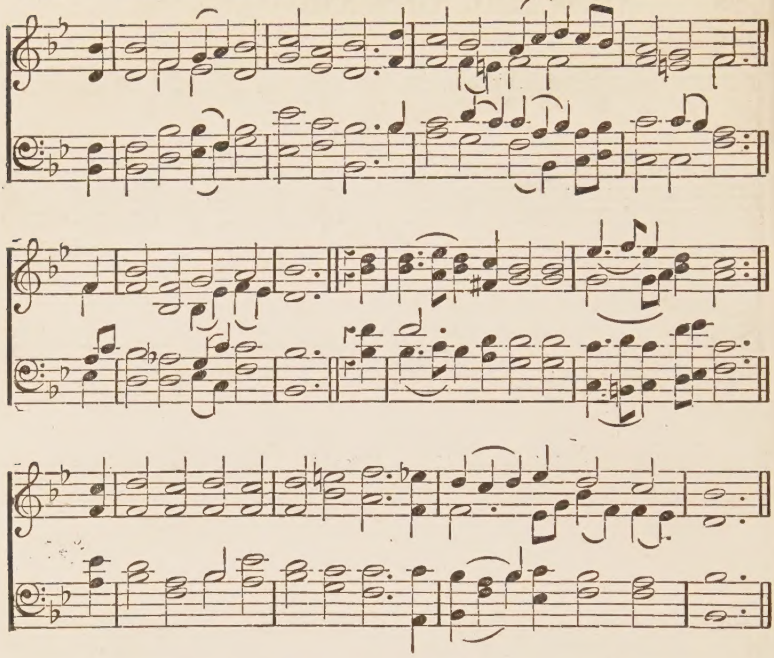
To the vendor and distiller
Thunder truth with startling tone;
Swell the accents louder, shriller,—
Make their sin and folly known.
Every evil custom alter,
Ye shall more than conqu'rors be.
Onward, onward! never falter,
Cease not till the earth is free.

* See Second Tune, 11ba.

2

29. HOW HAPPY THE. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

Words by W. Hoyle.



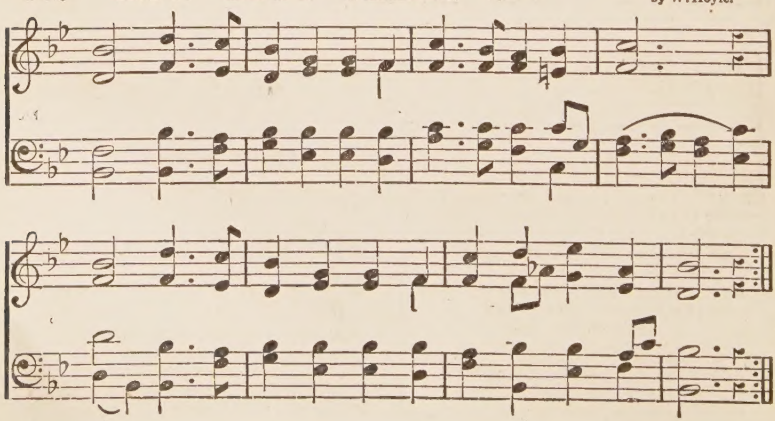
How happy the abstainer is
Who adds to temperance godliness,
And walks in wisdom's way.
Within his home what joys abound;
His children and his wife are found
Rejoicing every day.

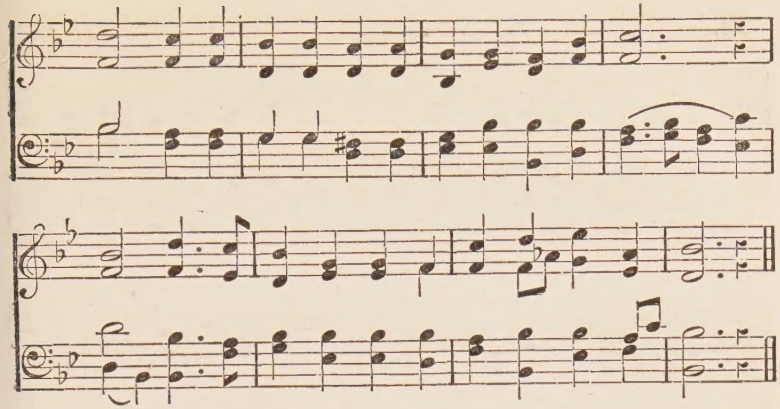
No angry words, no bitter strife,
No more intemp'rance clouds their life
With wretchedness and woe;
Trusting in God, their Friend and Guide,
Each daily want from Him supplied,
Their home is heav'n below.

Encouraged by new trophies won,
O shall we not press bravely on
More happy homes to make?
Leading each drunkard to abstain,
And onward heavenly joys to gain
For our dear Saviour's sake.

30. HOW LONG SHALL. 7.5.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.





How long shall Christian England
Lead her sons astray,
Wide open Satan's palace
On God's holy day.
How long shall myriads worship
At the unholy shrine,
Seek pleasures false and fatal;
Barter hopes divine?
Lord, from Thy throne of glory
Hear us while we pray,
Stay now this cruel traffic
On Thy holy day.

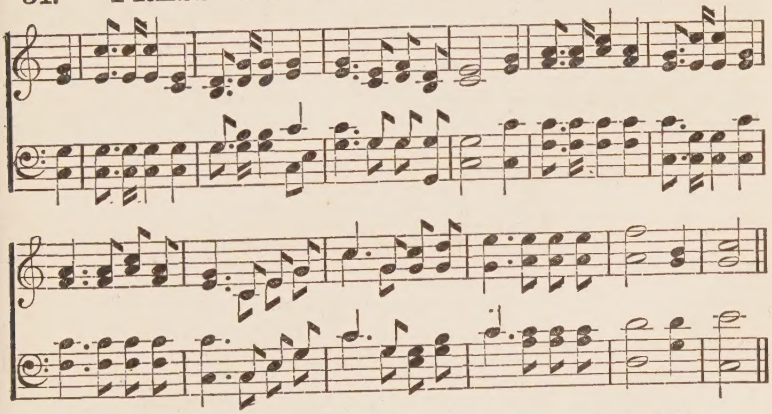
Homes cheerless, weeping mothers,
Children wan and bare,
Vain, wayward, fiendish fathers,
Fruits of drinking are.
Fair forms in anguish lying,
O the heartrending pains!
Graves filled with helpless victims,
Men in felon's chains.
Lord, &c.

We vainly spread the Bible,
Make the gospel known,
Were Satan comes with strong drink
Reason to dethrone.
Hush'd is the voice of conscience
'Neath the ensnaring bowl,
Heav'n finds no place of resting
For the drunkard's soul.
Lord, &c.

(Repeat first verse.)

31. PRESS ON WE WILL. C.M.

Music by L. Mason.



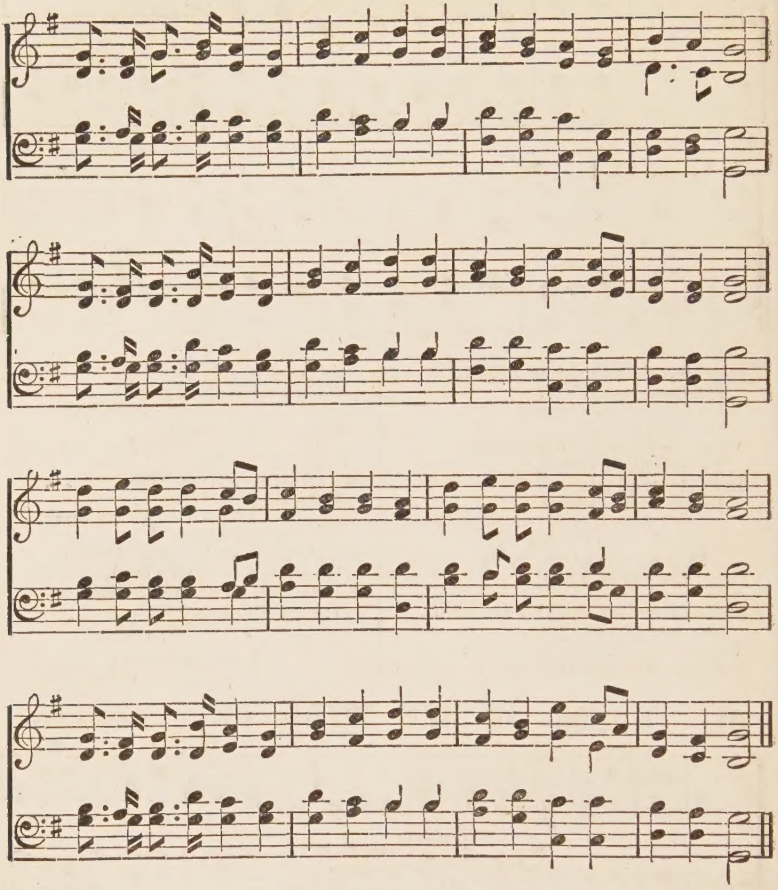
PRESS on we will, and nobly bear
Whatever must be borne;
Forth led by heaven's Almighty King,
We fear no idle scorn.

No danger shall our cause delay,
No foemen make us yield,
Soon shall we wave exultingly
Our banners o'er the field.
No dying groans, no mother's tears,
Shall mar our triumph hymn;
No blood shall stain our battle flag,
No cloud our glories dim.

Lo! now there follows in our train
A holy, happy throng;
They come, the wise and good abstain,
And swell our festal song.

32. JESUS WATCHES.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



Jesus watches o'er thee, Christian Soldier,
Rise and put thine armour on,
Fight the fight of faith and truth eternal,
Soon the victory shall be won.

Let not this world's vain pleasure stay thee,
Sin is thy foe, thy conquest love;
Truth divine thy sword, and Christ thy Captain,
There is rest for thee above.

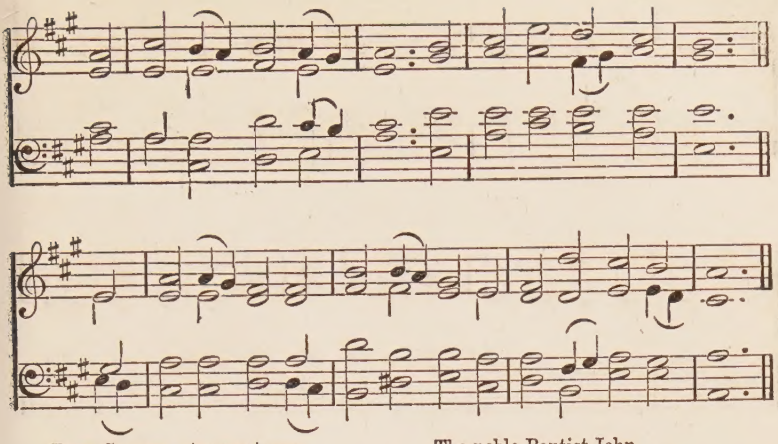
Jesus watches o'er thee, Christian Soldier,
Now He bids thee onward go;
Bravely fought He faith's good fight before thee,
He has vanquished every foe. Let not, &c.

Jesus watches o'er thee, Christian soldier,
Labour still a world to save,
Deeds of love and mercy, when thou fallest,
Shall not perish in the grave. Let not, &c.

Jesus watches o'er thee, Christian Soldier,
Martyrs, prophets, saints look down:
Hear their song of joy and shout of triumph,
Haste to win thy glorious crown. Let not, &c.

33. BOLD SAMSON. S.M.

Harmony by W. Hoyle



BOLD Samson, strongest man,
From drinks and wine abstained,
Then surely strength and robust health
Are not by drinking gained.

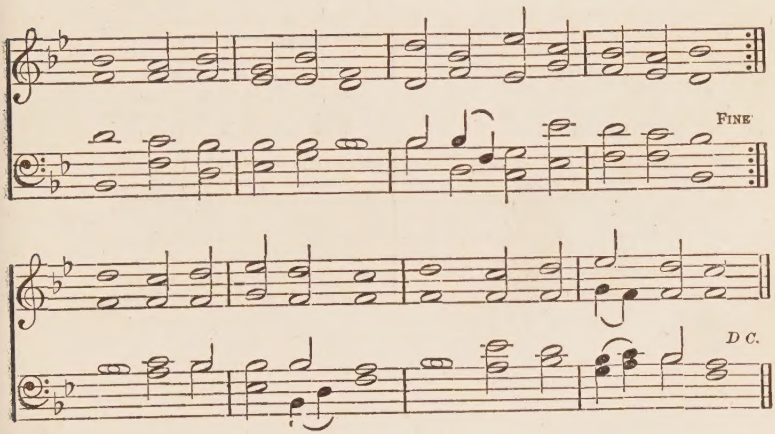
Daniel, so truly good,
Would not himself defile
With wine that royal princes drank,
Nor make his conscience vile.

The noble Baptist John
Drank water bright and free ;
And Paul, to save a brother weak,
Abstainer pure would be.

With these examples then,
Of wisdom, truth, and grace,
I may with joy from drink abstain,
And run the heavenly race.

34. FAR OVER LAND.

Words by W. Hoyle.



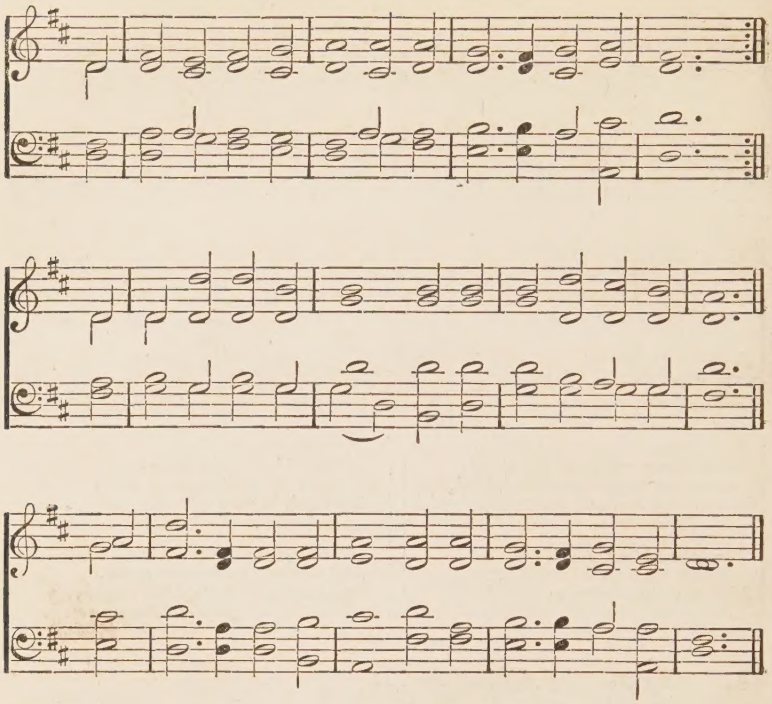
FAR over land and sea,
Spread, O spread the temperance cause,
Where sin and man may be, Spread, &c.
Where human foot has trod,
In every dark abode,
Lifting the soul to God, Spread, &c.

In mercy to mankind, Spread, &c.
The broken heart to bind, Spread, &c.
For blessings here below,
From truth and temperance flow,
Then, Christian, onward go, Spread, &c.

Still onward like the brave, Spread, &c.
The young and old to save. Spread, &c.
Now labour while you may,
Now learn to watch and pray.
And send strong drink away. Spread &c.

35. HOW HAPPY WOULD. 7.6.

Words by W. Hoyle.



How happy would be England,
Home of the brave and free,
Were there no souls in fetters,
No strong drink's slavery;
Were truth alone regarded,
And sacred laws obeyed.
And right alone prevailing,
Britannia's glory made.

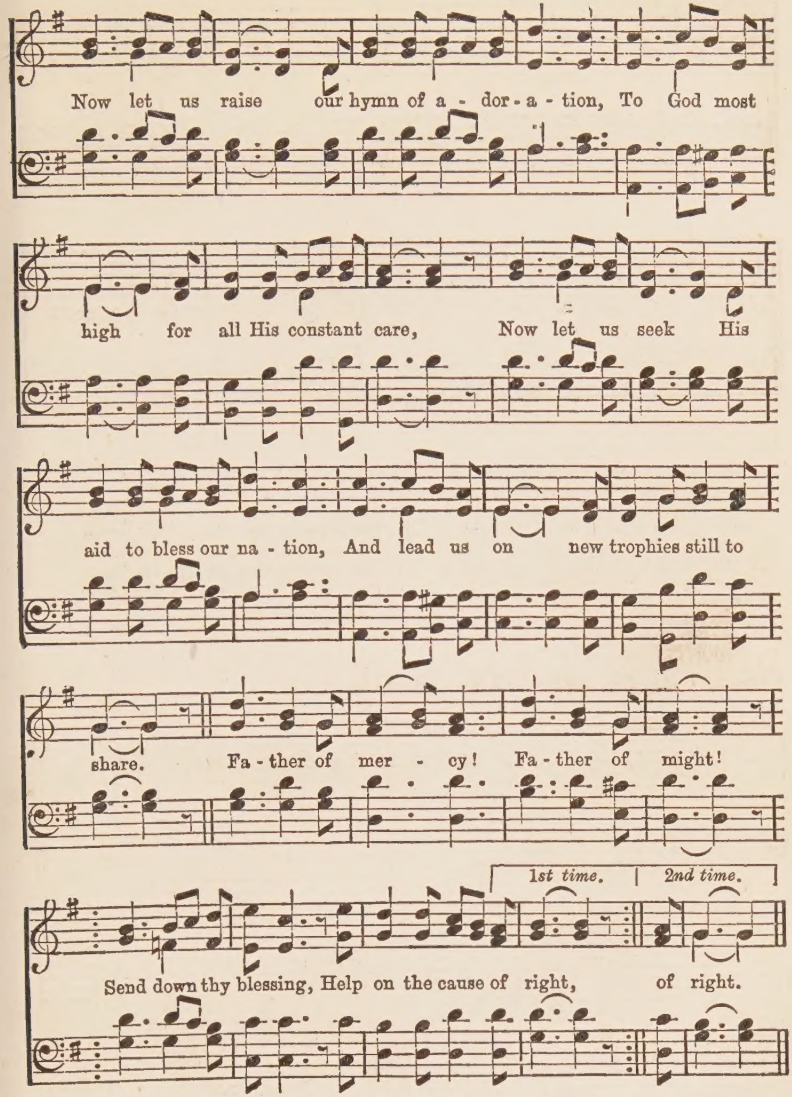
How happy would be England,
Were all that go astray
To keep the Sabbath holy,
And worship God alway;
Were drunkards all to render
Glad service to our King,
Forsaking scenes of folly,
And every evil thing.

How happy would be England,
Were home the scene of love,
And daily prayer ascended
Unto the throne above;
Each dwelling like an Eden,
So peaceful and so bright,
Where children all would gather
With rapture and delight.

How happy would be England,
Were all upon her shore
To raise the shout of triumph,
"Strong drink shall be no more!"
Then let us all for freedom
And holiness combine,
And God, in love and mercy,
Will spread the cause divine.

36. NOW LET US RAISE.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.

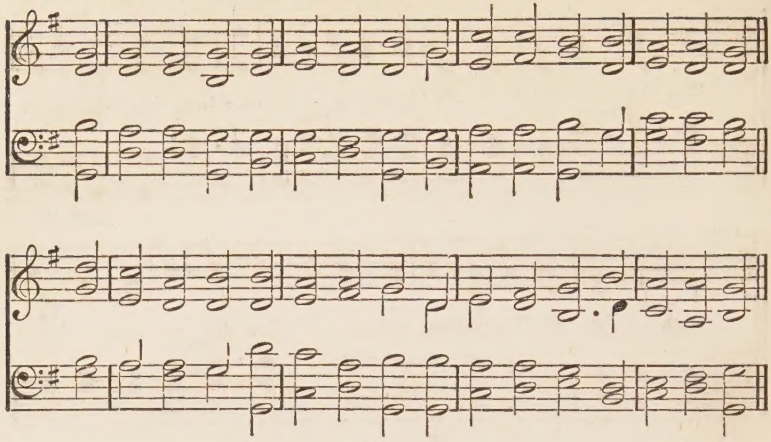

Now let us raise our hymn of a - dor - a - tion, To God most
high for all His constant care, Now let us seek His
aid to bless our na - tion, And lead us on new trophies still to
share. Fa - ther of mer - cy! Fa - ther of might!
1st time.
2nd time.
Send down thy blessing, Help on the cause of right, of right.

Many around our friendly aid are needing;
Gladly we go, as we have gone before,
Only, O Lord, send down Thy Spirit's pleading;
Feeble are we, Thy guidance we implore. Father, &c.

We thank Thee, Lord, for every joy and blessing
Thy love hath been thro' all the years now flown;
Follies and sins again we come confessing;
Pardon we crave, and strength to follow on, &c.

Lord, raise Thou up true men to bless our nation;
Till drunkards all shall walk in wisdom's ways;
Fierce is the strife, O bring the reformation;
Thine is the power, to Thee be all the praise, &c.

37. GLORY TO THEE. L.M.

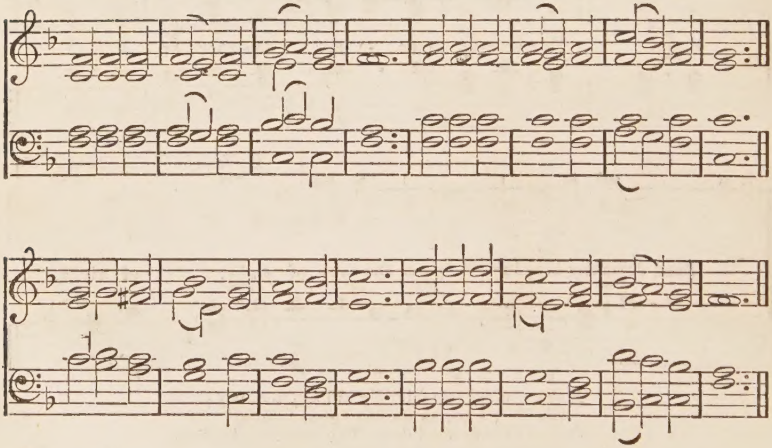


GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under Thine own Almighty wings!

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

38. SUN OF MY SOUL. L.M.



SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from thy servant's eyes.

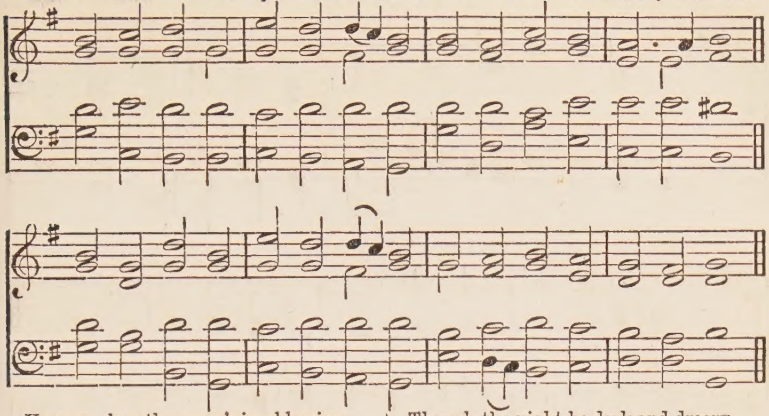
When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Come near, and bless us when we wake;
Ere through the world our way we take;
'Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

39. HOLIEST, BREATHE. 8.7.

Music by Winter.
Words by J. Edmeston.



HOLIEST, breathe an ev'ning blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

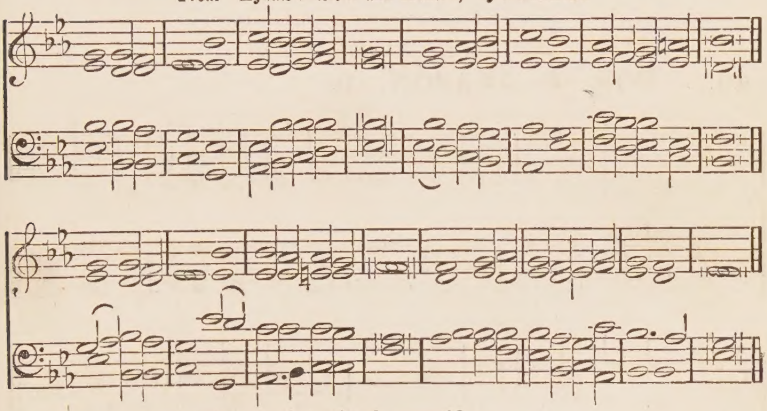
Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee.
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

40. ABIDE WITH ME. 10s.

Music by W. H. Monk.
Words by H. F. Lyte.

From "Hymns Ancient and Modern," by Permission.



ABIDE with me, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me.

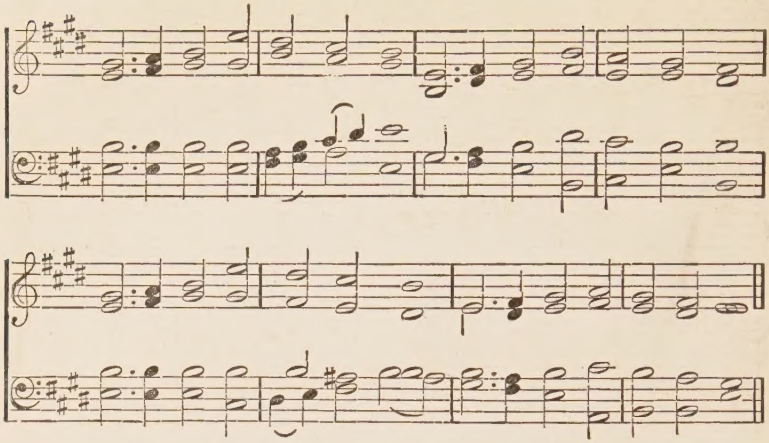
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day:
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour—
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r,
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

41. FATHER, FROM THY. 7's.

Words by W. Hoyle.



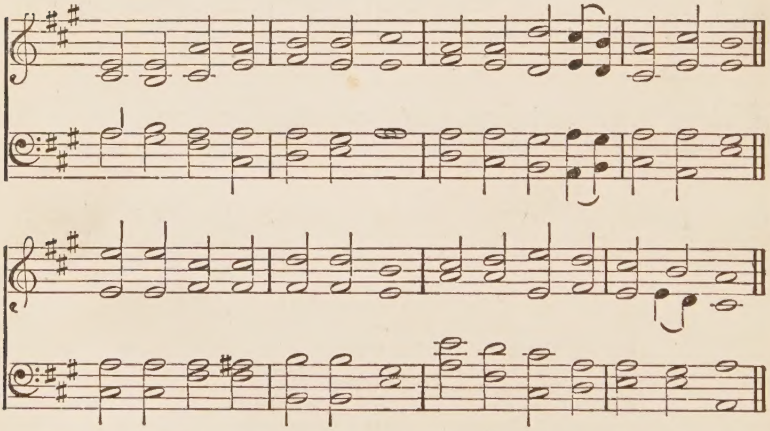
FATHER, from Thy throne above,
Hear the grateful song we raise;
Thou, the source of light and love,
Worthy art of loftier praise.

Humble efforts we have made,
Trusting in Thy power and might,
And Thy mercy brought us aid
For the cause of truth and right.

All the praise we give to Thee,
For the victory, Lord, is Thine;
Only let us faithful be,
Still receive Thy power divine.

Leader of each faithful band,
May we labour while we live,
Spread the good cause through our land,
Blessings to the drunkard give.

42. FOR A SEASON. 7s.



FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

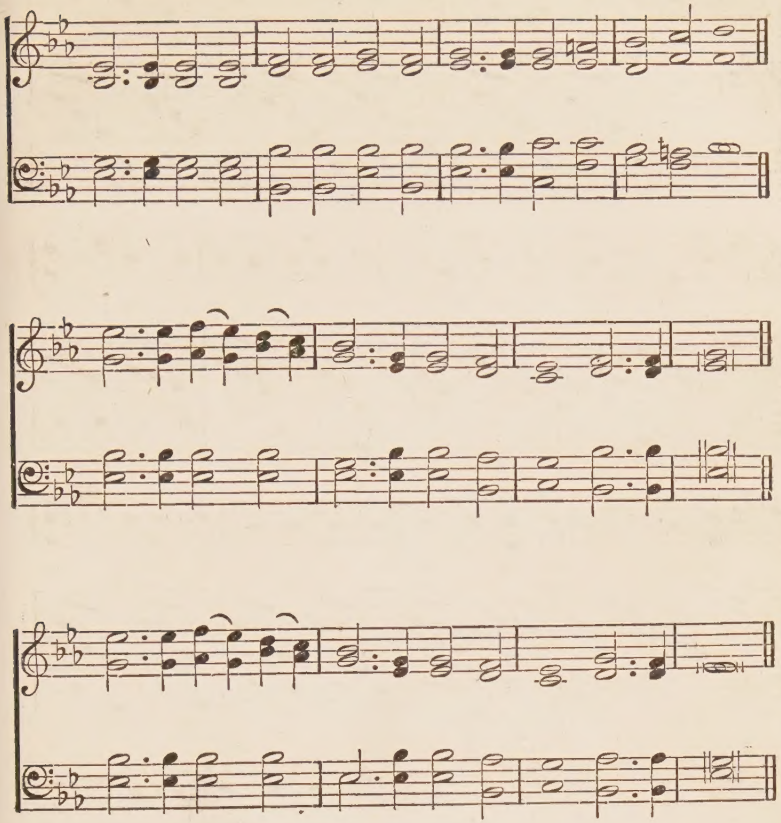
Jesus, hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Let Thy mercy and Thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

What we each have now been taught,
Let our memories retain;
May we, if we live, be brought
Here to meet in peace again.

Then, if Thou instruction bless,
Songs of praises shall be given;
We'll our thankfulness express,
Here on earth, and when in heaven.

43. FATHER, THOU ART.

Music by L. Mason.
Words by W. Hoyle.



FATHER, Thou art great and holy,
Hear us when we bend the knee,
Make us humble, meek, and lowly,
Guide us to Thee.

Saints and angels fall before Thee,
Where the soul is ever free,
Humbly still we would adore Thee,
Guide us to Thee.

All Thy precepts may we treasure,
And from every evil flee,
Fill our hearts with holy pleasure,
Guide us to Thee.

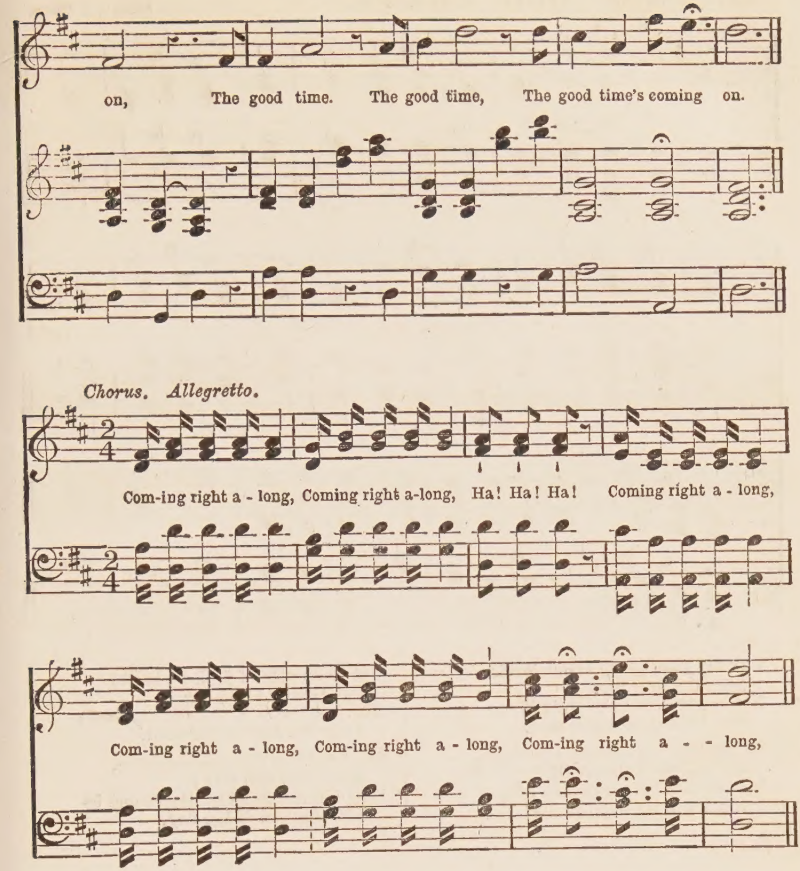
By Thy love and power defended,
May we ever faithful be,
And when life's short day is ended,
Guide us to Thee.

44, *see* 65. **45**, *see* 23. **46**, *see* 25.

46a THE GOOD TIME.

Music and Words by Hutchinson Family.
Arranged by W. H. Whitehead.

Be - hold the day of pro - mise comes, Full of in . spi -
ra - tion! The bless - ed day, by prophets sung, For the heal - ing of the
na - tion. Old mid - night er - rors flee a - way, They soon will all be
gone; For heavenly voi - ces seem to say, The good time's com-ing
on. Oh! the good time, The good time, The good time's coming


on, The good time. The good time, The good time's coming on.
Chorus. Allegretto.
Com-ing right a - long, Coming right a-long, Ha! Ha! Ha! Coming right a - long,
Com-ing right a - long, Com-ing right a - long, Com-ing right a - - long,

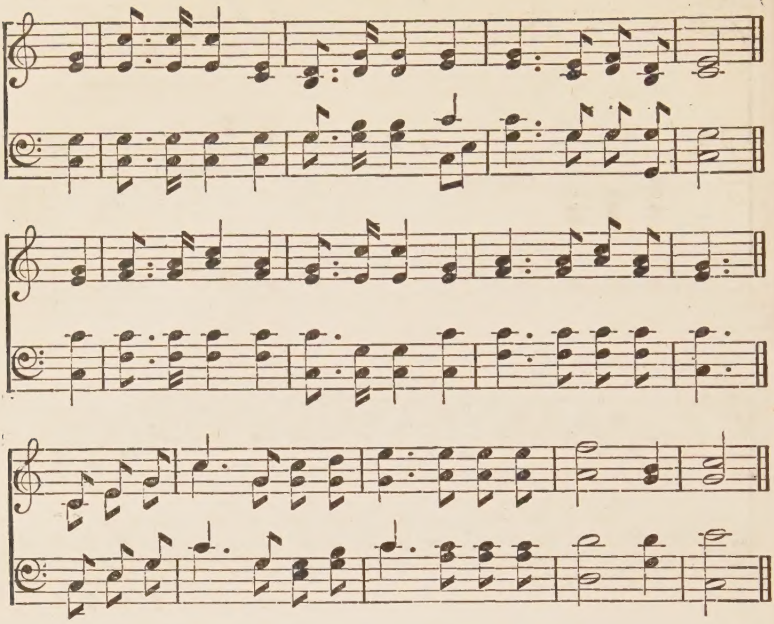
Already in the golden east,
The glorious light is dawning,
And watchmen from the mountain top,
Can see the blessed morning :
O'er all the land their voices ring,
To rouse the world from slumber,
And even sluggard souls now spring,
To join the conqu'ror's number,
Oh! the good time, &c.

The captive now begins to rise,
His chains to burst asunder,
And publicans they stand aghast,
In anxious fear and wonder.
No longer shall the bondman sigh,
Beneath his legal fetters,
He sees the light of freedom's day,
And reads the golden letters,
Oh! the good time, &c.

And soon the palaces of drink,
Shall all be shut together,
And beer and brandy be confined,
Within the narrow'st tether ;
The nation is awake at last,
Its voice like pealing thunder,
Foretels the swift doom of the traffic
Built on blood and plunder,
Oh! the good time, &c.

47. THE OLD YEAR'S.

Music by L. Mason.



THE old year's long campaign is o'er,
Behold a new begun;
Not yet is closed the Holy War,
Nor yet the triumph won,

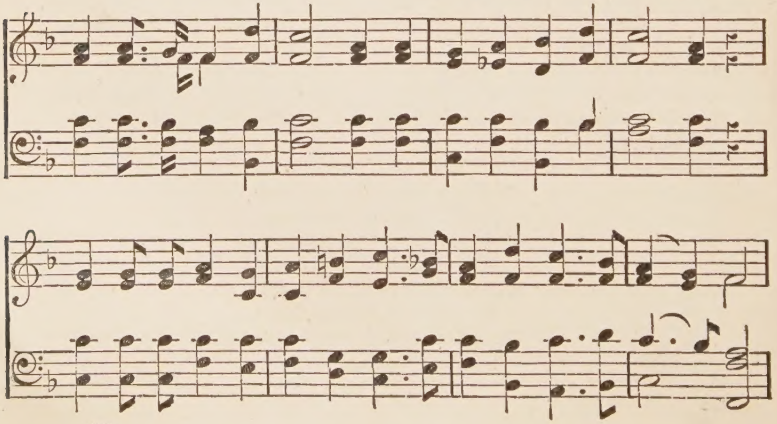
So forth we go to meet the strife,
We will not fear nor fly!
Live we the holy warrior's life,
His death we hope to die!

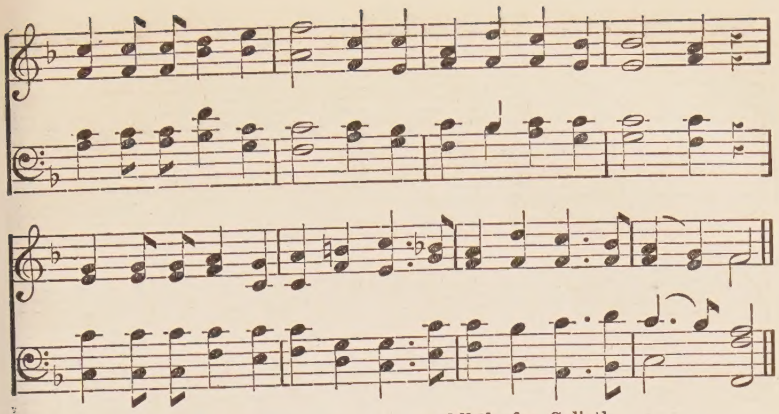
Not in an arm of flesh we trust;
Our Leader is the Lord;
The mountains are to Him as dust;
They flee before His word.

So, Lord, let every foeman flee,
And every evil way;
'Till drunkards all shall rise and be
The children of the day.

48. FRIENDS OF THE CAUSE.

Melody by W. Birtwistle.
Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.





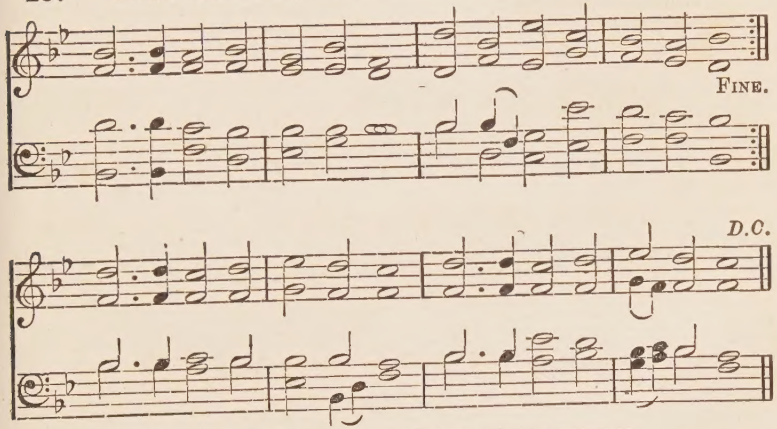
FRIENDS of the cause of temperance,
Behold through all the nation,
Thousands appear, our hearts to cheer,
Swift comes the reformation!
Praise we our mighty Leader;
No arm but His can aid us;
Thus far hath He brought liberty;
Trust yet in Him who made us.

He rules the storm and tempest,
He curbs the foaming ocean;
And every foe His power shall know,
When He shall spread commotion.
As fell the foe, Goliath,
Before the sling of David,
Victors are we, strong drink shall flee,
No power on earth can save it.

Forth still to fight and conquer!
Each foe and danger scorning;
Truth shall prevail, we soon shall hail
The bright, triumphant morning.
Now, while we wear our armour,
For souls restored, forgiven,
Loud let us raise the song of praise
To God the King of Heaven.

49. BROTHERS, SISTERS. 7s.

Words by W. Hoyle.



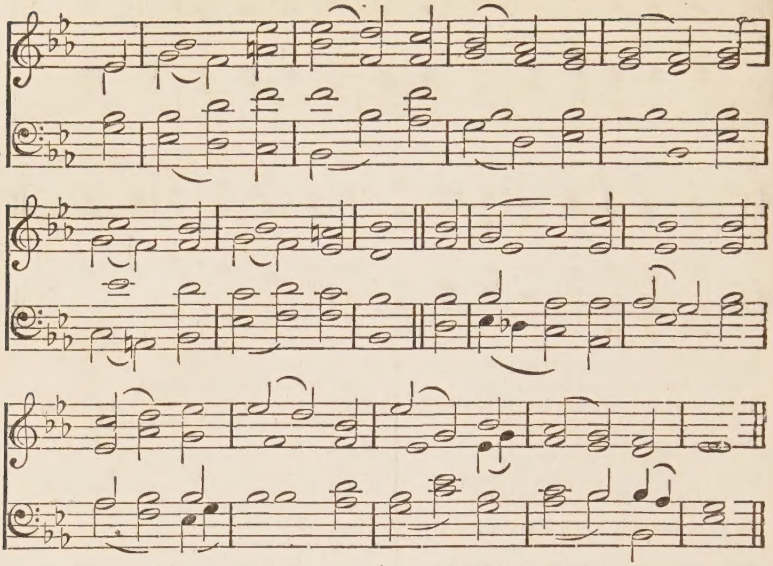
BROTHERS, sisters, welcome here,
Joyful are our hearts to-day,
For the good time draweth near,
Temperance soon shall bear the sway;
Ever faithful may we prove,
And for truth still bravely stand;
We've a Friend in heaven above,
He will bless our Temperance band.

Let the work of love begin,
In our early youthful days,
Brighter trophies we shall win,
Treading in God's holy ways;
Let us put our armour on,
Trusting in our Friend above,
Making truth and Temperance known,
Spreading holiness and love.

Brothers, sisters, firm and true,
We are England's hope and pride,
And our God's our Leader too,
Fear not while He is our Guide;
Soon the drunkard we will save,
Make the foe of Britain flee,
With the noble and the brave
Raise the shout, "Old England's free!"

50 AGAIN REVOLVING. C.M.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Music by I. Smith.



AGAIN revolving seasons bring
The time of festive cheer;
Again the song of praise we sing
To God who rules the year.

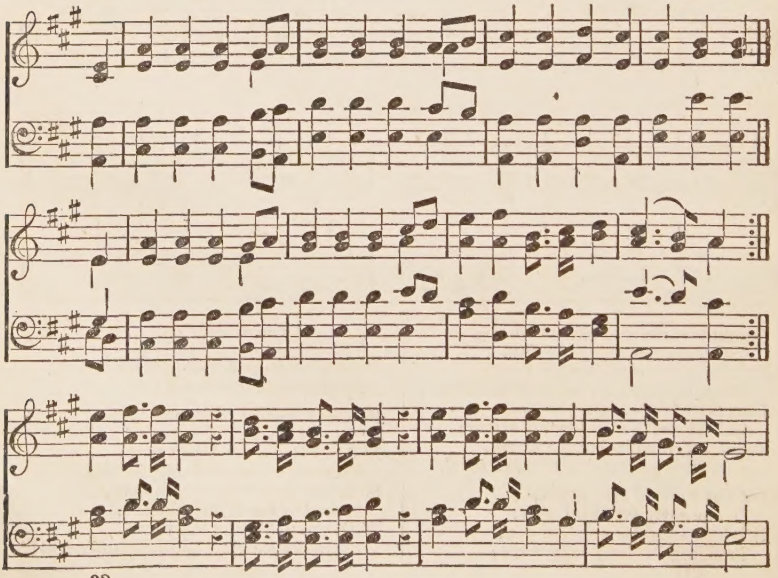
Protected by His sovereign care,
In virtue's path still found,
How many are the joys we share!
What peace and hope abound!

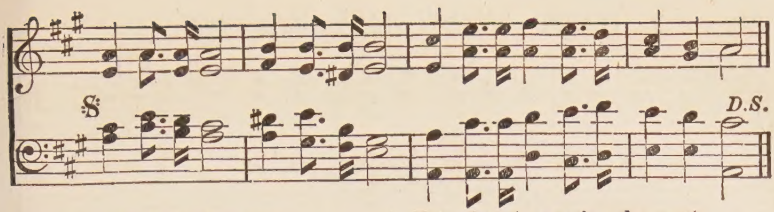
Lord, be it our untiring aim
To spread the cause of truth;
The fallen drunkard to reclaim,
And guide our erring youth.

To Thee, O Lord, our prayers we raise;
O grant our cause success;
Be Thine the glory, Thine the pr ise,
For Thou alone canst bless.

51. AGAIN WE RAISE.

Music and Words
by W. Hoyle.





AGAIN we raise the festive song,
Again we view our army strong,
And welcome friends both old and young;
Come, join our Band of Hope Union.
How glad are we to meet you here,
Unite with us and persevere,
The day of victory shall appear;
Come, join our Band of Hope Union.
Arm for the fight!
Friends of truth and right,
Arm for the fight!
Our army's marching on;
March with the brave;
March with the brave;
March with the brave
Till the vict'ry's won.

Now union will increase our might,
And gain us friends of truth and right,
And put King Alcohol to flight; &c.

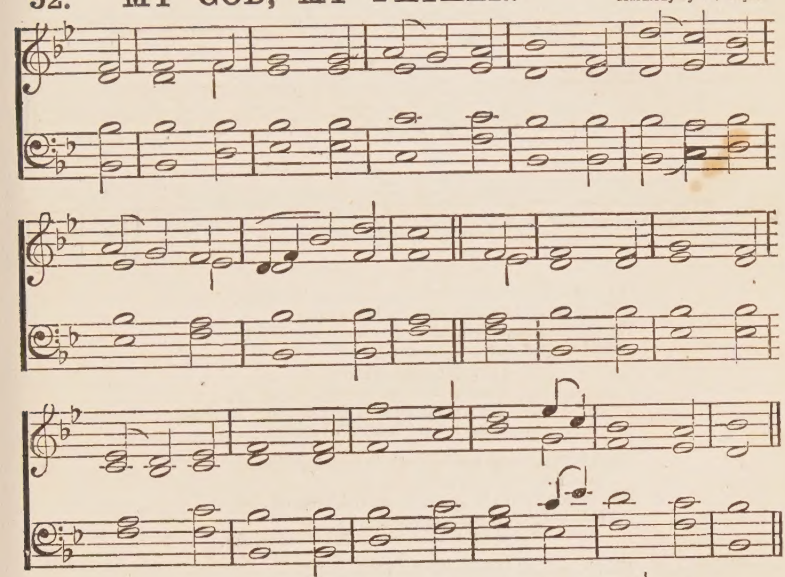
For union gives an impulse great,
It nerves the soul for any fate,
And chases evil from the state; &c.
Arm for the fight, &c.

Union shall make homes smile again,
And far remove our country's bane,
And help the drunkard to abstain; &c.
O, then, his wife will happy be,
His children sing and dance with glee,
And better times we all shall see; &c.
Arm for the fight, &c.

Dear friends, then join our noble Band,
To bless the children of our land, [&c.
And make the drunkard's dwelling grand;
God leadeth on, why should we fear?
He'll give us grace to persevere;
The day of victory shall appear; &c.
Arm for the fight, &c.

52. MY GOD, MY FATHER.

Words by Miss C. Elliott.
Harmony by W. Hoyle



MY God! my Father! while I stray,
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say
Thy will be done.

If Thou should'st call me to resign,
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine,
I only yield Thee what is Thine,
Thy will be done.

Control my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.

And when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

53. O, HAST THOU NOT HEARD.

Oh, hast thou not heard of a beautiful stream,
That flows through our Father's land;
Its waters gleam bright in the heavenly light,
And ripple o'er golden sand.

O seek that beautiful stream,
Seek now that beautiful stream,
Its waters so free are flowing for thee,
O seek that beautiful stream.

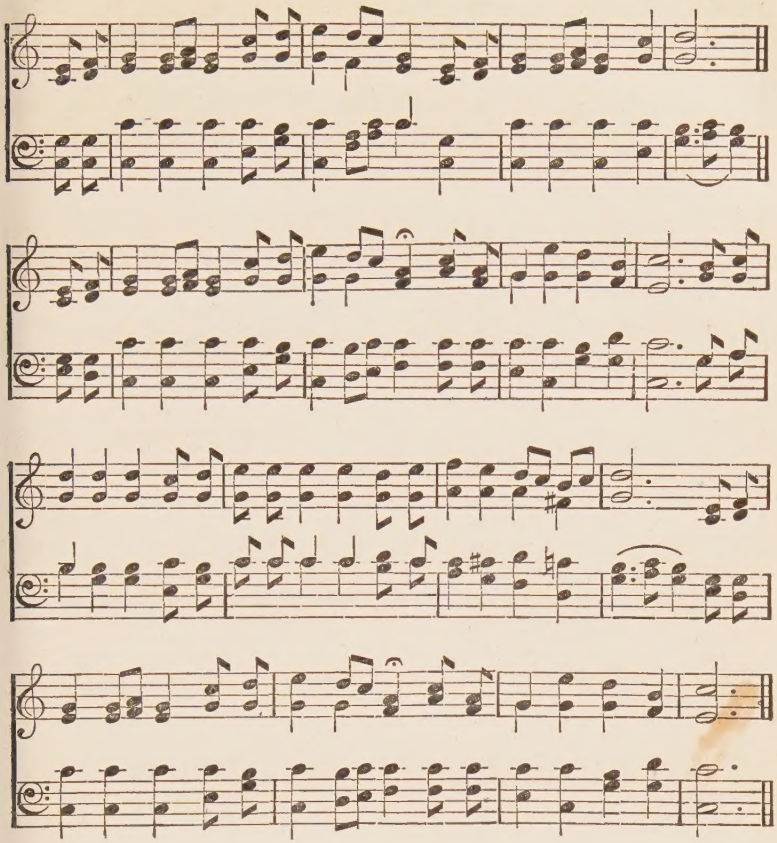
With murmuring sound doth it wander along,
Thro' fields of eternal green;
Where songs of the blest in their haven of rest,
Float soft on the air serene.
O seek that beautiful stream, &c.

This beautiful stream is the river of life,
It flows for all nations free;
A balm for each wound in its waters is found,
And freely it flows for thee.
O seek that beautiful stream, &c.

O wilt thou not drink of this beautiful stream
And dwell on its peaceful shore;
The Spirit says, come, all ye weary ones, home,
And wander in sin no more.
O seek that beautiful stream, &c.

54. IN THIS VALE.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



In this vale of tears, there's a glad day cheers
My heart as forth I stray,
'Tis a type of heav'n, to the pilgrim given,
O the peaceful Sabbath day.
O the happy time, when the merry bells chime,
And I meet the friends I love,
Day of praise and prayer, rest from earthly care,
Emblem of that rest above;

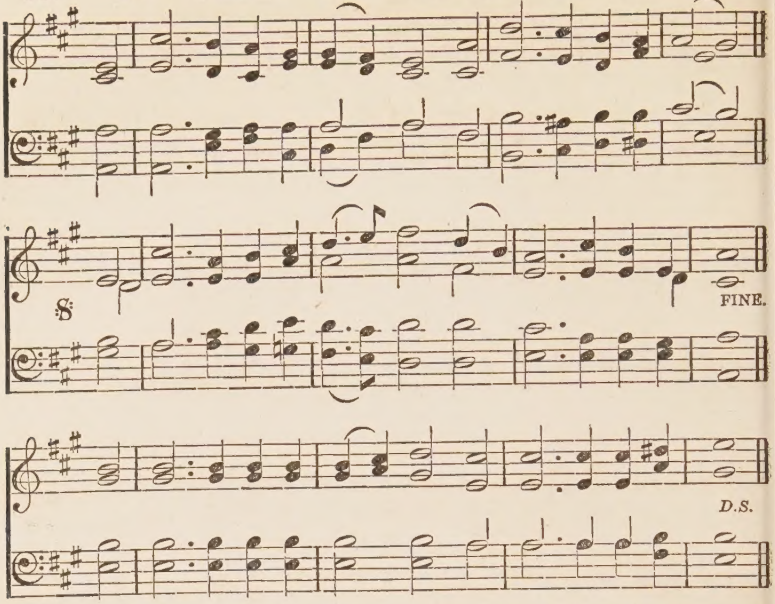
In the daily strife of this chequered life,
When my pleasures fade away,
And my bright hopes seem like a passing dream,
How I hail the Sabbath day.
O the happy time, &c.

Peerless gem of earth, who that feels thy worth,
Can be silent in thy praise,
May I haste with joy, to thy sweet employ,
Till my latest song I raise.
O the happy time, &c.

In this vale of tears, there's a glad day cheers
My heart, as forth I stray;
'Tis a type of heav'n to the pilgrim given,
O the peaceful Sabbath day.
O the happy time, &c.

55. GO WHEN THE MORNING.

Music from Haydn.



Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Cast earthly fear away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

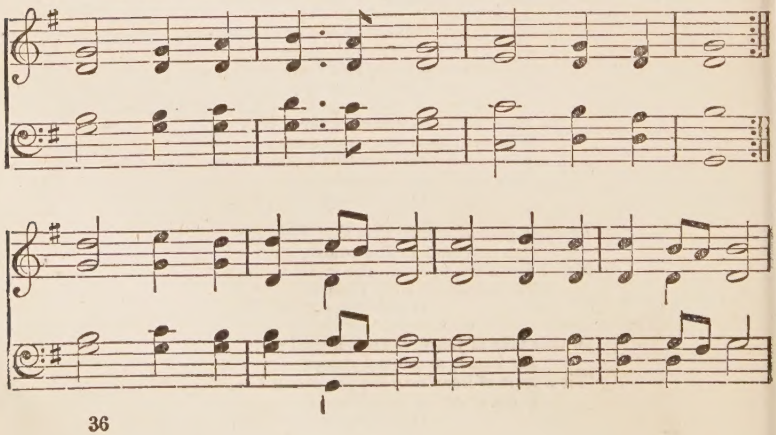
Remember those who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those that hate thee,
If any such there be:

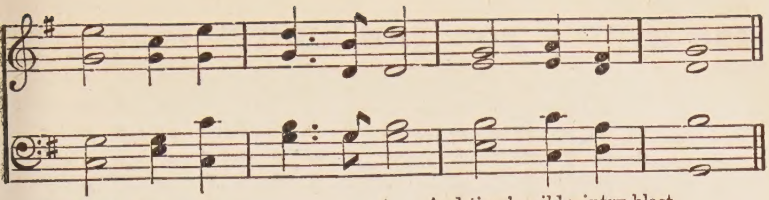
Then for thyself in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim;
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name,

Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall:
Remember in thy gladness
His love who gave thee all.
Oh! not a joy or blessing
With this we can compare,
The power that has been given
To pour our souls in prayer.

56. I'M BUT A STRANGER.

Music by L. Mason.





I'm but a stranger here ;
Heaven is my home ;
Earth is a desert drear ;
Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

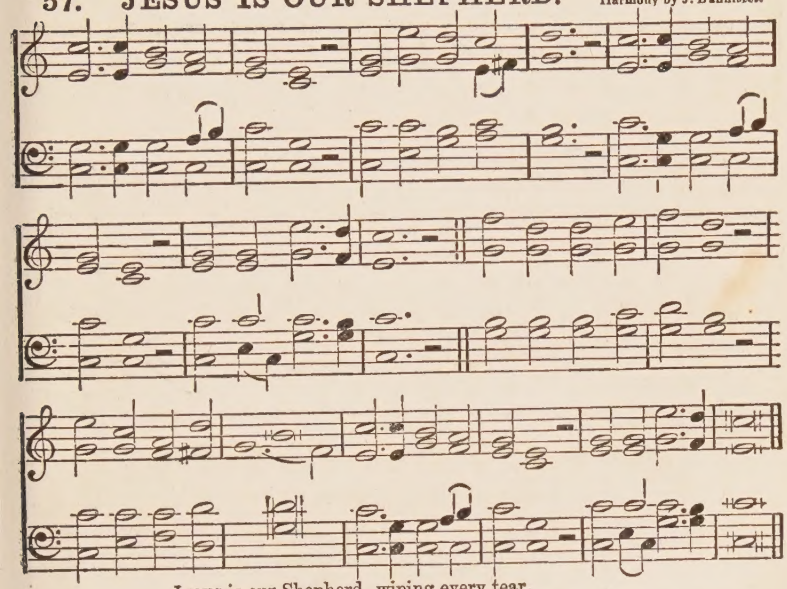
What though the tempest rage ?
Heaven is my home :
Short is my pilgrimage ;
Heaven is my home.

And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast ;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

Therefore I murmur not ;
Heaven is my home :
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand,
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

57. JESUS IS OUR SHEPHERD.

Words by Rev. H. Stowell.
Harmony by J. Bannister.



Jesus is our Shepherd, wiping every tear,
Folded in His bosom, what have we to fear ?
Only let us follow whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert, or the dewy mead.

Jesus is our Shepherd, well we know His voice,
How its gentlest whisper makes our heart rejoice!
Even when He chideth, tender is its tones,
None but He shall guide us, we are His alone.

Jesus is our Shepherd, for the sheep He bled ;
Every lamb is sprinkled with the blood He shed ;
Then on each He setteth His own secret sign,
"They that have my Spirit, these," saith He, "are mine."

Jesus is our Shepherd, guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven, none can do us harm ;
When we tread death's valley, dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil, victors o'er the tomb.

58. *See* 35.

58A. STRIKE FOR THE RIGHT!

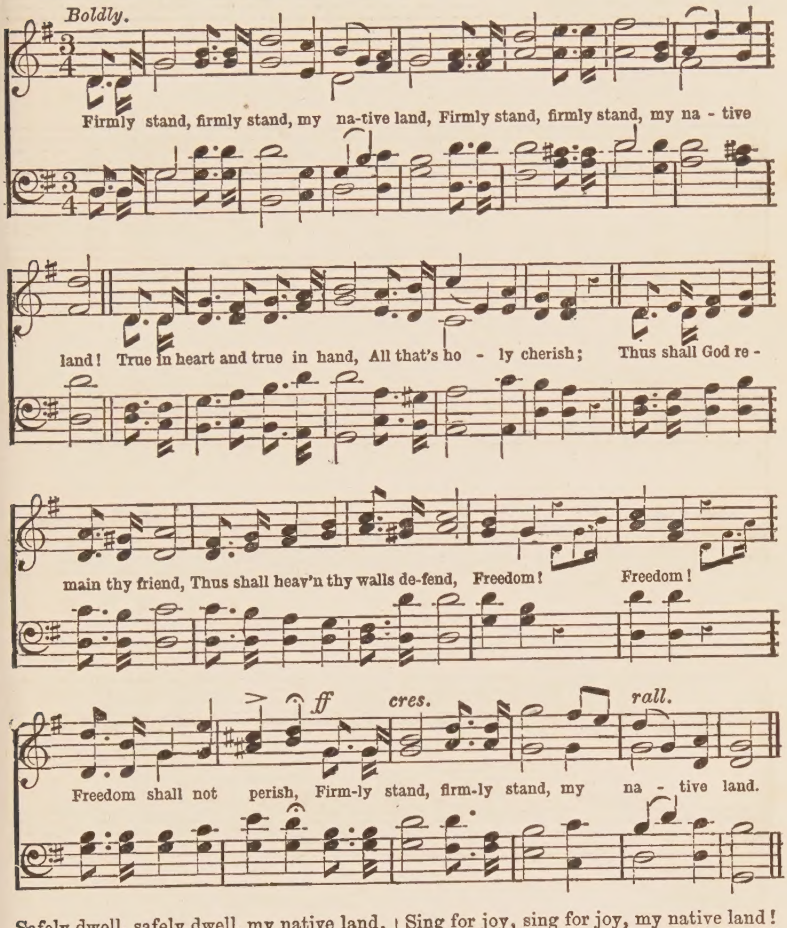
Arranged for this work by W. H. Whitehead.

Cheer, boys, cheer! fling out your banners proudly, Strike for the right! our cause is getting
strong, The great and the good are now proclaiming loudly Rule for the right, and a
law against the wrong. Assert then bold-ly, fear no faction's anger, The people's
right to crush the drunkard's crime, Arouse ye the mass a-waking from its languor, And
Cheer, boys, cheer, for right will be triumphant Then
Fine.
strike ye for freedom, now is the time! Cheer, boys, cheer! the world is getting
cheer, boys, cheer, and law a-bo-lish wrong.
Chorus.
wiser, Cheer, boys, cheer, our cause is get-ting strong. Three cheers for the temp'rance banner, Hur-
rah! hurrah! hurrah! And three for our no-ble ar-my! Hur-rah! hurrah! hurrah!

Cheer, boys, cheer! our beacon fires are blazing
O'er all the land, and nobles feel the flame,
The rich and the poor are eager all in raising
Drunkards from sin and their children from shame;
Then stand ye firm to stem the torrent sweeping
O'er all the land in trade and passion's power;
Right laws demand to hush the millions weeping,
And strike ye for freedom! now is the hour!
Cheer, boys, cheer, &c.

58B. MY NATIVE LAND.

Music by W. H. Whitehead.

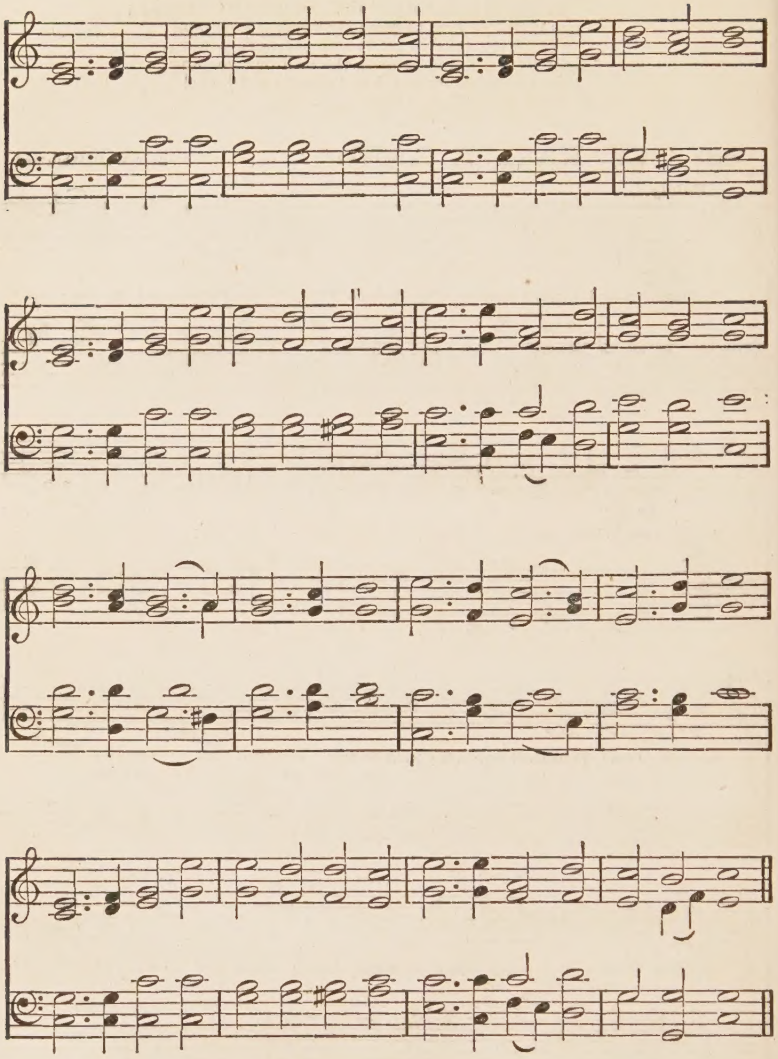

Boldly.
Firmly stand, firmly stand, my na-tive land, Firmly stand, firmly stand, my na - tive
land! True in heart and true in hand, All that's ho - ly cherish; Thus shall God re -
main thy friend, Thus shall heav'n thy walls de-fend, Freedom! Freedom!
ff
cres.
rall.
Freedom shall not perish, Firm-ly stand, firm-ly stand, my na - tive land.

Safely dwell, safely dwell, my native land,
Safely dwell, safely dwell, my native land.
May thy sons united stand firm and true
for ever.
God forbid the day should rise
When 'tis said our freedom dies.
Freedom! freedom! freedom die! O never!
Safely dwell, safely dwell, my native land!

Sing for joy, sing for joy, my native land!
Sing for joy, sing for joy, my native land!
In thee dwells a noble band, all thy weal
to cherish.
God with might will guard thee round,
While thy steps in truth are found.[perish!
Freedom! freedom! freedom shall not
Sing for joy, sing for joy, my native land!

59. *See* 119.

60. SHALL WE MEET BEYOND.



SHALL we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll,
Where in all the bright for-ever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?

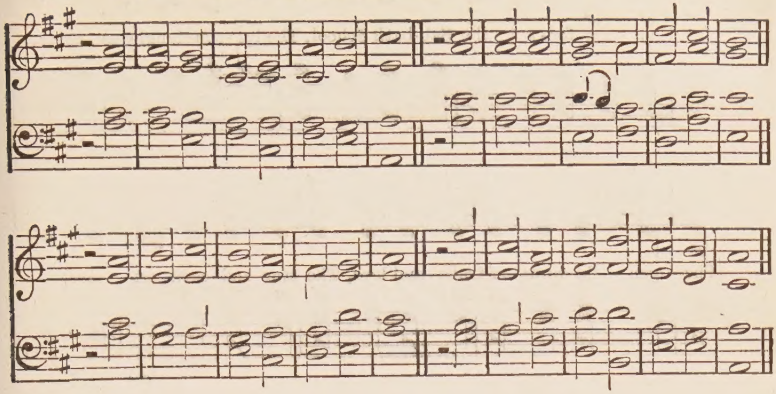
Shall we meet in that blest harbour,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair celestial shore?
Shall we meet, &c.

Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favour,
And sit down upon His throne?
Shall we meet, &c.

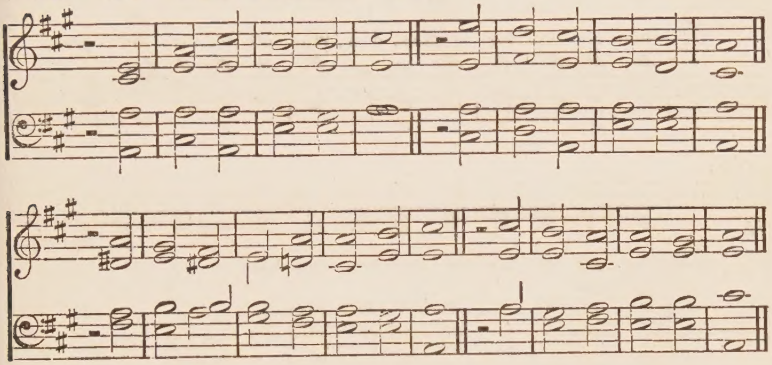
We shall meet beyond the river
Many a lov'd one we shall know;
We shall dwell with Christ for ever,
If we serve him here below.
We shall meet, &c.

61. (*See No.* 1.)

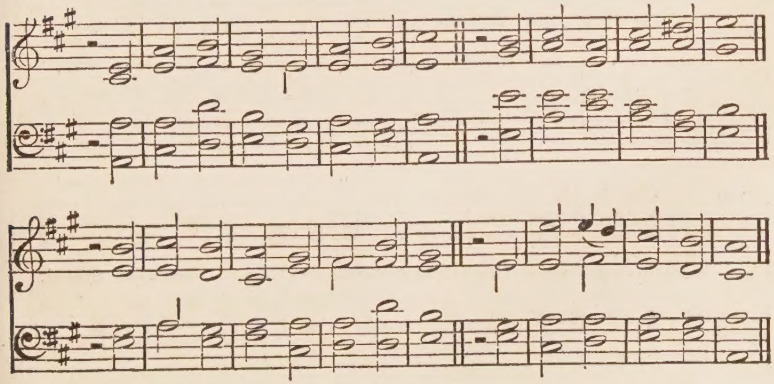
61A. **OLD HUNDREDTH.** L.M.



61B. **ST. MICHAEL'S.** S.M.



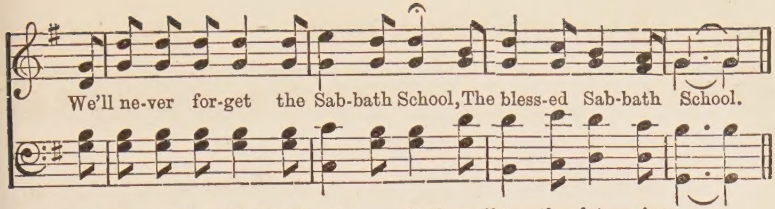
61C. **NOTTINGHAM.** C.M.



62. WE'LL NEVER FORGET.

Harmony by W. Hoyle.

We'll ne - ver for - get the Sab-bath School, The les - sons taught us there,
The gen - tle words of truth and love, The true and earn - est care,
We'll think up - on our teach-ers dear, Who oft for us did pray,
That Je - sus by his gra - cious love, May keep us in the way.
That Je - sus by His gra - cious love, May keep us in the way,
We'll ne - ver for-get the Sab-bath School, The bless-ed Sab-bath School.



We'll never forget the Sabbath School,
The place of light and love,
Where we may learn of wisdom's ways,
That lead to home above;
However we may wander far,
Where through the week we roam,
We'll not forget our teachers here,
Of this our Sabbath home. We'll, &c.

So then all together let us sing,
In joyful songs of praise,
To Him who reigneth in the skies,
Our grateful tribute raise;
And pray that through each week and year
His blessing may attend,
And that we never may forget
The sinner's truest Friend. We'll, &c.

63. SHALL WE GATHER.

Rev. R. Lowry,
From the "Singing Pilgrim."

SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angels feet have trod,
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?
Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

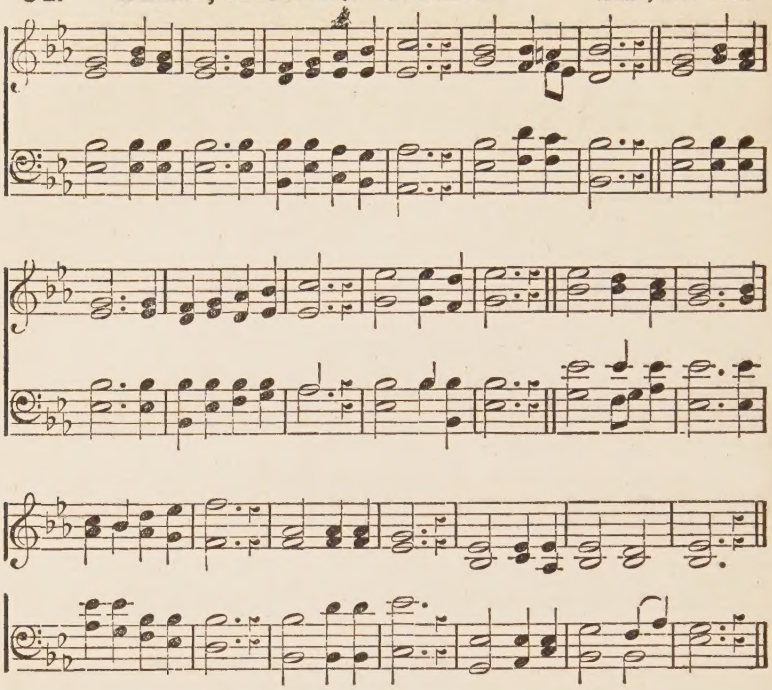
On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day. Yes, &c.

Ere we reach the shining river
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown. Yes, &c.

Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace. Yes, &c.

64. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Words by J. H. Newman.
Music by W. Birtwistle.



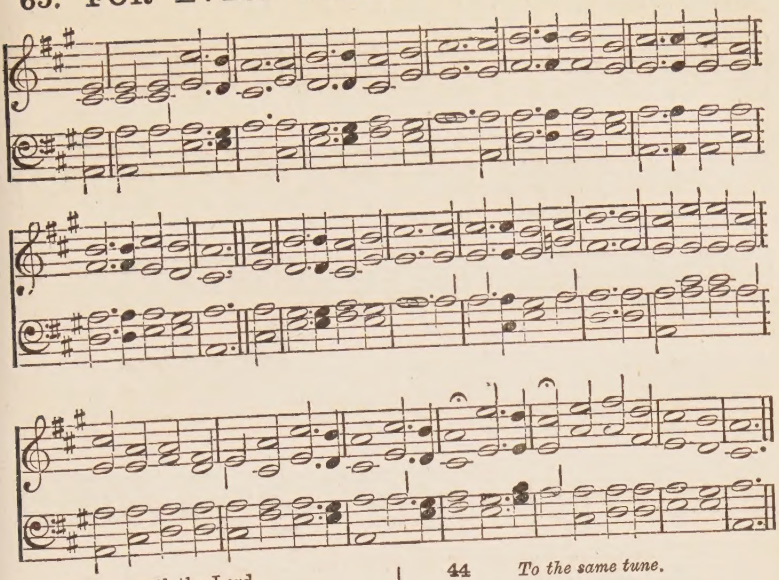
LEAD, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step's enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on;
I loved to choose, and see my path; but now,
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day; and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will:—remember not past years!

So long Thy power hath bless'd me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Whom I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

65. FOR EVER WITH.

Words by Montgomery
Harmony by W. Hoyle.



For ever with the Lord,
Amen, so let it be.
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's far-seeing eye
Thy golden gates appear. Here, &c.

My thirsty spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above. Here, &c.

For ever with the Lord,
Father, be it thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil. Here, &c.

44 *To the same tune.*

By providence and grace,
And sparing mercy too,
We meet each other face to face,
Our promise to renew.
Rejoice, I say, rejoice,
On this our festal day;
And lift to heaven a mighty voice
And shout of victory.

Another course is run,
Another year is past,
Another onward stage begun,
And this may be the last. Rejoice, &c.

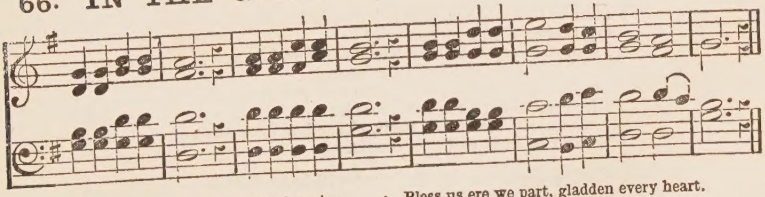
Lord, give us large increase,
Cast down the giant foe,
And let Thy servants never cease,
But ever onward go. Rejoice, &c.

For thee O God, we fight;
May we be strong in Thee;
Receiving needful grace and might
For final victory! Rejoice, &c.

Rev. R. Maguire.

66. IN THE GOLDEN WEST.

Words by W. Hoyle.



In the golden west now the sun doth rest
Darkness gathers round, hushed is every sound.
Lord of life and light, Author of all might
All in Thee we find, Thou art ever kind.
Pardon every sin make us clean within.
Bless us ere we part, gladden every heart.
Keep us Lord, we pray, ever in Thy way.
Guard us with Thy love 'till we mount above.
Then on that blest shore, every trial o'er
We Thy praise shall sing Thou eternal King.

67. BE KIND TO THY FATHER.

J. B. Woodbury

Be kind to thy father—for when thou wert young,
Who lov'd thee more fondly than he ?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father—for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray ;
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold ;
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother—for lo ! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen !
Oh ! well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother,—for thee will she pray
As long as God giveth her breath !
With accents of kindness, then, cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have dearth
If the smile of thy love be withdrawn ;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother—wherever thou art,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
The depths of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers
More precious than wealth or renown.

68. SUPPOSE THE LITTLE.

Melody by G. F. Root.
Harmony by W. Hoyle.

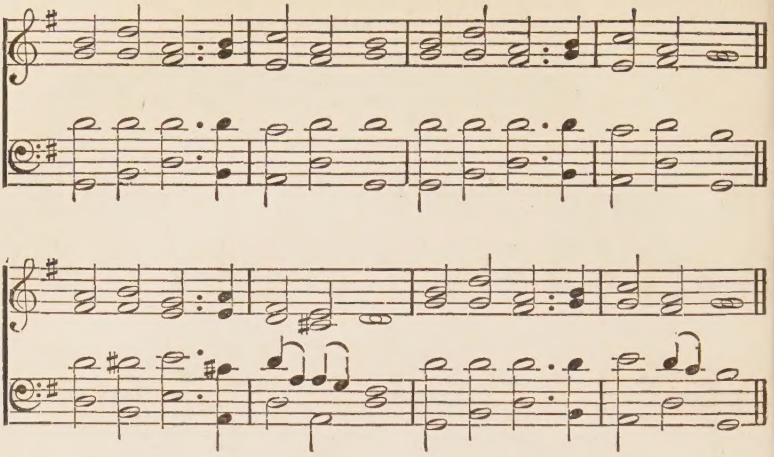
SUPPOSE the little cowslip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,
I'd better not grow up:"
How many a weary traveller
Would miss its fragrant smell,
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell.

Suppose the glistening dew-drop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dew-drop do?
I'd better roll away."
The blade on which it rested
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveller on his way;
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do;
Although it has so little strength
And little wisdom too.
It wants a loving spirit
Much more than strength to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by his love.

69. GENTLE JESUS. 7s.

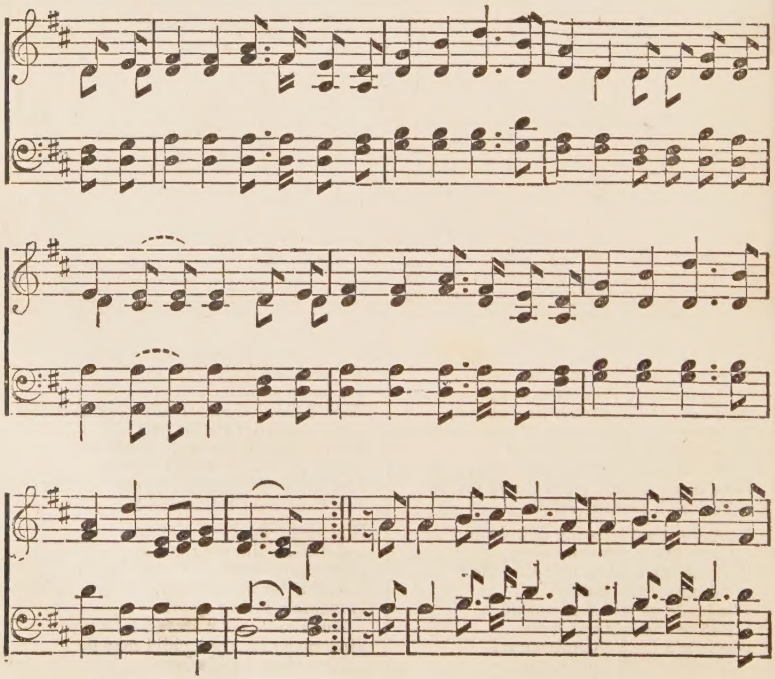


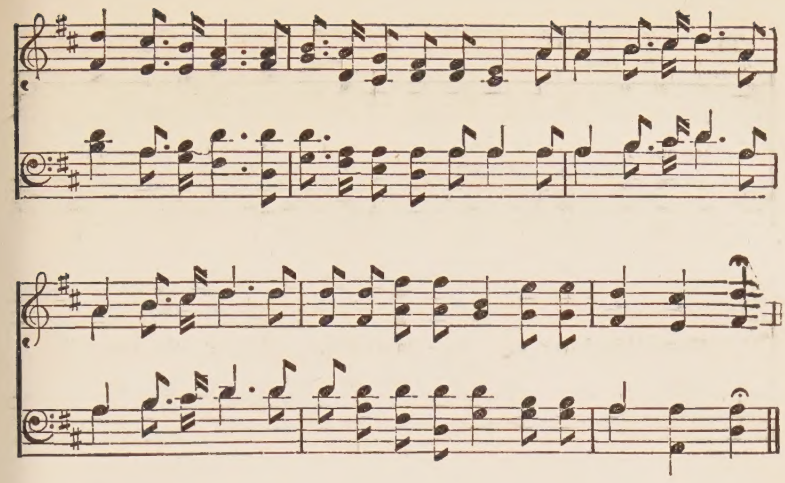
GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Dearest Lord, forbid it not;
Give Thy little child a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

70. SOBER JOHN.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.





COMING home, poor Jack I met the other day,
We pass'd a gin shop, where he wished me to stay;
But I said, "No, never! there's a better way,
I drink bright sparkling water."
Then he said, "Now won't you take a glass? you see
The best men, sometimes have a bit of a spree."
But you know men's follies are no mark for me—
I drink bright sparkling water.

My name's sober John, I keep marching on,
I never can stay where stand the bowl and barrel,
While clouds deck the skies, and fountains arise,
My drink shall ever be from the crystal spring.

Water is the friend of all who seek its aid,
The drink which God for every man hath made;
But the drink of drunkards many low hath laid,
I drink bright sparkling water.
Would you know the pleasures of a sober life,
Come see my loving children and my wife,
For they never share the drunkard's pain and strife,
I drink bright sparkling water.
My name's sober John, &c.

Then I said, "Now Jack, if you will come with me,
A better man you very soon will be."
To my home we went—I live across the lea,
I drink bright sparkling water.
When he saw the happiness which reign'd within,
He said, "O what a foolish man I've been,
from this day a sober life I do begin,
I drink bright sparkling water.
My name's sober John, &c.

Jack was next day passing by the "Dog and Gun,"
Said landlord, "Jack, how are you getting on?"
"Drunken Jack I was; but now I'm Sober John,
I drink bright sparkling water."
"Nonsense man! you'll have a glass of beer to-day;
I don't like men to talk in that strange way."
"Very true," said Jack, "but dont you hear me say
I drink bright sparkling water.
My name's sober John, &c.

71. LITTLE ONES LIKE ME.

Words by T. Griffiths.
Harmony by W. Hoyle.

When our fa - thers love the drink, Mad - ly drown the power to think,
Then they drive to ru - in's brink, Lit - tle ones like
me, like me, like me, Lit - tle ones like me.

WHEN our fathers love the drink,
Madly drown the power to think,
Then they drive to ruin's brink,
Little ones like me, like me, like me,
Little ones like me.

Wretched homes and meagre fare,
Filth, disease, and clothing bare,
Victims of these ills they are, &c.

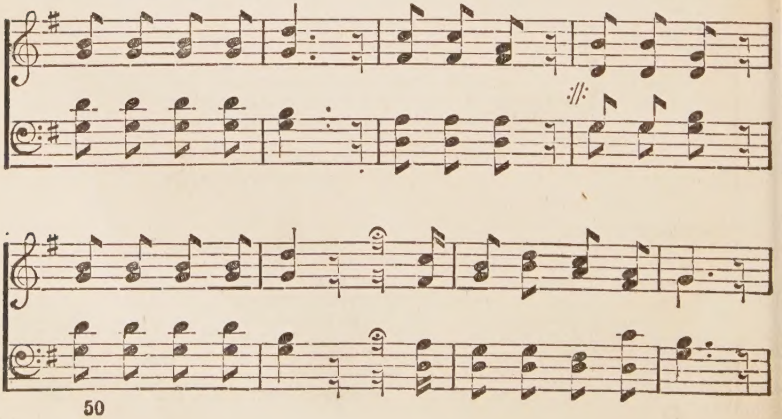
Warning by his course we'll take,
And the drunkard's cup forsake,
Lest his wretched fate o'ertake, &c.

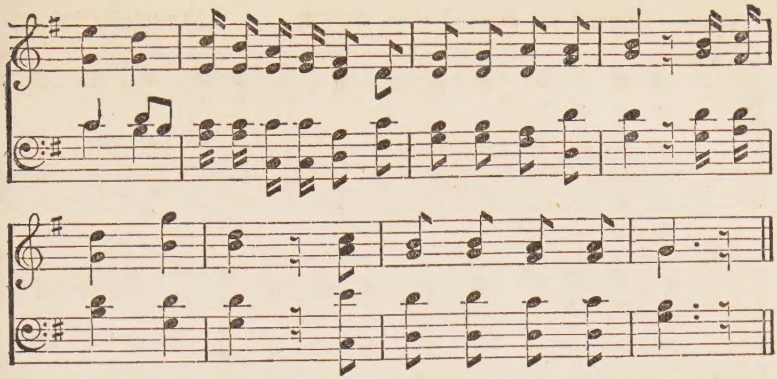
Bands of Hope, like anchors firm,
Hold us in temptation's storm,
Bring, to aid the world's reform, &c.

Floats our banner in the air,
Its device, "Excelsior!"
Join our band, our triumph share, &c.

72. ONCE AGAIN WE MEET.

Words by W. Hoyle.



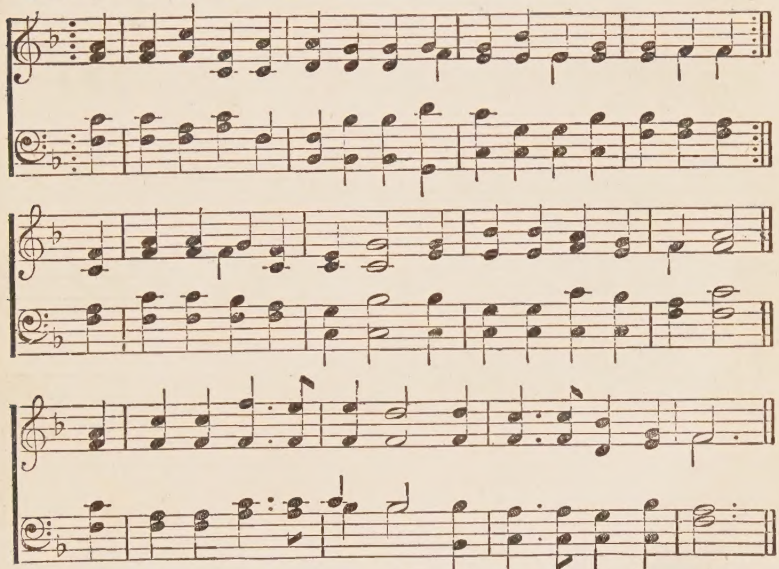


ONCE again we meet, old and young,
Met in union sweet, united we are strong.
Help on merry merry temperance,
Working while you may,
For the spread of truth
Shall bring the happy day.
Each a gentle word still can say,
Hearts with kindness stirr'd
May precepts wise obey, &c.

Willing hands and feet pleasures give,
Leave an impress sweet,
'Tis noble thus to live, &c.
Let us then be found kind and true
Unto all around,
As we would others do, &c.
Let no heart despair, fear no frown,
Here a cross we bear,
In heav'n we reach a crown, &c.

73. OUR HOPES ARE BRIGHT.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



OUR hopes are bright, our aim sincere:
We'll spread our good cause far and near;
Our strength is in a Father's love:
Forth led by Him we onward move,
We're marching in the army,
To win the happy day!

No gin shops shall our land disgrace,
No children fill the drunkard's place;
Each home shall bright and peaceful be,
Where shall abide the brave and free.
We're marching, &c.

The rich man from his lordly seat,
Shall temperance friends and brothers meet,
The great and good of every name
Shall freedom's holy cause proclaim.
We're marching, &c.

With joyful hearts we onward go
To battle with Old England's foe,
And though strong drink our land assail,
The cause of temperance shall prevail.
We're marching, &c.

74. NEVER FORGET THE.

Melody by G. F. Root.
Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.

NEVER forget the dear ones,
Around the social hearth,
The sunny smiles of gladness,
The songs of artless mirth;
Be these thy joy and treasure,
Though others care to roam,
Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round thy home.

Never forget, never forget,
Never forget the dear ones,
That cluster round thy home.

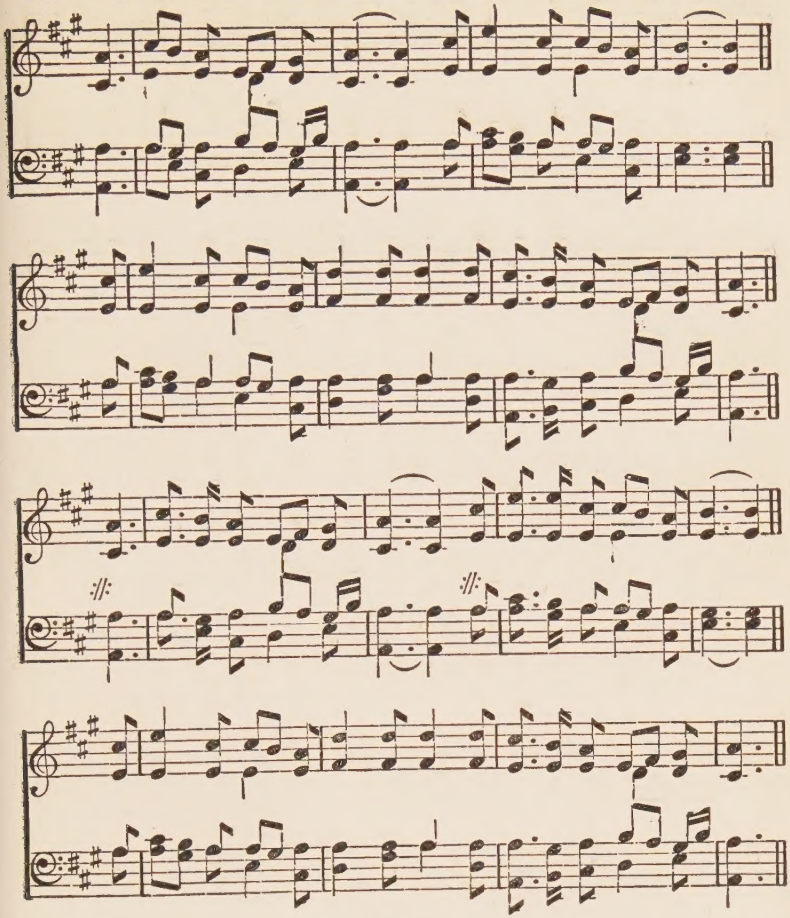
Never forget the dear ones,
Deep in their memories live,
Thy words and deeds, their spirits
To gladden or to grieve;
A kind and loving father
Be thou whate'er may come,
Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round thy home.

Never forget the dear ones,
Though time may changes bring,
In sadness and in sorrow
Their hearts to thee will cling;
Thy memory they will cherish,
When thou art in the tomb,
Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round thy home.

Never forget the dear ones,
Their souls can never die,
With holy precept lead them
To dwell with God on high;
How glad will be the meeting
Where love shall ever bloom,
Never forget the dear ones,
That cluster round thy home.

75. I'M HAPPY ALL THE.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



I'm happy all the day,
My heart is full of joy,
I ne'er will learn the drunkard's way,
For I'm a teetotal boy.
For I'm a teetotal boy,
For I'm a teetotal boy,
Clear water bright is my delight,
For I'm a teetotal boy.

For monarch's golden crown,
My pledge I would not give,
A nobler prize abstainers own,
And purer joys receive, For, &c.

My Father rules on high,
And bids me onward go,
For others good myself deny,
And serve him here below, For, &c.

Should I some brother gain,
A rich reward is mine,
Where angels chant the enraptur'd strain,
And saints in glory shine, For, &c.

76. WHO IS A BRAVE MAN?

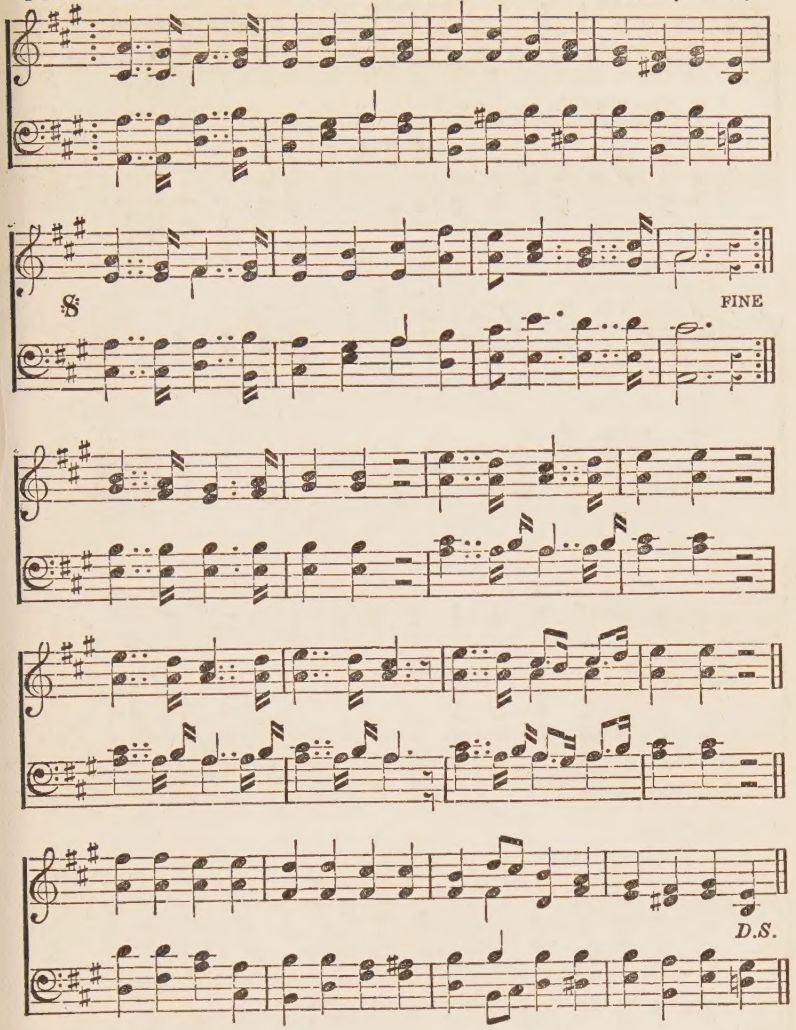
Who is a brave man, who?
Who is a brave man, who?
He who dares defend the right
When right is mis-called wrong;
He who shrinks not from the fight
When weak contend with strong;
Who, fearing God, fears none beside,
And dares do right whate'er betide:
This man hath courage true!
This man hath courage true!

Who is a free man, who?
Who is a free man, who?
He who finds his chief delight
In keeping God's commands:
He who loves whate'er is right,
And hath to sin no bonds,
From ev'ry law but one set free,—
The perfect law of liberty;
This man hath freedom true!
This man hath freedom true!

Who is a noble man?
Who is a noble man?
He who scorns, or words, or deeds,
That are not just and true;
He whose heart for suff'ring bleeds,
Is quick to feel and do,
Whose noble soul will ne'er descend,
To treach'rous act towards foe or friend:
This is a noble man!
This is a noble man!

77. MEN OF BRITAIN.

Words by J. E. Gray.



MEN of Britain! foes are round you,
In their iron grasp have bound you,
Sleeping heedlessly they found you,
Dreaming not of harm;
Men of Britain! heed the warning,
Rise in strength! all weakness scorning,
Let the night break into morning,
Sound the loud alarm!
Famed in fight and foray,
Live in Britain's story,
By each one may yet be done
Deeds of greater glory.
For the sake of widows weeping,
For the sake of others sleeping,
And for all that's worth the keeping,
Let your war cry sound.

By their prayers who would defend you,
By the help good men will lend you,
By the strength which God will send you,
Break the galling chain.
Help us lowland—help us highland,
Britain's sea, and Britain's dryland,
Banish Bacchus from our island,
And let reason reign.
Hear the orphan's wailing
Sound o'er all prevailing!
Deal the foe his mortal blow!
Heav'n prevents its failing.
Pleasures false and fatal flying,
Alcohol's proud force defying,
Hear the blood of thousands crying
Upwards from the ground.

78. THO' THE BOWL.

J. B. Woodbury.

Tho' the bowl and the bumper with spirits be fill'd, Tho' the nectar, like Jove's be am-
bro - sia dis-till'd, Tho' wit, song and laugh-ter lend joys of their own, Take
coun - sel from caution, and let them a-lone. Take coun-sel from cau-tion and
let them a - lone, Take coun - sel from cau - tion, and let them a - lone.

If a friend have a scheme that he shows very clear
Will bring you two thousand or upwards a year,
Tho' it seem like a fortune to other hands thrown,
Take counsel from caution, and let it alone.
Take counsel, &c.

The fountain of fortune but slenderly flows,
Wealth got in a moment as suddenly goes,
And wine's giddy laughter, 'tis easily shown,
Brings sorrow hereafter, so let it alone.
Take counsel, &c.

79. WE SHALL DO IT.

Words by Rev. Charles Garrett.
Music by W. Hoyle.

There's a glorious work be - fore us, A work both great and grand, Ev-'ry
man at once should join us, And help with heart and hand. There are homes now full of
sadness, Whence peace & love are flown, We must fill those homes with gladness, And
make the Saviour known. We shall do it by and bye! We shall do it by and
bye! There's a glorious work be - fore us, We shall do it by and bye!

There are drink-bound slaves around us,
Who writhe in hopeless woe;
We must snap the bonds that bind them,
And lay the tyrant low;
There are wives and mothers weeping,
Whose hearts are cold and sad;
We must give them joyous greeting,
And bid them yet be glad. We, &c.

There are crowds of little children
Deep sunk in sin and night;
We must raise them from their darkness,
And lead them up to light;
There are good men filled with sorrow
O'er seed they've sown in vain;
We must show them the destroyer,
And urge them to abstain. We, &c.

There's the huge and cursed system
Of drink, and sin, and fraud;
We must cast it forth with loathing,
Abhorred by man and God;
Let us, then, gird on our armour,
And God our strength will be;
He our hosts is onward leading
To certain victory. We, &c.

80. MERRY DICK.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

MERRY Dick you soon would know,
If you lived in Jackson's Row;
Each day, with a smiling face,
He is ready at his place;
Should you ever with him meet,
In his shop, or in the street,
You will find him blithe and gay,
Singing out this merry lay,—

My drink is water bright,
Water bright, water bright,
My drink is water bright,
From the crystal spring.

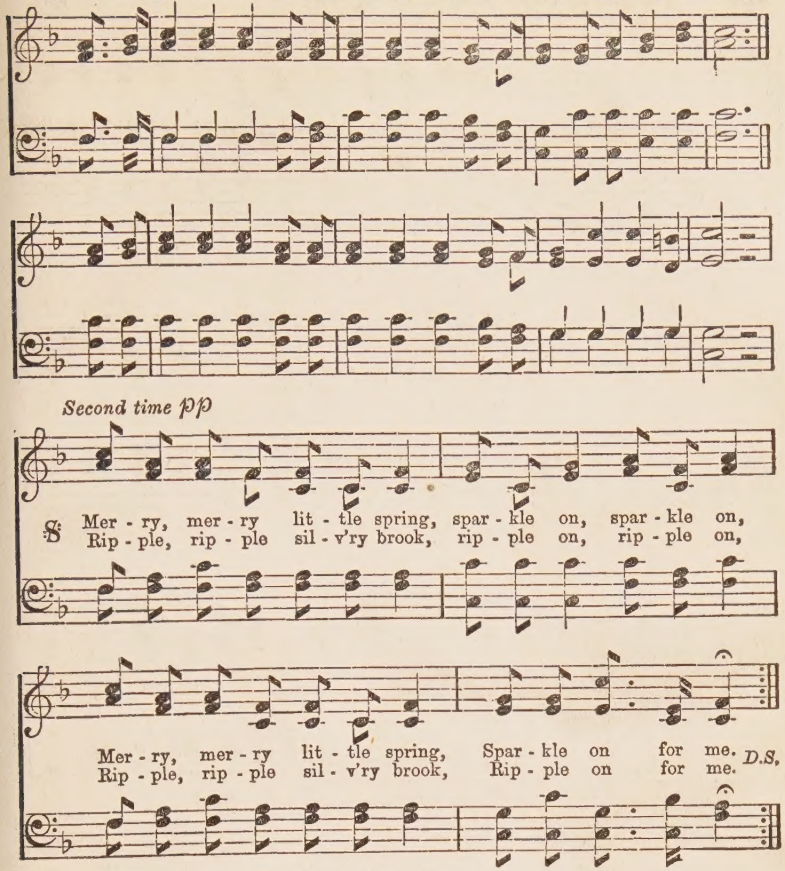
When he drives his horse to town,
Some will smile, and some will frown,
Some will say, "Come, Dick, let's take
Just a glass for friendship's sake;
We've been friends since we were boys,
Shared each other's hopes and joys,"
Dick will say, "That may be true,
Friend, but let me say to you, My, &c.

Dick and Jane, his charming wife,
Lead a peaceful, happy life,
With three daughters and a son;
Dick, he loves them every one.
In all seasons, cold or hot,
Storm or sunshine matters not,
Winter's snow, or summer's rain,
Sing they all this merry strain, My, &c.

When Dick sees the downward fall
Of his neighbours, great or small,
Warnings they to him supply,
Make him like a hero try;
Thus through life he jogs along,
Happy, honest, sober, strong,
Let us all his wisdom seek;
Sing each day like merry Dick, My, &c.

81. OH, A GOODLY THING.

Music by W. B. Bradbury.


Second time pp
S Mer - ry, mer - ry lit - tle spring, spar - kle on, spar - kle on,
Rip - ple, rip - ple sil - v'ry brook, rip - ple on, rip - ple on,
Mer - ry, mer - ry lit - tle spring, Spar - kle on for me.
Rip - ple, rip - ple sil - v'ry brook, Rip - ple on for me.
D.S.

Oh, a goodly thing is the cooling spring,
By the rock where the moss doth grow;
There is health in the tide, and there's music beside,
In the brooklet's bounding flow.

Merry, merry little spring, sparkle on, sparkle on,
Merry, merry little spring, sparkle on for me;
Ripple, ripple silvery brook, ripple on, ripple on,
Ripple, ripple silvery brook, ripple on for me.

And as pure as heaven is the water given,
And its stream is for ever new;
'Tis distilled in the sky, and it drops from on high,
In the showers and gentle dew.
Merry, merry, &c.

Let them say 'tis weak, but its strength I'll seek,
And rejoice while I own its sway;
For its murmur to me is the echo of glee,
And it laughs as it bounds away.
Merry, merry, &c.

Oh, I love to drink from the foaming brink
Of the bubbling, the cooling spring;
For the drops that shine shall be ever mine,
And its praise, its praise, I'll sing.
Merry, merry, &c.

82. *FATHER, COME HOME.

H. C. Work.

Father, dear fa-ther, come home with me now, The clock in the steeple strikes
one. You promised, dear fa-ther, that you would come home, As
soon as your day's work was done. Our fire has gone out, our
house is all dark, And mother's been watching since tea, With
poor brother Ben-ny, so sick in her arms, And no one to help her but

me. Come home, come home, come home, Please, father, dear father, come
home. Hear the sweet voice of the child, Which the
night winds repeat as they roam. Oh, who could re - sist the most
plaintive of pray'rs, Please, fa-ther, dear fa - ther, come home.

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes two ;
The night has grown colder, poor Benny is worse,
And he has been calling for you ;
Indeed he is worse, ma says he will die,
Perhaps, before morning shall dawn ;
And this is the message she sent me to bring,
Come quickly, or he will be gone.
Come home, &c.

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes three ;
The house is so lonely, the hours are so long,
For poor weeping mother and me ;
Yes, we are alone, poor Benny is dead,
And gone to the angels of light ;
And these were the very last words that he said,
I want to kiss father,—good night.
Come home, &c.

* This piece may be sung as a Solo and Chorus. The Chorus commencing at "Hear the sweet voice" &c.

83. COME CHILDREN.

Words by W. Hoyle.

Come child - ren and help us a bat - tle to fight,
A rise at the wel - come and shout for the right,
For Band of Hope child - ren, though ten - der and young,
Can fight in the bat - tle of right a - gainst wrong,
Hur - rah,
Hur - rah, hur - rah, of right a - gainst wrong,
Hur - rah,
Hur - rah, hur - rah, of right a - gainst wrong.

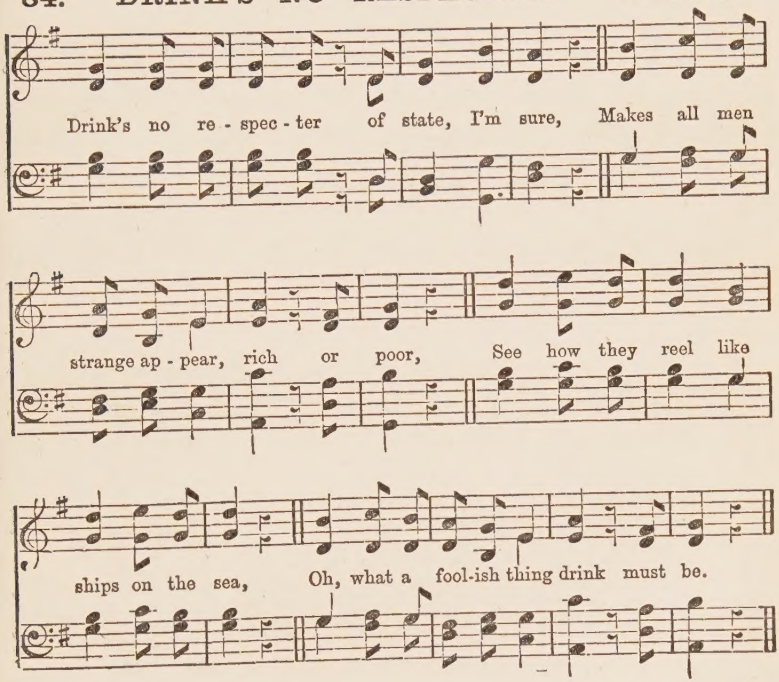
THE foe of our nation is mighty and high,
But truth shall prevail and the giant shall die;
Old England, for ever the pride of the sea,
Shall then be more glorious, more happy and free.
Hurrah!

The glad day of triumph is coming amain,
When virtue shall flourish and drunkards abstain;
O'er mountain and valley our banners shall wave,
And thanks shall ascend from the noble and brave.
Hurrah!

Then brothers and sisters arise at the call,
And join in the army, we welcome you all;
For Band of Hope children, though tender and young!
Can fight in the battle of right against wrong.
Hurrah!

84. DRINK'S NO RESPECTER.

Music by L. Mason.
Words by W. Hoyle.


Drink's no re - spec - ter of state, I'm sure, Makes all men
strange ap - pear, rich or poor, See how they reel like
ships on the sea, Oh, what a fool-ish thing drink must be.

MANY that labour and love to think,
Folly and madness show when they drink,
Prison, asylum, poor-house are three
Voices that tell how sad drink must be.

Many are drinking stronger to grow;
Samson, the strongest man, ne'er did so;
Wise men of every nation agree,
Poison to everyone drink must be.

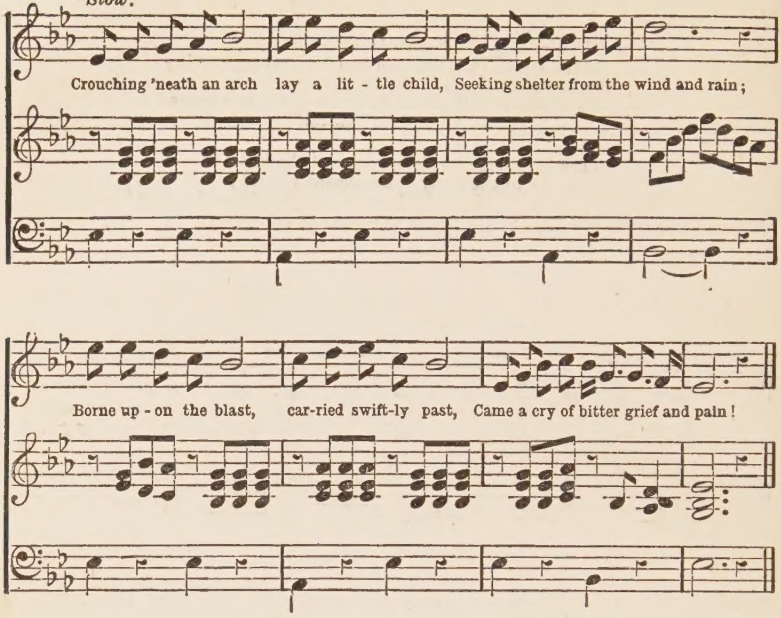
Brothers and sisters true wisdom gain,
If you would happy be, now abstain;
Drunkards to endless sorrow shall flee,
Oh, what a sinful thing drink must be!

85. *See* 20.

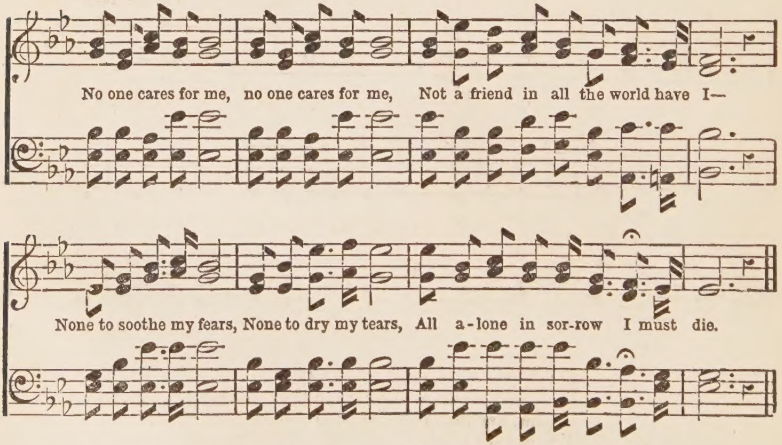
85a. NO ONE CARES FOR ME.

Words and Melody by Thomas Jarratt. Arranged for this work by W. H. Whitehead

Slow.


Crouching 'neath an arch lay a lit - tle child, Seeking shelter from the wind and rain;
Borne up - on the blast, car-ried swift-ly past, Came a cry of bitter grief and pain!

Chorus.


No one cares for me, no one cares for me, Not a friend in all the world have I—
None to soothe my fears, None to dry my tears, All a-lone in sor-row I must die.

Once it was not so—once a mother's love,
Shielded me from all the cares of life,
But a year ago, sorrow laid her low,
Mother died a wretched drunkard's wife.
No one cares, &c.

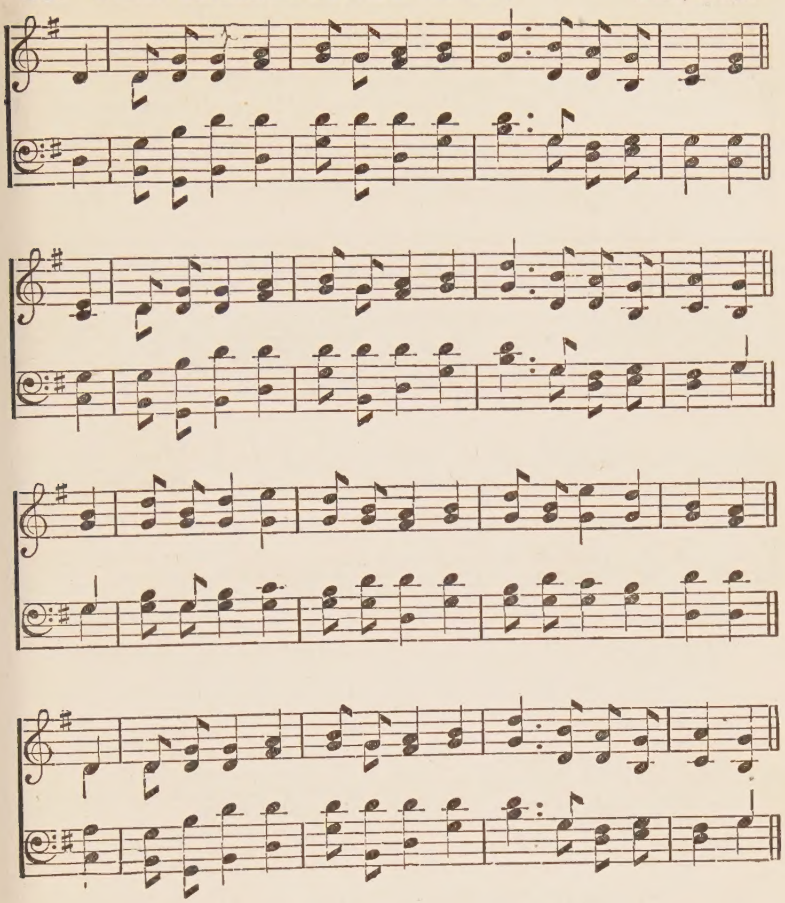
Father sends me forth on the streets to beg,
Blows and curses greet me every day;

Often times I sigh, wishful but to die,
And ascend to mother far away.
No one cares, &c.

Once I heard it said in a Sabbath School,
Jesus folds the children to his breast;
Saviour pity me, let me come to Thee,
Where the weary ever are at rest.
No one cares, &c.

86. THE TEMPERANCE SHIP.

Music by G. F. Root.
Words by W. Hoyle.



THE temperance ship is sailing on
In bright and stormy weather,
The great and good, the young and old,
sailing in together.
The drunkard's bark is ne'er secure,
Life's stormy ocean crossing,
For many sink to rise no more,
When angry waves are tossing.

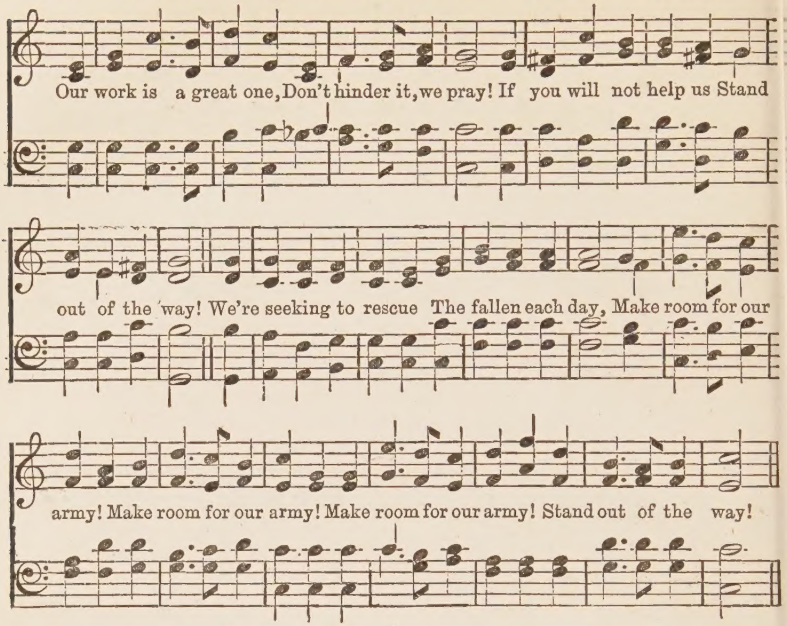
The temperance ship is sailing on,
And friends are kindly greeting,
Husbands and wives, and children too,
O what a joyful meeting! The, &c.

The temperance ship is sailing on,
A faithful hand is steering,
That safely guides the trusty ship,
Nor foe nor danger fearing. The, &c.

The temperance ship is sailing on,
And banners now are waving;
Long may it sail triumphantly,
The foaming billows braving. The, &c.

87. STAND OUT OF THE WAY.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.


Our work is a great one, Don't hinder it, we pray! If you will not help us Stand
out of the way! We're seeking to rescue The fallen each day, Make room for our
army! Make room for our army! Make room for our army! Stand out of the way!

The young we are guiding;
With truth's cheering ray,
We are blessing the aged,
Stand out of the way!
If you've sympathy only,
With us you can't stay,
We want none but workers,
Stand out of the way!

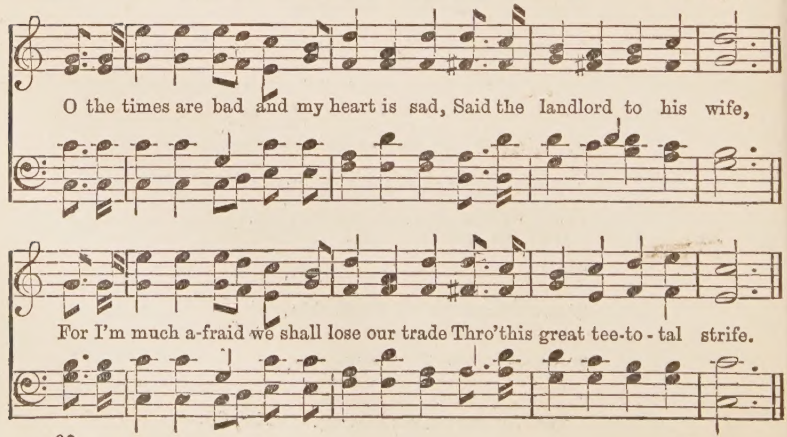
One hour of hard labour
In the heat of the day,
Outweighs all your sympathy,
Stand out of the way!

You say, you love temp'rance!
Don't talk so we pray;
Love looks faith in labour,
Stand out of the way!

In vain the poor drunkard,
Cast down in dismay,
Implores your assistance;
Stand out of the way,
O, selfish disciple!
To you we must say,
Shame on your pretensions!
Stand out of the way!

88. O THE TIMES ARE BAD.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.


O the times are bad and my heart is sad, Said the landlord to his wife,
For I'm much a-fraid we shall lose our trade Thro' this great tee-to-tal strife.

Both small and great thro' all the state, In the temp'rance lifeboat sail,
And with speech and song they train the young, And with speech and song they train the young,
and ale, and ale,
To ab-stain from gin, from gin and ale, To ab-stain from gin, from gin and ale,
And with speech and song they train the young To ab-stain from gin and ale.

"With the hopeful Band the 'Alliance' stand,
And the 'Sunday closing,' too;
And the temperance men, with voice and pen,
Denounce e'en the best that we brew;
And the parsons preach, every sin to reach;
And they pray that our trade may fail;
So it seems quite clear we may shift from here,
For the folks will not buy gin and ale.

"We might cope with a few, but so large a crew
No landlords can withstand;
Our days, my dear, are short I fear,
For our foes they fill the land:
They're here and there, and everywhere,
The powers of drinkdom quail;
And the nation will have the 'People's Bill,'
And suppress all the gin and ale.

"My house I'll sell and softly dwell
With you, my dear, at ease,
For this fearful storm will the world reform,
Let the landlords do as they please.
'Tis a hopeless case, for the rising race
Every grog shop will assail,
For I hear them cry, as they pass me by,
'Down, down with the gin and ale.'"

89. HOME, SWEET HOME.

Words by J. Howard Payne.
Music from the German.

'Mid plea - sures and pa-la - ces though we may roam, Be it e - ver so
hum - ble there's no place like home, A charm from the skies seems to
S.
hal - low us there, Which seek through the world is ne'er met with else-
There's no place like home, There is no place like
Fine.
D.S.
where, Home! Home! Sweet sweet home!
home.

An exile from home, pleasure dazzles in vain!
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gaily that came to my call;
Give me these and that peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home! Home! Sweet sweet home!
There's no place like home, There is no place like home.

89. *To the same Tune.*

Let children of England for ever beware,
Strong drink often leads to the place of despair,
Where the wine cup is sparkling, O let us not stay,
For the angel of temperance says, Come, come away.
Come, come, come away,
The angel of temperance says, Come, come away.

The child of the drunkard no happiness knows,
How wretched his looks, and how ragged his clothes,
His home is the scene of distress, I am sure,
O who would the ills of a drunkard endure?
Come, come, come away,
The angel of temperance says, Come, come away.

The pure crystal water sent down from above,
In streams ever copious, directed by love,
Hath healing and vigour for body and mind,
And makes us more happy, more holy, and kind.
Come, come, come away,
The angel of temperance says, Come, come away.—*W. Hoyle.*

90. POOR CHILD OF THE DRUNKARD.

Music and words by W. Hoyle.

Poor child of the drunkard, none careth for thee ;
Thy desolate dwelling no shelter can be ;
Friendless and forsaken, rude winds on thee blow ;
Left now to the wide world, say where canst thou go ?
Come hither, my darling, dwell ever with me ;
Here thou shalt be welcome, I'll cheer and comfort thee.

Low under the green sod thy mother now lies ;
Her prayers for thy safety God will not despise ;
Her words I remember, oft spoken in faith,—
"My child, God will shield thee when I sleep in death."—Come, &c.

Through years, sad and dreary, thy dear mother strove
With habits, inhuman, from him who should love ;
Life brought her but sorrow, death brought a rich gain :
Where grief never cometh her spirit doth reign.—Come, &c.

Thy sad, thoughtless father, how fallen is he !
May God in His mercy the drunkard set free.
Friendless and forsaken, rude winds on thee blow ;
Left now to the wide world, say where canst thou go ?—Come, &c.

91. SOME PEOPLE YOU MEET.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.
Melody of Chorus Adapted.

Some people you meet as you tra-vel along, Who seldom look happy or gay;
There's something about them which always goes wrong You'd think they were pining a - way.
The se-cret I'll tell you if you will but hear, It may be of service to you,
Such people imagine there's virtue in beer, And drink it, sir, all the day through.
Wa - ter for me! in lim - pid stream and foun - tain,

Wa - ter for me! The drink for ev' - ry man,
Bright wa - ter for me dis - till'd from cloud and mountain,
Bring - ing ro - sy health and joy which strong drink ne - ver can.

We would not speak rashly of any we know,
But duties we have to perform;
By word and example the truth we must show,
Each evil and error to storm.
Among all the follies of present or past,
Than drinking there's none more absurd,
You prove it is poison, and kills men at last;
They drink, sir, in spite of your word.
Water for me, &c.

One here and one there we may now and then cure,
But thousands we never can reach,
Unless we try something more certain and sure—
Yes, we must the traffic impeach.
No logic it needs to defend what we say;
('Till then, sir, we ne'er shall have peace);
When laws are enacted the traffic to stay
The reign of intemperance shall cease.
Water for me, &c.

92. THE BARREL IS.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.

Down with your name, you'll never re-pent, Down with your name you'll never re-pent,
Down with your name, you'll ne - ver re - pent, And keep the pledge for ev - er.

THE barrel is a mighty foe,
The bowl is a deceiver,
But you can slay them at a blow,
And keep the pledge for ever.
Down with your name, you'll never repent,
And keep the pledge for ever.

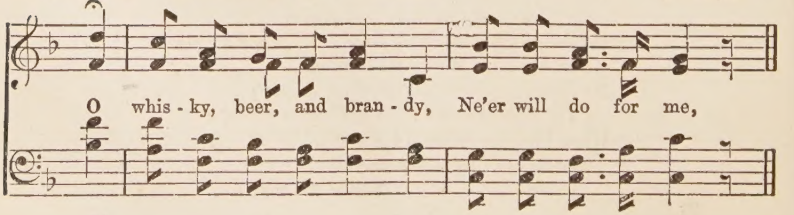
Then come, my brother, come along,
Your galling chain to sever,
And soon you'll sing this joyful song,
And keep the pledge for ever.
Down with your name, &c.

The path that long has led astray
You now will enter never,
But live rejoicing every day,
And keep the pledge for ever.
Down with your name, &c.

Your wife and children will rejoice
To see your good endeavour,
And sing with cheerful heart and voice,
And keep the pledge for ever.
Down with your name, &c.

93. O WHISKY, BEER.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



While sa - cred laws command me, Still so - ber I will be,
Through life I would en - joy, The gifts that God be - stows.
And ev - 'ry day my hours em-ploy, In less-'ning hu - man woes.
I long to see the time, When drunkards all are free;
O whis - ky, beer, and bran - dy, Ne'er will do for me.

Mine is the dearest fountain,
  Filled with delight,
From shady rock and mountain,
  Still bearing pleasures bright;
The crystal streams that flow
  Through valleys fair and wide,
They seem to whisper as they go,
  "Come, drink the sparkling tide."
The bounteous gift of God
  In water bright, I see,
O whisky, beer, and brandy
  Ne'er will do for me.

Strong drink has ruined many,
  Distant and near,
And I am weak as any,
  Then I have need to fear.
If I should break my pledge,
  How soon I might be found
Descending to the drunkard's stage,
  Where sorrows all abound.
Then let me watch and pray
  That sober I may be,
O whisky, beer, and brandy
  Ne'er will do for me.

OLD JOHN CROSS.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

f
Sign, boys, sign, the pledge of mer - ry temp'-rance, Sign, boys, sign, the
pledge of mer - ry temp'-rance, Sign, boys, sign, the pledge of mer-ry temp'rance,
Come and join our no - ble, hap - py temp' - rance band.

Old John Cross was merrily singing,
While his friendly hammer was swinging,
And his anvil loudly was ringing,
Merrily sang he all the day.
Would you like to know the measure,
Which this good smith deemed a treasure,
And sang out with joy and pleasure?
You shall hear it if you stay.
Sign, boys, sign, &c.

While each day his fire was glowing.
To the world John Cross was showing
Lofty deeds and ways worth knowing,
Brighter far than miser's gold.
While the sparks around were flying,
In his earnest soul was lying
Priceless, holy, never dying
Truth, that makes the humblest bold.
Sign, boys, sign, &c.

While the hot iron he was bending,
With great souls his thoughts were blending,
Evil ways and fashions mending,
Foremost in each sacred plan.
Friends or foes might gather round him,
Friend of all they ever found him:
Pride or meanness never bound him—
John Cross was a noble man.
Sign, boys, sign, &c.

Warriors triumph in battles gory;
John Cross sought a brighter glory;
Now he lives in deathless story,
Benefactor of mankind.
Let us nobly share his spirit,
All his lofty thoughts inherit,
What he suffered bravely bear it;
Leave a deathless name behind.
Sign, boys, sign, &c.

95. HERALDS OF OLD ENGLAND'S.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.

Drunkards of this ge - ne - ra - tion Soon shall die and pass a - way,
We will rise to bless our na - tion Bring the hap - py, welcome day,
We will rise to bless our na-tion Bring the hap - py, welcome day.

HERALDS of old England's glory
Are abstainers young and free!
Who can tell, in future story,
How supreme their power shall be?

Drunkards of this generation
Soon shall die and pass away,
We will rise to bless our nation,
Bring the happy, welcome day.

Young abstainers should be careful
To avoid the drunkard's ways,
Children holy, just, and prayerful,
God will bless through all their days.
Drunkards of this, &c.

Let not sinful gain or pleasure
Lead our youthful feet aside;
Temperance let us love and treasure,
And in holy ways abide.
Drunkards of this, &c.

96a WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO. PHILLIPS.

(See 108a.)

O what are you go-ing to do bro-ther? Say what are you go-ing to do? You have
thought of some useful labour, But what is the end in view? You are fresh from the home of your
boy-hood, And just in the bloom of youth? Have you tas-ted the sparkling wa-ter, That
CHORUS.
flows from the fount of truth? Is your heart in the Saviour's keeping! Re-member he died for
you! Then what are you go-ing to do brother? Say, what are you go - ing to do?

O what are you going to do, brother?
The morning of youth is past,
The vigour and strength of manhood,
My brother are yours at last,
You are rising in worldly prospect,
And prospered in worldly things;
A duty to those less favoured,
The smile of your fortune brings,
Go prove that your heart is grateful,
The Lord has a work for you,
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

O what are you going to do, brother,
Your sun at its morn is high,
It shines in meridian splendour,
And rides through a cloudless sky,
You are holding a high position,
Of honor, of trust and fame.
Are you willing to give the glory,
And praise to your Saviour's name?
The regions that sit in darkness,
Are stretching their hands to you,
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

O what are you going to do brother?
The twilight approaches now;
Already your locks are silvered,
And winter is on your brow.
Your talents, your time, your riches,
To Jesus your Master give,
Then ask if the world around you,
Is better because you live,
You are nearing the brink of Jordan.
But still there is work for you,
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do.

This piece is intended as Solo and Chorus.

97. BRIGHT WATER.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.

Bright water is the drink for me, 'Tis pure and cannot harm me. I'm
marching with the brave and free, In the happy temp'rance ar - my!
Marching with the brave and free! Marching with the brave and free!
Marching with the brave and free, In the hap-py temp'rance ar - my!

When Adam dwelt in Paradise,
He drank from sparkling fountains;
Then why not I, while streams arise,
From cloud-capp'd hills and mountains, Marching, &c.

Lo, in the barren wilderness
God sent His people water;
It flowed the aged sire to bless,
And cheer each son and daughter, &c.

Bold Samson was the strongest man,
That ever lived in story;
He firmly kept the temperance plan,
And gained renown and glory, &c.

Brave Daniel won a lasting fame,
The monarch's wine refusing;
And holy John the Baptist came
No wine or strong drink using, &c.

The great Apostle Paul denied
Himself to save another;
Then let me still in truth abide,
And help each fallen brother, &c.

98. BRAVE SOLDIERS, HEAR.

Music by Moscheles.
Words by W. Hoyle.

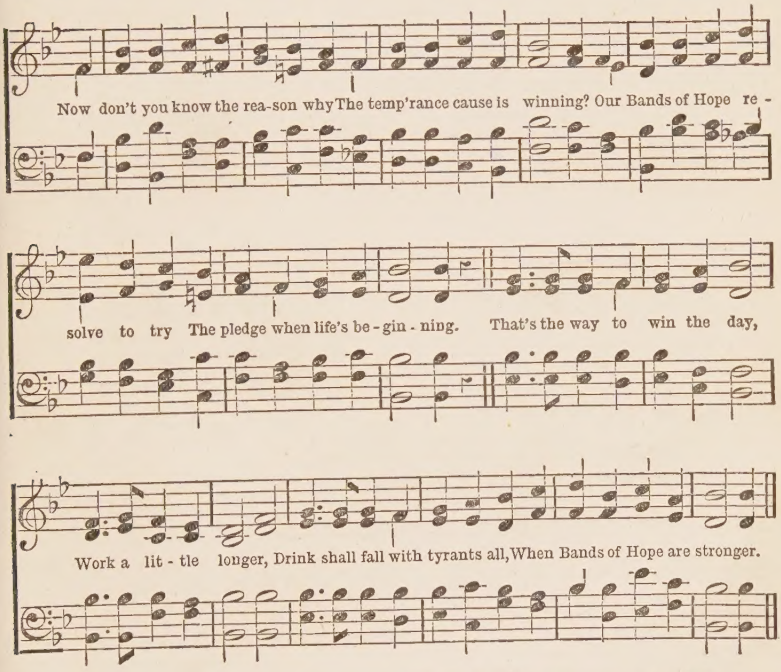
Brave sol - diers, hear the call, Arm for the bat - tle all, The
ty - rant from his throne shall fall, The mon - arch of re -
- nown, In ci - ty and in town, Shall lose his king - dom and his crown.
March on! March on! King
King Al - co - hol will sure - ly fall, King Al - co - hol will sure - ly fall, March
Al - co-hol will surely fall, March on! March on!
on! March on! King Al - co-hol will surely fall, Ye soldiers brave your
1st time pp 2nd time ff
banners wave, and sound the mar-tial strain. Tra la la, Tra la la,

Our noble temperance band, united heart and hand,
Shall chase King Alcohol from the land,
His final overthrow soon shall the nations know,
For bands of hope to battle go.—King Alcohol, &c.

His kingdom's on the wane, for thousands now abstain,
And break away their galling chain;
Far over land and sea, the noble and the free,
Shall raise the shout of victory.—King Alcohol, &c.

99. NOW DON'T YOU KNOW.

Words and Harmon by W. Hoyle.


Now don't you know the rea-son why The temp'rance cause is winning? Our Bands of Hope re -
solve to try The pledge when life's be-gin-ning. That's the way to win the day,
Work a lit-tle longer, Drink shall fall with tyrants all, When Bands of Hope are stronger.

King Alcohol, a giant great,
Will find that he's not wanted,
For Bands of Hope shall fill the state,
In every quarter planted.—That's, &c.

He's hindered many a noble plan,
And scattered death and ruin;
But soon we'll show him, every man,
What Bands of Hope are doing. That's, &c.

We'll give him such a mighty blow
He never will recover,
And then we'll set to work, you know,
And turn his kingdom over.—That's, &c.

The gin shop, built in rich design,
Shall wear a lofty steeple,
And serve for school and college fine,
To educate the people.—That's, &c.

100. *DON'T GO NEAR THE.

Music by G. F. Root.
Words from "Onward."

DON'T go near the bar-room, brother,
Listen to a sister's prayer,
Do not yield to its temptation,—
Sin and death are lurking there.
Do not heed the gilded palace,
'Tis a mask the tempter wears,
For deep destruction lurks beneath it,
And will meet you unawares.
Dearest brother, &c.

Don't go near the bar-room, brother,
Shun it as an evil place;
It will bring you desolation,—
Cover you with deep disgrace.
Friends and kindred all around you
Counsel you to pass it by:
The pleadings of your darling sister,
Strengthen you once more to try!
Dearest brother, &c.

Don't go near the bar-room, brother,
Touch not, taste not of the wine,
There is poison in its contact,—
Do not worship at its shrine.
Join the grand teetotal army,
Shun the bar-room and the cup,
Then in strong love we'll work together,—
'Till the demon shall give up.
Dearest brother, &c.

* *This Piece may be sung as a Solo and Chorus.*

101. WE'LL WIN THE DAY.

Words and adaptation of harmony by W. Hoyle.

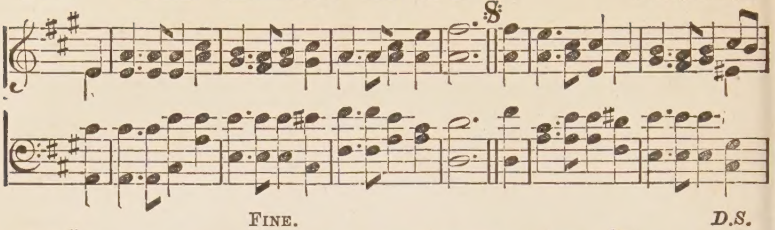
We'll win the day come what there may, Our la-bours shall not cease, 'Till
Bri-tons all both great and small, Shall hail the time of peace; Now
malts-ters rage and landlords wage Their deadly war with youth and age, But the
good time shall ap-pear, We will fight for the right, And our
for the right,
pray'r shall be, We will fight for the right, And our pray'r shall be, Thy
children to save, Bri-tan-nia the brave, And set the drunkard free.
D.S.

Now landlords fine sell beer and wine
In places rich and vast;
Their sinful trade shall soon be stayed
By men of noble cast;
With speech and song we'll train the young
And make the Temperance army strong,
'Till the good time shall appear. We, &c.

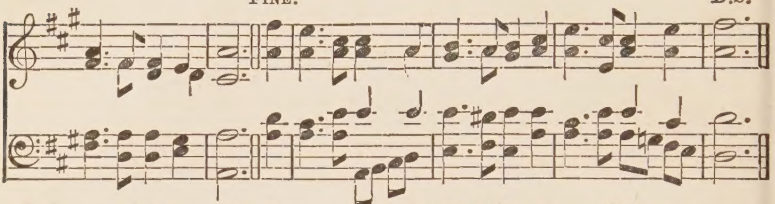
Then Britons all, both great and small,
To battle with us go:
For truth and right let all unite,
And lay the tyrant low;
We'll win the day come what there may,
Strong drink shall flee from earth away,
And the good time shall appear. We, &c.

102. THE MERRY BIRDS.

Words by W. Hoyle.



FINE. D.S.



THE merry birds in wood and grove,
They sing a temperance lay;
And water makes the richest flowers
So beautiful and gay.
Then, like the birds in wood and grove
And flowers so rich and gay,
I'll drink of water from the spring,
And sing a temperance lay.

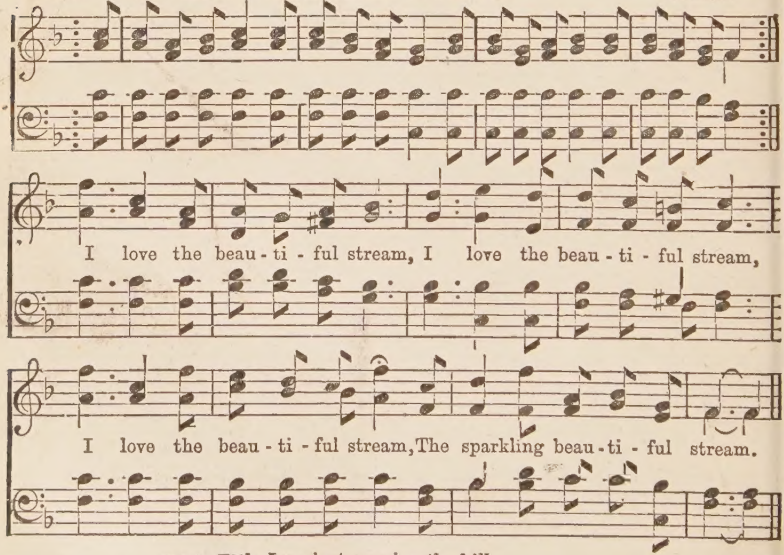
The river as it flows along
Is from the streamlet fed;
And little drops may still increase
Until the drunkard's made. Then, &c.

Though wine be honoured at the feast,
Cold water is a friend
That comes to cheer and welcome us,
And help us to the end. Then, &c.

For every joy that water gives,
I would be thankful still,
And help the cause of Abstinence
With all my heart and will. Then, &c.

103. I MET LITTLE JANE.

Music and words by W. Hoyle.



I MET little Jane just crossing the hill,
She'd been down the lane her pitcher to fill;
Her apron is white, her face like the rose;
She sings with delight this song as she goes;—"I love, &c.

Her father works hard his bread to secure:
He finds a reward although he is poor;
He cares not to roam, his daughter's sweet voice
Brings joy to his home, and makes him rejoice:—"I love, &c.

In winter Jane goes kind acts to perform,
And help all she knows exposed to the storm;
In the bright sunny hours through meadows again
She gathers wild flowers and sings the sweet strain,—I love, &c.

Then let me receive a lesson from Jane,
And try to relieve a brother in pain;
Myself to secure from many a foe,
I'll drink water pure, and sing as I go;—I love, &c.

104 JOE PERKINS.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.

Joe Perkins was a white man, And boasted he was free,
For the drunkard's chain was round him, Each night he went on spree,
Yet a sad-der slave o'er land or wave No black man e'er could be;
And would jol - ly feel and rock and reel, Like a ship far out at sea.
Sing ing rule Brit - tan - nia, Bri - tan-nia rule the waves, For
Bri - tons ne - ver, ne - ver, ne - ver shall be slaves.

One night at the "Crown and Anchor,"
So jolly and strong got he,
And he tried to go, but his legs said, "No!
This night you must carried be;"
So he fell flat in the gutter;
Like a general down fell he,
For I do declare he was shouting there
"Three cheers for the brave and free," &c,

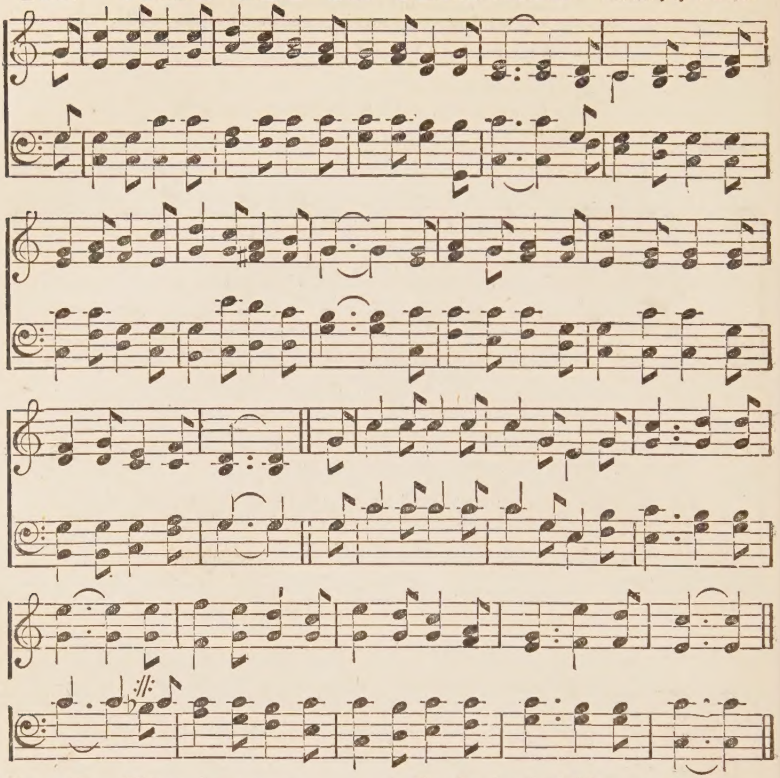
But a man in blue soon found him;
To the magistrates went he;
And the very next day he had to pay,
Or in gaol he was to be.
Though the landlords they all knew him,
Not a friend in court had he;
So he had to lie, and a new dance try,
Where nobody wants to be, &c.

But when he came from prison,
The temperance pledge signed he;
And in six months time he was healthy and prime
As any man could be;
When he sees the crafty landlords,
He says 'You don't catch me!
For I've had enough of your filthy stuff,
I'm a member of the free!" &c.

Now his home it is a palace,
And his wife a queen is she;
And his children all both great and small,
Are happy as can be;
Then let us help to keep him
From the deadly Upas tree;
And ne'er give o'er till the drinking store,
A thing of the past shall be, &c.

105. COME ALL YE CHILDREN.

Words by J. Tranichffe.
Harmony by W Hoyle.



COME all ye children sing a song,
Join with us heart and hand,
Come make our little party strong,
A happy temperance band ;
We cannot sing of many things,
For we are young you know,
But we have signed the temperance pledge,
A short time ago.

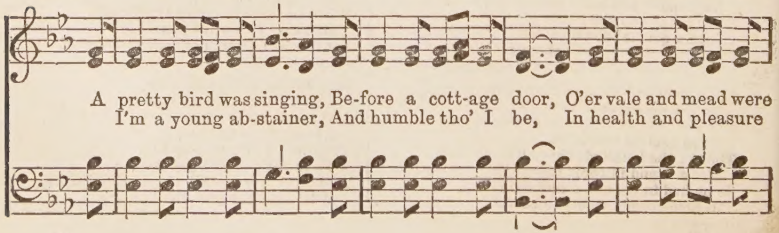
The Band of Hope shall be our name,
The temperance star our guide,
We'll shun the cup that bringeth shame,
Whatever may betide ;
Cold water cannot do us harm
Strong drink may bring us woe.
So we, &c.

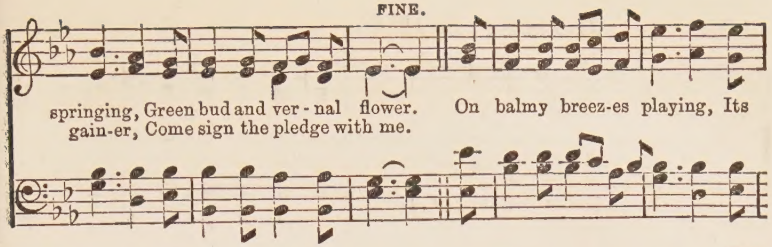
The drunkard's children round us move
In sadness and despair,
They know not of a mother's love,
Nor feel a father's care,
We'll try to cheer these helpless ones,
Our love to them we'll show.
For we, &c.

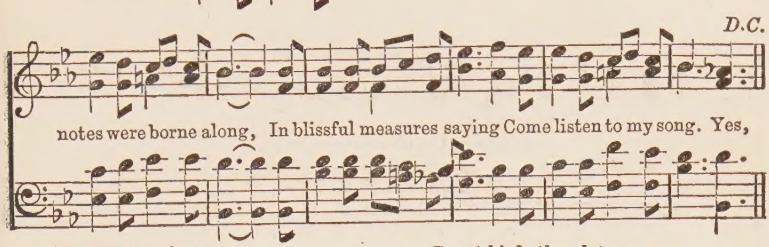
So shall our young Abstainers prove
Old England's pride and boast,
A nobler band than ever strove
To guard the British coast ;
Like soldiers brave, our Bands of Hope
Shall chase Old England's foe.
For we, &c.

106. A PRETTY BIRD.

Words by W. Hoyle.


A pretty bird was singing, Be-fore a cott-age door, O'er vale and mead were
I'm a young ab-stainer, And humble tho' I be, In health and pleasure



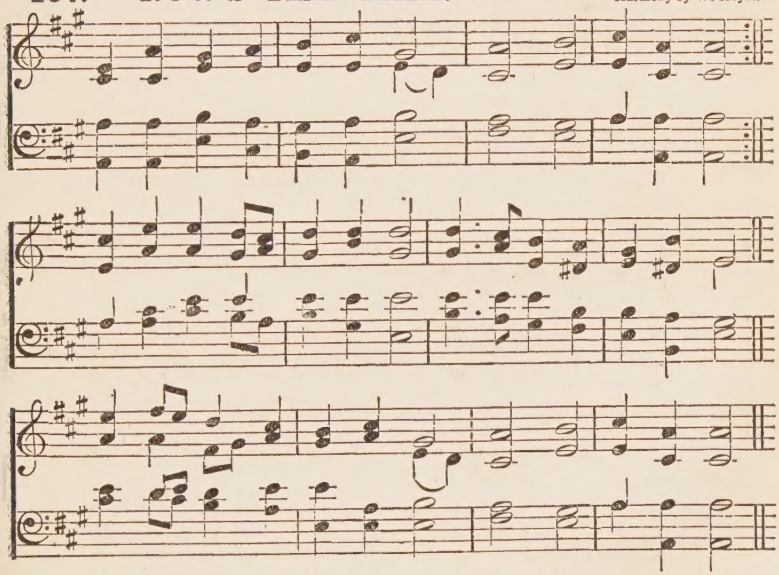


Away unto a river
It flew, where waters glide,
And thanking God, the Giver,
Drank of the sparkling tide.
Again in blissful measure
The sweetest notes I heard,
Bright water is a treasure
To every pretty bird.—Yes, &c.

Sweet bird, then let me ever
With thee in water find
A dear friend that shall never
My soul in fetters bind.
I'll sign the pledge of temperance,
And every evil flee,
With thee in fond remembrance
My song of joy shall be.—Yes, &c.

107. NOW'S THE TIME.

Harmony by W. Hoyle.



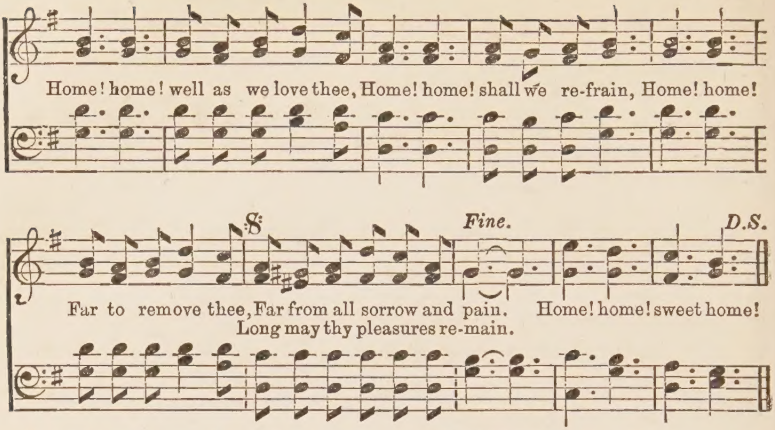
Now's the time to win the day, Try again,
Onward, brothers, never stay, Try again,
Duty's path is straight and clear,
Trust in God and persevere,
Truth shall conquer, never fear. Try again.

What if landlords fiercely rage, Try again,
Bravely let us all engage, Try again,
Thousands now are on our side,
Let us still in truth abide, [again,
Spreading temperance far and wide, Try

Raise the shout in street and lane, Try again,
Spread our cause 'till all abstain, Try again,
Let the temperance banner wave,
Onward still a world to save,
Victory yet shall crown the brave, Try again.

108 HOME, HOME.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.


Home! home! well as we love thee, Home! home! shall we re-frain, Home! home!
S.
Fine.
D.S.
Far to remove thee, Far from all sorrow and pain. Home! home! sweet home!
Long may thy pleasures re-main.

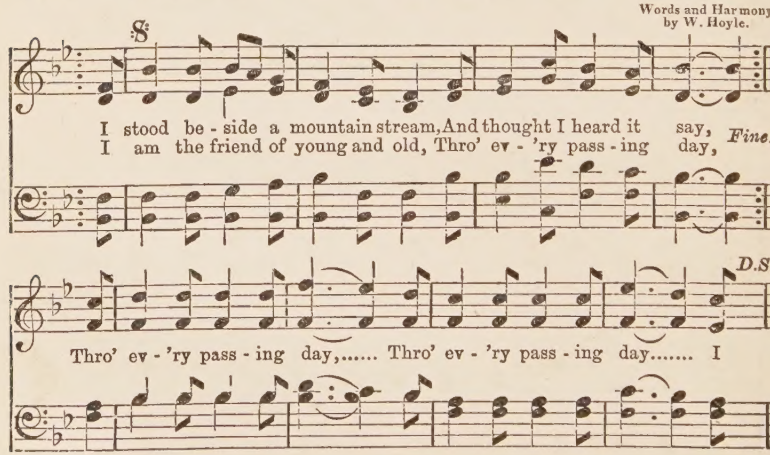
Home ! home ! wine bringeth sadness
Home ! home ! unto thy hearth,
Home ! home ! folly and madness
Often have mixed with its mirth,
Home ! home ! sweet home,
Chiefest delight of the earth.

Home ! home ! friend of the lowly,
Home ! home ! strength of the brave,
Home ! home ! cherubin holy,
Wings of defence round thee wave,
Home ! home ! sweet home !
Heaven in thy presence we have.

Home ! home ! peaceful, abiding,
Home ! home ! where I would be,
Home ! home ! humble, confiding
Pilgrims thy glory shall see ;
Home ! home ! sweet home ;
When shall I fly unto thee ?

108a I STOOD BESIDE A MOUNTAIN RILL.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.


S.
I stood be - side a mountain stream, And thought I heard it say,
I am the friend of young and old, Thro' ev - 'ry pass - ing day,
Fine.
D.S.
Thro' ev - 'ry pass - ing day,..... Thro' ev - 'ry pass - ing day..... I

I roam the sky in darkest clouds,
I fall in drops of rain ;
And make the flowers look up with joy,
From many a thirsty plain.

The sons of labour seek my aid
In every useful art,
And in the works of might and skill
I bear a friendly part.

I sweep along in rivers wide,
I sport in fountains grand,
And on my glassy bosom ride
The ships of every land.

I fill with pleasure and delight,
The birds on many a tree,
The cattle on a thousand hills,
The fishes in the sea.

Then come, ye children, one and all,
With cheerful heart and mind,
Receive a pleasure from the stream,
So bountiful and kind.

109. LEARN TO SAY NO.

Music by W. Hoyle.
Words by E. P. Hood.

I've just learnt this that wherever you go, If you wish to be safe you must
learn to say No! If you stammer out Yes they'll bother you so, They'll p'raps make you drunk be-
fore you go. Just try a glass, There is no harm in a glass you know, And
so I've sign'd the temp'rance pledge, And bravely now where'er I go, I
tell them I'm a staunch tee - to - t'ler, And al - ways an - swer No. I
tell them I'm a staunch tee - to - t'ler, And al - ways an - swer No.

Come Tom, old fellow, just step in here,
You must try a glass of our home-brewed beer;
A gossip is pleasant on winter nights, [&c.
And we'll soon set the nation all to rights. Just,

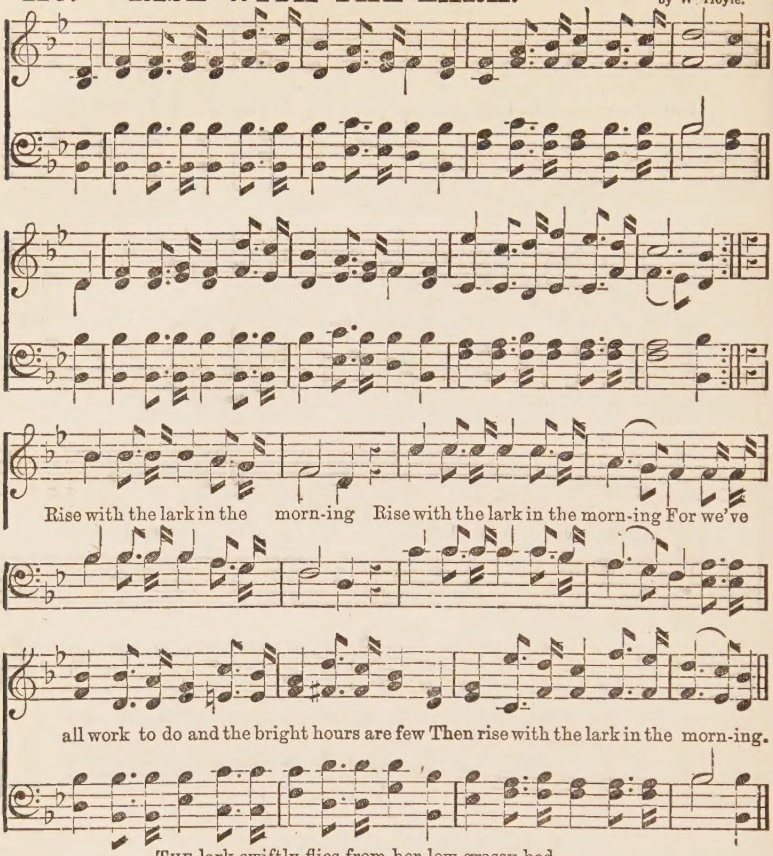
Said master to me, the other day, [ly pay,
You've earned something more than your week-

Just step in the kitchen, and there you'll see
A glass of ale for your industry. Just, &c.

I like to hear, where'er I go,
A young man's brave determined "No!"
A hero's soul must throb below [&c.
The heart that can bravely answer "No!" Just,

110. RISE WITH THE LARK.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.


Rise with the lark in the morn-ing Rise with the lark in the morn-ing For we've
all work to do and the bright hours are few Then rise with the lark in the morn-ing.

THE lark swiftly flies from her low grassy bed,
And fills the sweet air with her singing;
She soars where the first golden sunbeams are shed,
And gaily her carols are ringiug;
She sings as she rises: "My course I'll pursue,
All trifling and lethargy scorning;"
She teaches a lesson both noble and true—
Come rise with the lark in the morning,
Rise with the lark in the morning.
For we've all work to do and the bright hours are few,
Then rise with the lark in the morning.

She's no mean instructor, as upward she flies,
And spreads forth her pinions in gladness;
She says to the slothful and cheerless, "arise!
And flee from all folly and sadness.
The happiest are they who will hopefully go,
With wisdom each action adorning;
The humblest may strive like a hero below,
Then rise with the lark in the morning." &c.

How gaily she flies to the bright flowing spring,
Which serves for each wise sober thinker;
When soaring so high do you think she could sing
Were she not a cold-water drinker?
Then let us be sober and watchful below,
All trifling and lethargy scorning;
Old Time with his scythe is advancing, you know,
Then rise with the lark in the morning, &c.

111. WHEN THE BRIGHT SUN.

Music by . Hoyle . also 1st and 2nd verses.

When the bright sun is up, and the soft winds are blow-ing,
We'll go to the woods where the sweet flow-ers grow.
And drink where the streams e-ver co-pious are flow-ing.
And ne-ver be drunk-ards, And ne-ver be drunkards,
And ne-ver be drunk-ards, ah, ne-ver, ah no!

Though far we may wander o'er forest and mountain,
Cold water shall cheer us while onward we go,
We'll sing of true temperance near streamlet and fountain,
And never be drunkards, ah never, ah no!

The first little drop of strong drink that is taken,
Leads many to sadness and sorrow we know
If the first little drop be in earnest forsaken,
We shall never be drunkards, ah never, ah no!

The pledge we have taken will never be broken,
If we stand by our temperance wherever we go;
Then let us remember the words we have spoken,
And never be drunkards, ah never, ah no!

112. SOME WOULD TELL ME.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

Some would tell me strong drink is needful, And would lead my youthful feet a - stray,
But to my true friends, I am heed-ful, I will care not what o - ther peo-ple say,
I shall nev-er be a drunkard, While I drink bright water, fresh and clear,
I will seek the streamlet and fountain, Mer - ry friends ev - er welcome ev - er dear.

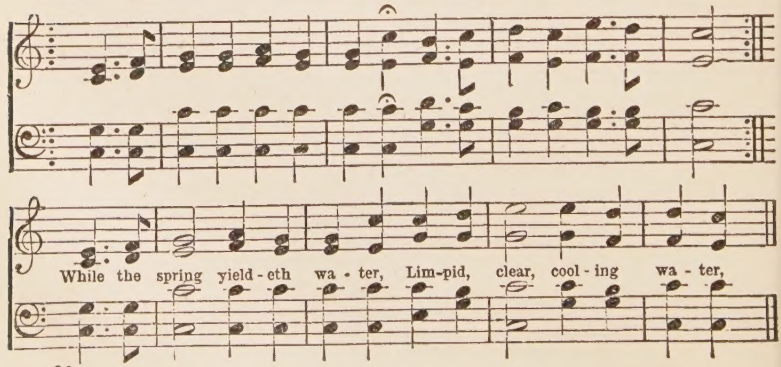
In the spring the farmer is sowing,
And in autumn mellow fruits are found,
So a thousand drunkards are growing,
From the drinkers of little drops around. I, &c.

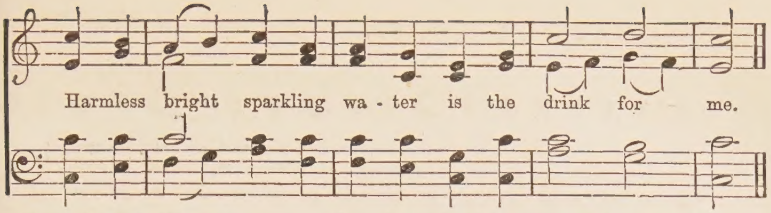
They were seen in infancy smiling
On a gentle, loving mother's knee;
Now they follow ways so defiling,
And are warnings for ever unto me. I, &c.

I will pray that folly and drinking
May like shadows swiftly pass away:
I will help the sober and thinking
In the cause that shall bring the happy day. I, &c.

113. I'VE A LITTLE DARLING.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.





I've a little darling sister,
And she's happy all the day,
It would make you smile to see her
As she sings this joyful lay;
While, &c.

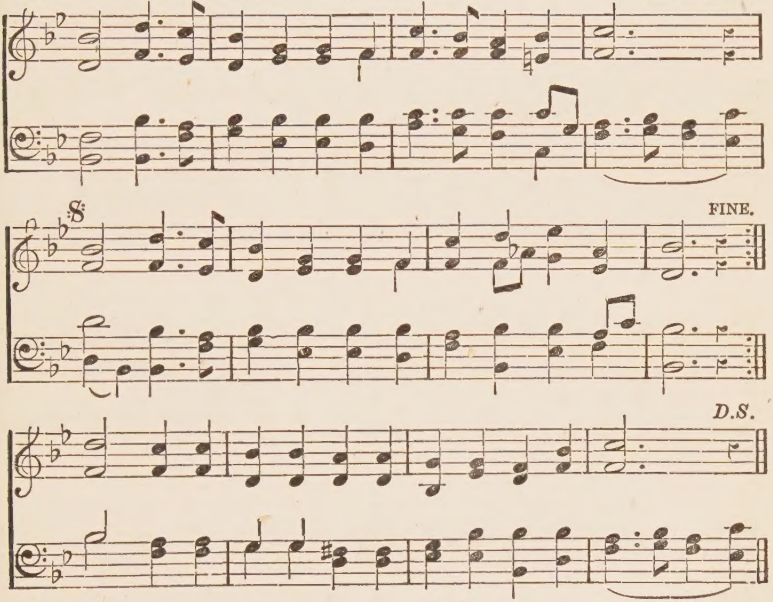
Near me lived a drunken father,
Wasting every earthly thing,
But he heard my darling sister,
And she taught him how to sing:
While, &c.

In that home where all was sadness,
Happiness and comfort reign,
And a little band of singers
Now repeat the joyful strain:
While, &c.

O that every home in England
Were as peaceful all the day,
Many a little darling sister
Then would sing this merry lay:
While, &c.

114. YES, I'VE A HOME.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



Yes, I've a home in heaven,
Beautiful and bright;
To loved ones there are given
Crowns and garments bright.
Here I am but a stranger,
Pilgrim and unknown;
Guarded from ill and danger,
I am travelling on.
Where angel songs are swelling,
Jesus waits for me;
My happy heavenly dwelling,
Soon thy joys I'll see.

He stooped to shame and trial,
Peace on earth to make;
Shall I no self-denial
Show for His dear sake?

While drunkards round me perish,
Shall not I abstain?
And holy feelings cherish,
Fallen ones to gain.
Where, &c.

Yes, I've a home in heaven,
What have I to fear?
Though now a cross be given,
Soon a crown I'll wear.
All things appointed for me,
Are for me the best;
My way though rude and stormy,
Leads me to my rest.
Where, &c.

115. JONATHAN GILES.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

Old Jonathan Giles was good and wise, He used his heart, his head, his eyes, A
A jerry shop near his house there stood, And Jonathan said to all he could, If
merry abstainer was he, A merry ab-stainer was he.
you would be happy and free, If you would be happy and free.
Don't go
there! If you would be hap-py and free, Don't go there! Come
take a glass with me! My drink is water from the spring, Bright water purest
joy doth bring, Come drink with me! Come drink with me! Come drink with me!

When Jonathan was a thoughtless man,
He followed many a foolish plan,
A sorrowful man was he.
The jerry shop was his direst foe,
From which a thousand ills do flow,
He never was happy and free. Don't, &c.

When Jonathan first the pledge began,
His friends they said, "Poor, foolish man!
It never will suit him you'll see."
But Jonathan grew like a forest oak,
A strong wise man—his pledge ne'er broke,
And soon he was happy & free. Don't, &c.

O then let us be both good and wise,
And use our heart, our head, our eyes,
And firm to the pledge ever be.
Like Jonathan Giles this kind word drop,
To all who visit the brandy shop:
If you would be happy and free, &c.

115a. ONWARD! ONWARD!*

J. B. Woodbury

Onward! onward! band, victo-rious, Rear the temperance banner high, Thus far
has your course been glorious, Now your day of triumph's nigh, Vice and
er - ror flee be-fore you,
As the dark - ness flies the sun. Onward!
vict' - ry hovers o'er you, Soon the battle will be won, Yes!
Yes! Onward! Vict' - ry hovers o'er you, Soon the battle will be won!

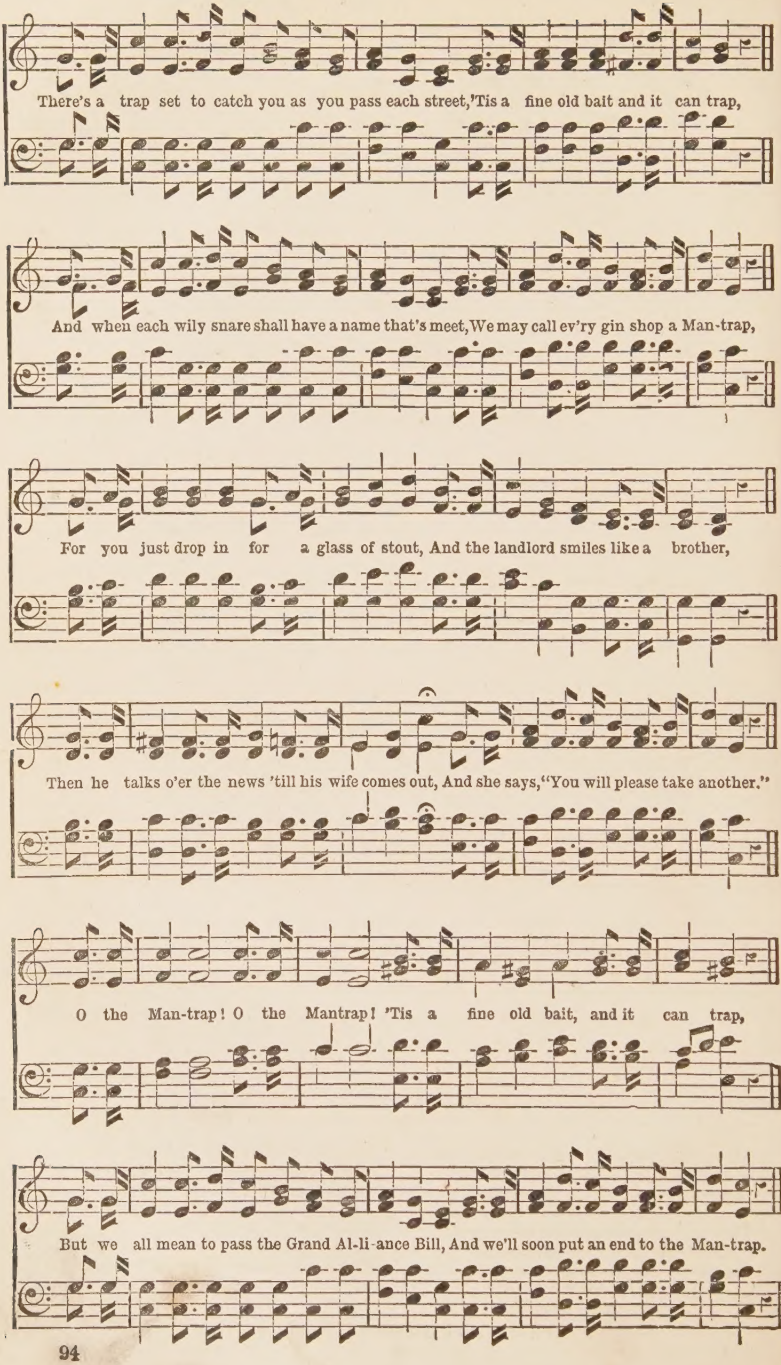
Onward, onward! songs and praises
Ring to heaven's topmost arch;
Wheresoe'er your standard rises,
And your conquering legions march;
Gird the temperance armour on you,
Look for guidance from above;
God and angels smile upon you—
Hasten, then, your work of love,
Yes, onward, &c.

To the vendor and distiller
Thunder truth with startling tone,
Swell the accents louder, shriller,—
Make their sin and folly known.
Every evil custom alter,
Ye shall more than conqu'rors be.
Onward, onward! never falter,
Cease not till the earth is free.
Yes, onward, &c.

* *The above piece is a second Tune for number* 28.

116. THE MAN-TRAP.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.


There's a trap set to catch you as you pass each street, 'Tis a fine old bait and it can trap,
And when each wily snare shall have a name that's meet, We may call ev'ry gin shop a Man-trap,
For you just drop in for a glass of stout, And the landlord smiles like a brother,
Then he talks o'er the news 'till his wife comes out, And she says, "You will please take another."
O the Man-trap! O the Mantrap! 'Tis a fine old bait, and it can trap,
But we all mean to pass the Grand Al-li-ance Bill, And we'll soon put an end to the Man-trap.

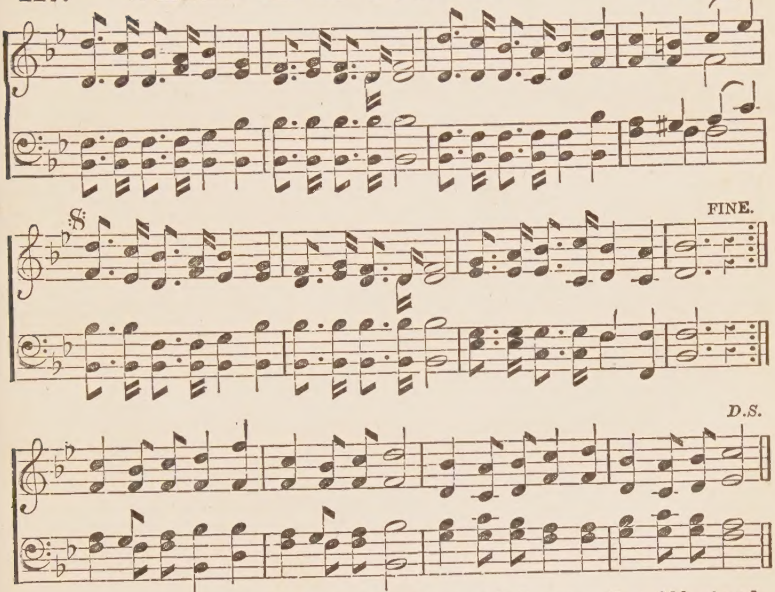
There's a spell thrown around you when the drink goes in,
And you feel quite a new sort of being;
And you call for another glass of wine or gin,
Tho' at first you ne'er thought about spreeing.
But you meet your old friends, Smith and Brown,
And you hear the music mellow,
And the landlord says, "You're the best man in town,"
Then you sing, "He's a jolly good fellow!"
O the mantrap! &c.

When your cash all is gone the landlord looks about,
And displays his designing so truly,
He will send John, the waiter, just to put you out,
And he'll say, "You are drunk and unruly."
What a victim you were when you just dropt in,
And you stood near the bright shining mirror;
Let us hope you will think of this warning again,
And strive like a man against error.
O the mantrap! &c.

There's a trap set to catch you morning, night, and noon,
'Tis a fine old bait and it can trap;
But the voice of the people will decide it soon,
We will then put an end to the mantrap.
Let the hosts of drinkdom storm and rail,
We have God's own approbation;
And the pow'rs of hell shall one day fail,
We will leave not a trap in the nation.
O the mantrap! &c.

117. WATER AS IT GUSHES.

Music by G. F. Root.
Words by W. Hoyle.



WATER as it gushes through the leafy vale,
In the streamlet gliding o'er the dale;
Water as it gushes through the leafy vale,
Water is the drink for me.
Take away the wine cup, take away the beer,
Water, give me water, fresh and clear,
Take away the wine cup, take away the beer,
Water is the drink for me.
Water, it yieldeth vigour and health;
Water's a mine of riches and wealth;
Friend of all creation, bounteous and free,
Water is the drink for me.

Water, as it dances on the pebbly strand,
In the summer sunshine looking grand;
Water as it dances on the pebbly strand,
Water is the drink for me.
Take away, &c.

In the cause of temperance let us all abide:
Let its banners wave on every side;
Spread the cause of temperance,
Spread it far and wide;
Aid the work of truth and love.
Take away, &c.

118. HERE WITH FACES CLEAN.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

Here with fa - ces clean and bright, On our hap - py meet - ing night,
We are sing - ing with de - light, Mer - ry friends of temp'rance,
Would you know the rea - son why, From the drunkard's fol - ly fly,
Sign our pledge and fair - ly try, Mer - ry friends of temp'rance.

HERE, with faces clean and bright,
On our happy meeting night,
We are singing with delight,
Merry friends of Temp'rance.
Would, &c.

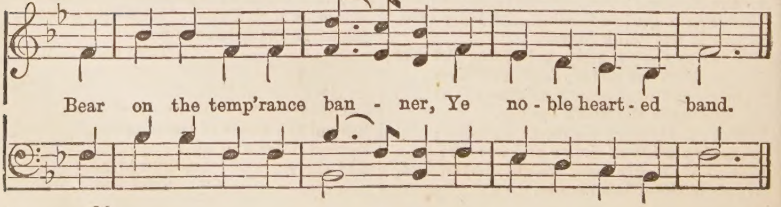
We that sign the Temp'rance pledge;
In a noble cause engage,
And are at an early age
Merry friends of Temp'rance.
Would, &c.

Sign our pledge before you go,
Share the bliss abstainers know,
Wisdom, truth, and goodness snow,
Merry friends of Temp'rance.
Would, &c.

Break away your galling chain,
Be determined to abstain,
You will never seek in vain,
Merry friends of Temp'rance.
Would, &c.

119. BEAR ON THE TEMPERANCE.

Words by W. Hoyle.



The cause of truth and free - dom Shall pros-per in our land;
Swell high the temp'rance an - them, March on your joy - ful way,
And God in love and mer - cy Shall send a bet - ter day.
Sons of Eng-land now a - rise Swell the temp'rance band, And spread the cause of
And spread the
abstinence through all our favour'd land, through all our favour'd land.
cause.

Majestic, mild, and glorious,
True Temperance shall become
The pride of high and lowly,
The joy of every home;
And all that bringeth sorrow
Shall swiftly pass away,
The young and old shall welcome
The joyful Temperance day.
Sons, &c.

Around the Temperance banner
A mightier host shall stand,
And every son and daughter
Shall hail the Temperance band;
And every distant nation
Shall sing a Temperance lay,
And shout "Hurrah for England!"
Her drink is done away.
Sons, &c.

120. O HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS?

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

O have you heard the news? It would a - ny one a - muse,
To watch the craf - ty landlords how they trem - ble, O!
8
They see on ev - 'ry side Bands of Hope are spreading wide,
Bright wa - ter clear they try, And the landlords they de - fy,
FINE.
And they fear a mighty ar - my will as - sem - ble, O!
For their baits will nev - er do for young Ab - stain - ers, O!
Then hur - rah for the brave young Ab - stain - ers!
D.S.
Bri - tain's ear - nest brave young Ab - stain - ers!

They've music of the best, gilded rooms, and all the rest,
Beside a score of fools with painted faces O!
And every night and day don't they make a fine display,
Just to draw the foolish people to their places O?—Then, &c.

No poet could define all their stock of beer and wine,
They keep a choice selection for each season O!
Stout, bitter, mild, and clear, summer drink, and christmas cheer,
And they only wish to see you drink in reason O!—Then, &c.

But thaeks to age and youth, hearts that burn with honest truth,
And raise the great Alliance agitation O!
The time is drawing near when the drink shall disappear,
And we'll use the gilded rooms for education O!—Then, &c.

121. THE SONG BIRDS.

Music by Bradbury.
Words by W. Hoyle.

The song birds that carol in woodland and grove, Are fed from a kind father's hand,
And drink of the water that flows from the spring, They belong to the abstinence band.
Yes, yes,
They be- long to the abstinence band, They be-long to the abstinence band.
Yes, yes,
And drink of the water that flows from the spring, They belong to the abstinence band.

The flowers that adorn every valley and mead
With colours so rich and so grand,
From the dewdrops their fragrance and beauty derive;
They belong to the abstinence band.

Bright water's a treasure more precious and dear
Than gems from a far distant land,
And happy are they who in water delight;
They belong to the abstinence band.

Then I, like the birds and the flowers in the mead,
To the pledge ever firmly will stand,
And long as I live, though humble I be,
I will help on the abstinence band.

122. HERE IN THE DAWN.

Music by F. Abt.
Words by W. Hoyle.

Here in the dawn of youth we stand, hur-rah, hurrah, hur - rah,
The hope and pro-mise of our land, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah;
And come what will our course to stay, With joy we'll win the hap - py day,
We'll win the hap-py day, We'll win the hap - py day, hurrah, hur -
- rah, tra la la la la hurrah, hur - rah, tra la la la la hurrah, hur-
- rah, hur-rah, hur - rah, hur-rah, hur - rah, tra la la la la.

We'll teach the young all drink to shun, hurrah!
We'll stay not till our work is done, hurrah!
We'll urge them to abstain alway,
And lead them on to win the day.—We'll, &c.

We'll spread the temperance cause around, hurrah!
And let the joys of truth abound, hurrah!
And kindly to the drunkard say,
Come brother, come, and win the day.—We'll, &

So shall we try a world to move, hurrah!
By gentle words and deeds of love, hurrah!
And come what will our course to stay,
With help divine we'll win the day.—We'll, &c.

123. LAND OF OUR FATHERS.

Webbe.

Land of our fa - thers wheresoe'er we roam, Land of our
birth! to us thou still art home; Peace and pros - per - i - ty
on thy sons at - tend Down to pos - ter - i - ty their in-flu-ence de-
scend, All then in - vi - ting, hearts and voi - ces join - ing
Sing we in har-mo - ny our na - tive land, Our na - tive land, Our
na - tive land, Our na - tive land, Our na - tive land.

Tho' other climes may brighter hopes fulfil,
Land of our birth, we ever love thee still;
Heaven shield our happy home from each hostile band,
Freedom and plenty ever crown our native land;
All then inviting, hearts and voices joining,
Sing we in harmony, our native land.

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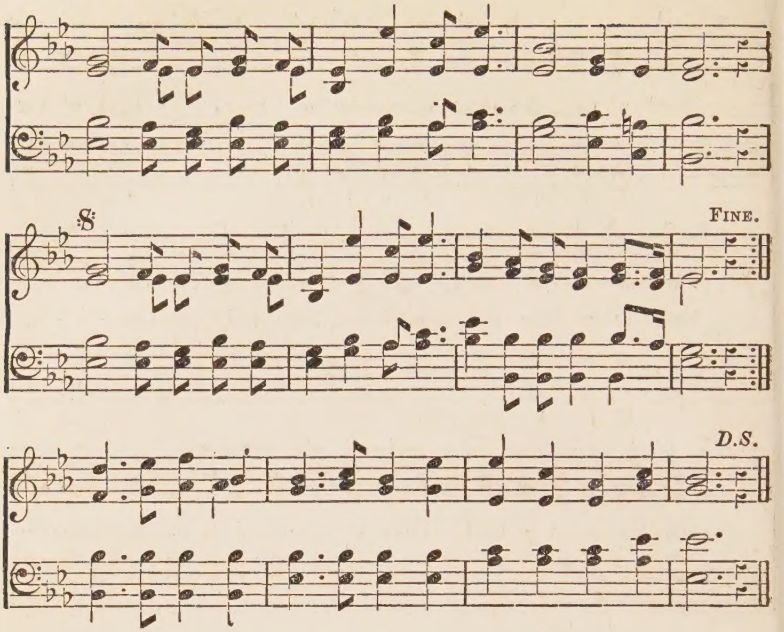
PACIFIC SCHOOL

124. GIVE ME THE DRINK.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



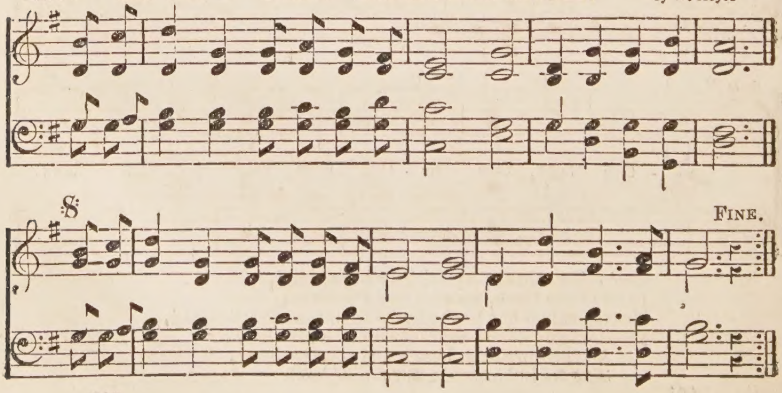
GIVE me the drink that sparkles ever
On mountain side,
Glides in the streamlet and the river,
Sweeps in the boundless tide;
Water a brother ne'er offendeth,
Ne'er bringeth woe,
Water a loving Father sendeth
Freely to all below.
Sparkling water, crystal water,
Ever pure and free;
Bright pleasures bear to son and daughter,
Still bring thy joys to me.

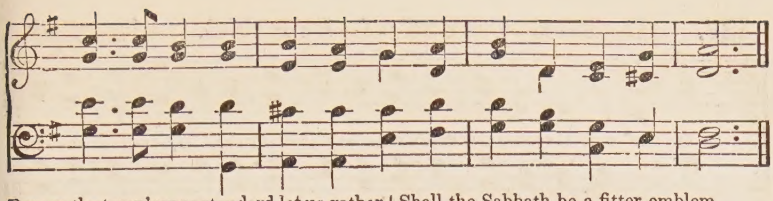
I sigh for England's sons that perish
On sin's dark road,
Love for the drunkard I would cherish,
And lead him back to God;
Be mine the bliss of holy living
While here I stay,
Joy to the heart of sorrow giving,
Hope that shall ne'er decay. &c.

I long for days of joy and pleasure,
When home shall smile,
And fathers only love and treasure
Scenes that shall ne'er beguile;
The drunkard's sorrow and temptation
I would remove,
And bring the peaceful reformation,
The time of joy and love. &c.

125. ROUND THE TEMPERANCE.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle





ROUND the temp'rance standard let us gather,
Shouting for the free;
And the drunkard, living now in sorrow,
Better days shall see;
He shall live a life of joy and pleasure,
In a pleasant home.
Where the sound of sadness and of sorrow
Never more shall come.
Every day we yet are spreading
Temperance through the land, (dom,
For we love to spread the cause of free-
With the temperance band.

Now the day of holy rest is broken;
In the time of love
Shall the Sabbath be a fitter emblem
Of the rest above;
For the drunkard shall no longer wander
In the downward road;
But shall mingle with the good and holy
In the house of God.—Every day, &c.

Who shall tell the glory of the good time,
When from England's shore
Shall ascend the shout of joy and gladness,
"Strong drink is no more!"
Who will help us now to bring the good time,
Who will with us stand,
And for temperance, holiness and freedom,
Swell the noble band?—Every day, &c.

126. THE GUSHING RILL.

Music by Woodbury.
3rd. & 4th. verses by W. Hoyle.

O if for me the cup you fill, then fill it from the gush-ing rill,
With wa-ter, wa-ter spark-ling bright, as clear as truth and free as light,
Then if for me the cup you fill, fill it from the gush-ing rill, O
fill it from the gush-ing rill the gush-ing rill the gushing rill the gush-ing rill.

Speak not to me of rosy wine,
Of nectar cups and draughts divine;
The taste of bitter tears is there,
Wrung from the hearts most true and dear.
Then, &c.

With thankful heart I move along,
Cold water bright is still my song;
Should drunkard say, "Come, with me go,"
I'll bravely answer, "No, sir, no!"
Then, &c.

I love the cause that seeks to bless,
I love the men that onward press;
Long as I live with them I'll go,
And help to chase Old England's foe.
Then, &c.

127. O THE CRYSTAL SPRING.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

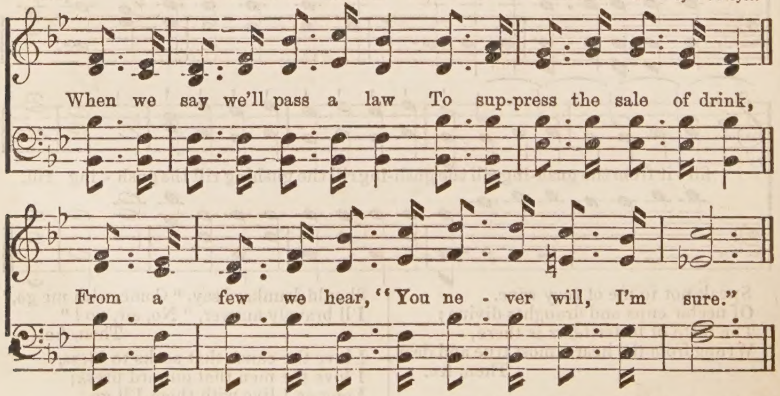
O the crystal spring our drink shall be, our drink shall be, our drink shall be,
O the crys-tal spring our drink shall be, Bright water's merry friends are we.
For all that's good and all that's brave, Bri-tannia's drink-bound sons to save,
We'll spread our cause o'er land and wavo, Bright water's merry friends are we.

Bright water makes the meadows green,
Bright water makes the flowers so gay,
For all that's good, &c.
The cattle on a thousand hills,
Drink ever from the crystal spring,
For all that's good, &c.

The pretty birds they love to sing
Where sparkling rivers sweep along.
For all that's good, &c.
Our tradesmen all they know right well
The blessing of the crystal spring.
For all that's good, &c.

128. WHEN WE SAY WE'LL PASS.

Music by G. F. Root. Words by W. Hoyle.



8
But 'tis i - dle thus to talk, For we live in wondrous times,
at it ev - 'ry day, And we ne - ver mean to stay,
FINE.
And are marching out each so - cial wrong to cure,
'Till the great and glo - rious vict - 'ry shall ap - pear.
When you see the temp'rance ar - - my,
ar - my, ar - my,
D.S.
Know the time is draw - ing near, For we're
time is draw - ing near,

Trace the history of the past,
And a thousand changes rise,
Which the people never dreamt about before,
And before each change was made,
Many people gravely said,
"They may try it, but it ne'er will do, I'm sure."
When you see, &c.

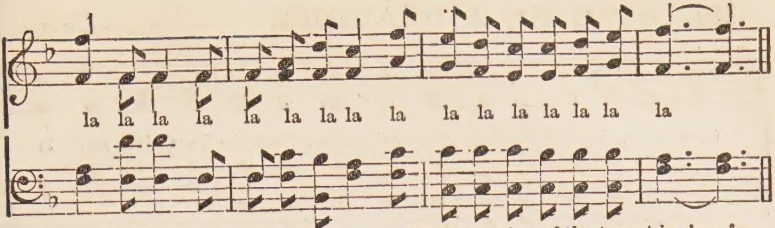
Now we travel out by steam,
And our thoughts on lightning fly,
And what daily papers thro' the land we spread!
Labour, time, and cash are saved
By invention every day,
Yet how few believe until the change is made!
When you see, &c.

We advance in arts of war,
But on things of moral worth
Every Christian mind is more disposed to think;
And as sure as God hath said,
"Evil shall be rooted up,"
Britain's sons shall see the overthrow of drink.
When you see, &c.

129. MERRILY THROUGH THE LAND.

Music by Bradbury.
Words by W. Hoyle.

Mer - ri - ly through the land we go, la la la la la la la! The
joys of temp'rance truth we know O the visions of pleasure in
store Mer - ri - ly mer - ri - ly ho ho ho ho
mer - ri - ly mer - ri - ly ban - ners wave, The chil-dren are ga-ther - ing
ho ho ho ho an Ar - my bold and brave la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la



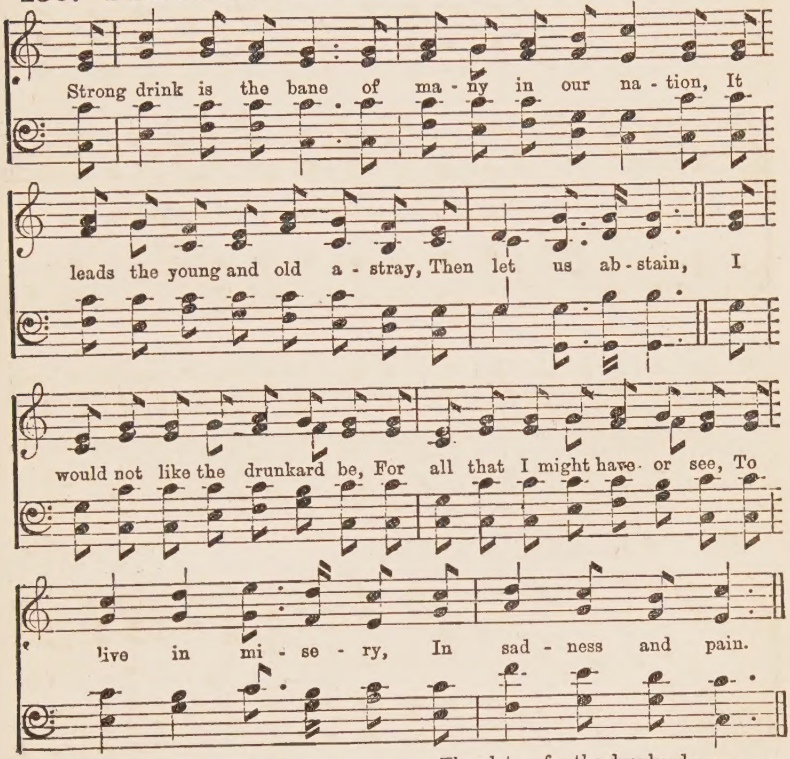
Beautiful homes on every side, la, la
Our cause is spreading far and wide;
To the bounds of each distant shore, &c.

Joyfully come the good and great, la, la;
They'll help us to improve the state,
'Till the reign of the tyrant is o'er, &c.

Merrily through the land we go, la, la;
Come join our ranks and you shall know
The pleasures that truth has in store, &c.

130. STRONG DRINK IS THE BANE.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.


Strong drink is the bane of ma - ny in our na - tion, It
leads the young and old a - stray, Then let us ab - stain, I
would not like the drunkard be, For all that I might have or see, To
live in mi - se - ry, In sad - ness and pain.

True Temperance can make
A home of joy and gladness;
And water is a friend sincere
To all that abstain.
Then like the wild birds let us be
Strangers to drink and misery;
And sing right merrily
Of temperance again.

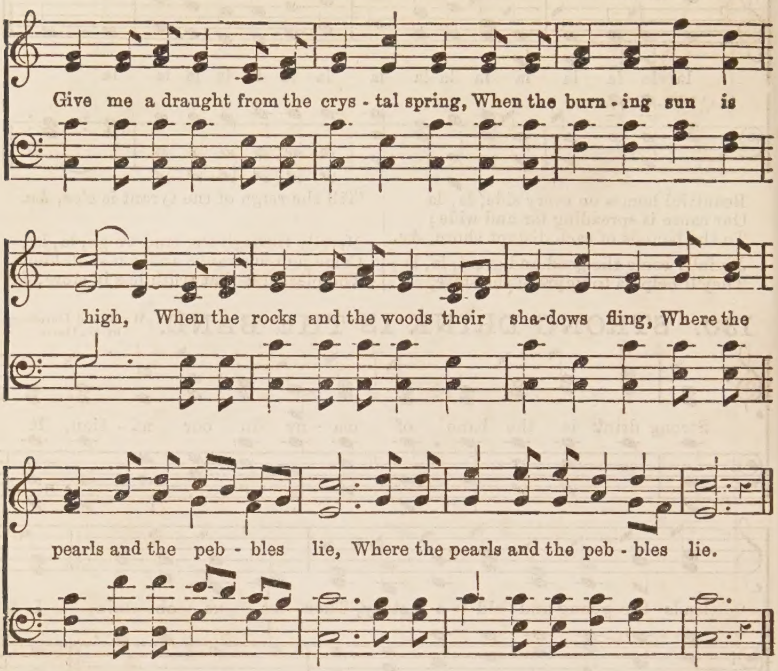
That sweet rest above
The drunkard cannot enter;
Where all are free from sin and death,
From sadness and pain.

Then let us for the drunkard pray,
Before his life shall pass away;
And help him while we may,
From drink to abstain.

While Temperance we keep,
This truth we must remember:—
Without religion in our heart;
Unsaved we remain;
Then let us seek God's pard'ning grace,
That we may see our Saviour's face;
And find in heav'n a place
With Him to reign.

131. GIVE ME A DRAUGHT.

Harmony by W. Hoyle.


Give me a draught from the crys - tal spring, When the burn - ing sun is
high, When the rocks and the woods their sha-dows fling, Where the
pearls and the peb - bles lie, Where the pearls and the peb - bles lie.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the cooling breezes blow;
When the leaves of the trees are withering,
In the frost and the fleecy snow.

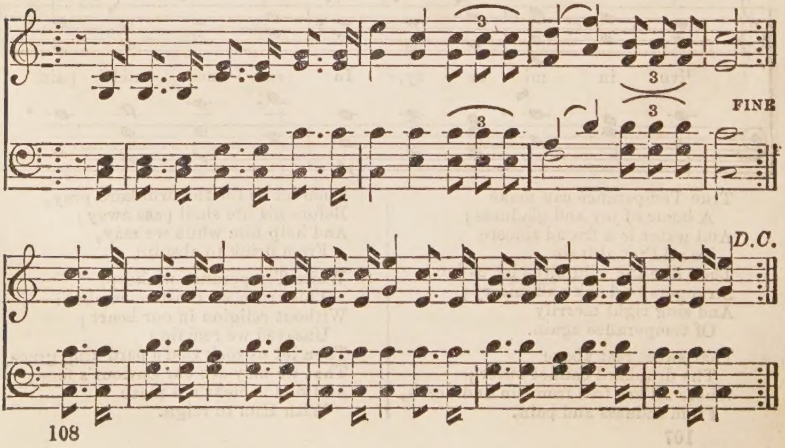
Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the wintry winds are gone; [ring
When the flowers are in bloom and the echoes
From the woods o'er the verdant lawn.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the ripening fruits appear; [sing,
When the reapers the song of the harvest
And plenty has crowned the year.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
'Tis the safest drink I know,
For it never will pain or sorrow bring
From its sunless depths below.

132. WE ARE A BAND.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



We are a band of young abstainers,
Merrily O ! merrily O !
In health and pleasure we are gainers,
Merrily O ! merrily O !
With the brave we go, chasing every foe,
Chasing every foe, with the brave we go,
A joyful band are young abstainers.—Merrily O !

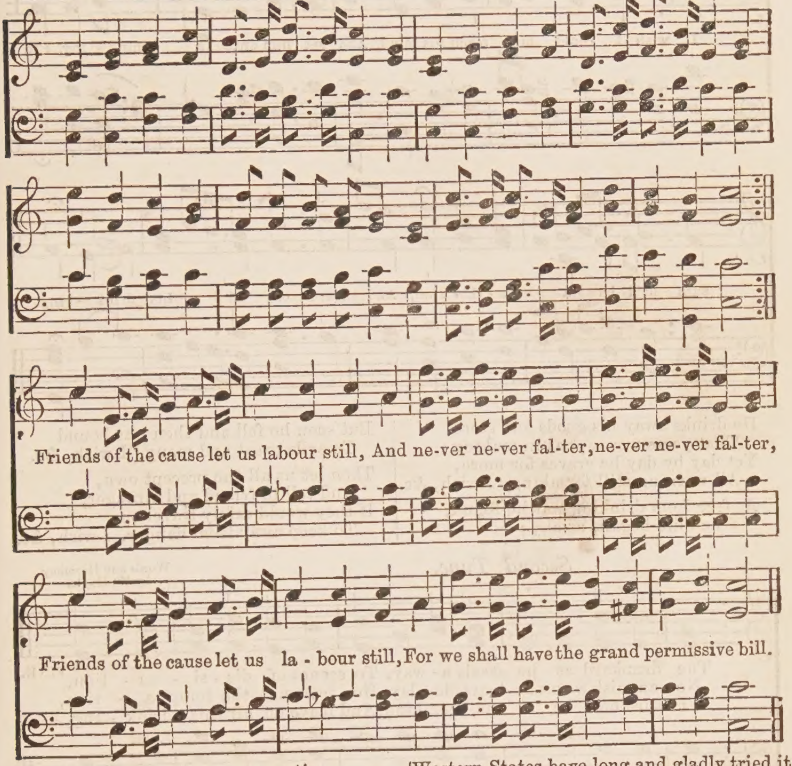
A gentle word, a kind endeavour, Merrily O,
Will help the drunkard's chain to sever, Merrily O !
With the brave we go, &c.

The longest march in time is ended, Merrily O !
And strength is gained when minds are blended, Merrily O !
With the brave we go, &c.

The signs of victory are appearing, Merrily O !
Then let us still be persevering, Merrily, O !
With the brave we go, &c.

133. THE GRAND PERMISSIVE BILL,

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.


Friends of the cause let us labour still, And ne-ver ne-ver fal-ter, ne-ver ne-ver fal-ter,
Friends of the cause let us la - bour still, For we shall have the grand permissive bill.

Better days are dawning on our nation,
Earnest men and wise, of every station,
Speed the great Alliance reformation ;
We shall have the grand Permissive Bill.
Let us one and all be up and doing,
Haste to save the drunkard's soul from ruin,
In the great Alliance work pursuing,
We shall have the grand Permissive Bill.
Friends of the cause, &c.

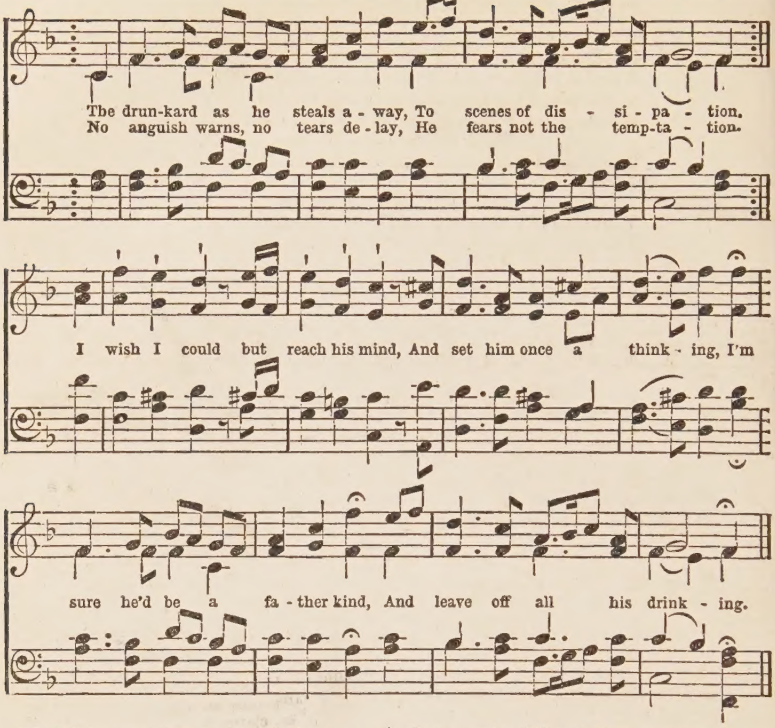
Shall the people lie in galling slavery,
Shall they tolerate drinksellers' knavery ?
Hear the voice of truthful, deathless bravery, &c.
Brewers and distillers may deride it ;
Western States have long and gladly tried it ;
Give the people power and they'll decide it. &c.

Why should laws be made that curse our nation
Fill the land with crime and desolation ?
Raise the shout for Britain's reformation, &c.
Let the voice arise from every quarter,
From the lips of every son and daughter,
Like the sound of mighty rushing water. &c.

Let the great Alliance cannon thunder,
Make the rulers of old England ponder,
Break the people's galling chains asunder, &c.
Friends of youth and age no danger fearing ;
Onward ! in the conflict persevering ;
Signs of victory daily are appearing, &c.

134. THE DRUNKARD.

Words by W. Hoyle
Harmony by Balfe.


The drun-kard as he steals a - way, To scenes of dis - si - pa - tion,
No anguish warns, no tears de - lay, He fears not the temp-ta - tion.
I wish I could but reach his mind, And set him once a think - ing, I'm
sure he'd be a fa - ther kind, And leave off all his drink - ing.

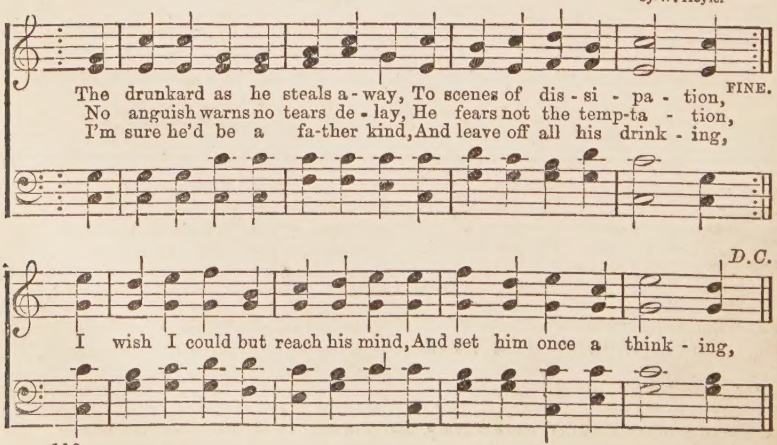
He drinks away his goods and store,
That years were spent in making;
Yet day by day he craves for more,
All warning still forsaking. I wish, &c.

As free from drinking was he found,
When life began, as any;
But soon he fell and then was bound
To evils great and many. I wish, &c.

Then let us all the precept own,
And tell to friend and stranger,
If they would safely travel on,
To keep away from danger. I wish, &c.

Second Tune.

Words and Harmony
by W. Hoyle.


The drunkard as he steals a - way, To scenes of dis - si - pa - tion,
FINE.
No anguish warns no tears de - lay, He fears not the temp-ta - tion,
I'm sure he'd be a fa-ther kind, And leave off all his drink - ing,
D.C.
I wish I could but reach his mind, And set him once a think - ing,

135. A BETTER TIME.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.

A bet - ter time would soon ap-pear, If all who now drink wine and beer Would
Fine.
join with us the temp'rance band, To spread the cause thro' all the land. Then a-
wa-ter as it flows a-long, Is the saf - est drink for old and young.
D.S.
way! a - way from beer and wine, Our drink is wa - ter when we dine, Bright

What pleasure would the drunkard gain,
Were he from drinking to abstain!
O let us help him while we may,
And lead him in a better way. Then, &c.

From wine and beer how often come
A starving child, a cheerless home,
A mother sinking to her grave,
And a thoughtless father none could save. &c.

Let young and old at once begin,
To shun whate'er may lead to sin,
And let us all unite in one,
To help the cause of temperance on. Then, &c.

Second Tune.
A bet - ter time would soon ap-pear, If all who now drink wine and beer
Fine.
Would join with us the temp'rance band, To spread the cause thro' all the land.
Bright wa - ter as it flows a - long, Is the saf - est drink for old and young.
Then a-way! a - way, from beer and wine, Our drink is wa - ter when we dine,
D.S.

136. DO WHAT YOU CAN.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

Do what you can for a - no - ther, Haste to the res - cue of all,
Raise up a suf - fer-ing bro - ther, Let him not hope-less - ly fall,
Do what you can, live to bless ev'-ry man, Truth shall prevail, truth shall prevail;
slow.
Fear not the frown, there's a robe and a crown, For each warrior when the battle's o'er.

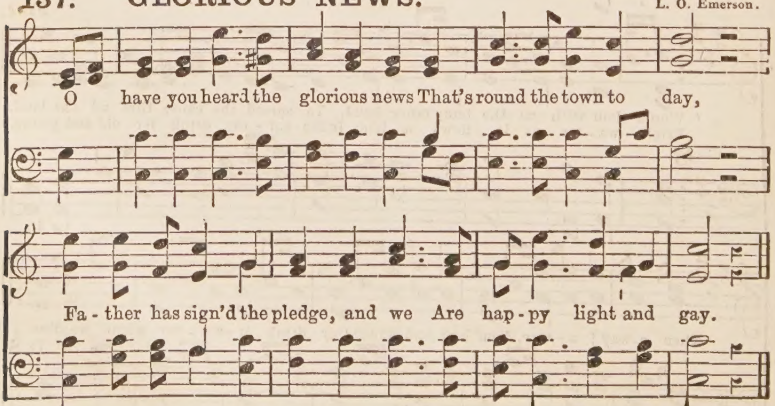
Glory to God in the highest,
Peace and good will unto men,
Angels pealed forth the glad chorus,
Mortals still echo the strain.—Do, &c.

Footprints of goodness and mercy
Deep on life's pathway we trace,
Monuments, sacred and lasting,
Rise up around every place.—Do, &c.

Ever some duty fulfilling,
Let us each strive to do good,
Be our reward the approval,
"Nobly they did what they could. Do, &c.

137. GLORIOUS NEWS.

Music by L. O. Emerson.



No more we dread his com - ing step, But spring to greet him home;
Mo - ther has wip'd her tears a - way, And joy to us has come.
O glo - rious news, glo - rious news, glo - rious news to day,
Fa - ther has sign'd the pledge, and we Are hap - py light and gay,
Happy, happy, happy light and gay, Happy, happy, happy light and gay,
Fa - ther has sign'd the pledge, and we Are hap-py light and gay.

Many's the sorrowing time we've had,
But such we'll have no more;
Father has driven the demon out;
And locked and barr'd the door.
No more we'll want for food and clothes,
No more we'll mourn and sigh;
Our home shall be a home of peace,
With every comfort nigh. O glorious, &c.

Now thanks we raise to God on high
For this great blessing giv'n:
Earth to us henceforth shall be
The entrance door to heav'n.
Sing loud and full, sing clear and free,
Let hill to valley call,
And bear up on the wings of wind,
The glorious news to all. O glorious, &c.

113

138. THERE IS AN ART.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

There is an art of strange in - vention, Un - to which I call at - ten-tion,
First the name to you I men-tion, The black art of smok-ing,
Some they smoke to ban - ish sor - row, Some a man-ly style to bor-row,
Some to give them help to - mor - row, Think not that I'm jok - ing.
ff
Now let us all take warning, Wis - dom learn in life's fair morning,
rall.
Truth our dai - ly course a - dorn - ing, Brave-ly do our du - ty.

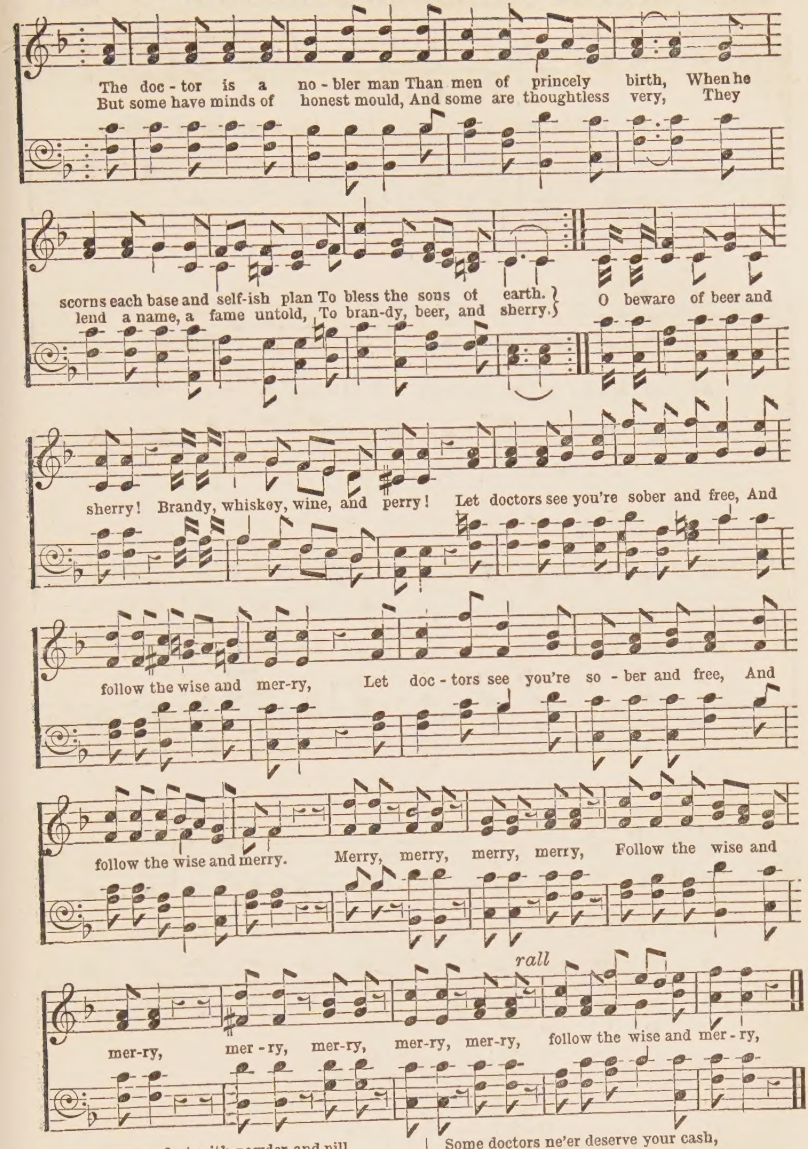
This art, I say, is indefensive,
Idle, filthy, and expensive;
No man ever would commence, if
He but thought it over.
Some men's minds are seldom wanted,
Many things they take for granted,
Hence this idle art is planted
'Till they can't recover.—Now, &c.

Now smoking gives an indication
Of defective information,
Lowers a man in moral station,
Be he prince or proctor.
Men have better health without it,
And, if any one should doubt it,
Let him read the truth about it,
Or consult the doctor.—Now, &c.

There is an art of strange invention,
O that all would give attention,
Help to stay the sad declension,
Error's fort assailing.
Wise men flee from smoking, drinking,
Envy, pride, and foolish thinking;
Noble deeds such folly sinking,
These are still availing.—Now, &c.

139. THE DOCTOR.

Words and Arrangement of Music by W. Hoyle.


The doc - tor is a no - bler man Than men of princely birth, When he
But some have minds of honest mould, And some are thoughtless very, They
scorns each base and self-ish plan To bless the sons of earth.
lend a name, a fame untold, To bran-dy, beer, and sherry.
O beware of beer and
sherry! Brandy, whiskey, wine, and perry! Let doctors see you're sober and free, And
follow the wise and mer-ry, Let doc - tors see you're so - ber and free, And
follow the wise and merry. Merry, merry, merry, merry, Follow the wise and
rall
mer-ry, mer - ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, follow the wise and mer - ry,

They try you first with powder and pill,
Their guile will soon appear;
They gravely say, "You're feeble still,
You take some wine or beer;"
And many, though they knew you were
One of the wise and merry.
Would say, "I tell you plainly, sir,
You'll die if you don't take sherry!" O &c.

Now science says to drinkers all,
"Leave off your beer and port,
For if you don't king Alcohol
Will make your pleasures short,"

Some doctors ne'er deserve your cash,
For when you're feeble, very,
They set you up with powder wash,
And knock you down with sherry! O, &c.

King Alcohol would lose his head,
No matter how he fought,
If doctors all the truth would spread,
As every good man ought.
Our means are large, our wants are few,
We may be just and merry;
Then let us to ourselves be true,
And shun the friends of sherry, O, &c.

140. LITTLE CHILDREN MEETING.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.

Lit - tle child - ren meet - ing, In the temp'-rance place,
All so kind - ly greet - ing, Smil - ing ev' - ry face.
Now we raise our voi - ces, Sweet - est strains pro - long,
Ev' - ry heart re - joi - ces, Bliss - ful is the song.

Useful lessons gaining,
Treading wisdom's way,
From strong drink abstaining,
In life's early day.
O what joy and pleasure
Sweet obedience brings,
Blessings without measure
From the King of kings.

Father, let us never
Rude and sinful be,
Bless and guide us ever,
Bring us safe to Thee.
There we'll sing the story
Of redeeming love,
Ever dwell before Thee,
With Thy saints above.

141. OLD ROBERT STRONG.

Words and Music by W. Hoyle.

Old Ro - bert Strong, the temp'-rance man, A right good man is he ;
His drink is from the crys - tal spring, which a - ny one may see ;
His head is clear his arm is firm, His heart is full of joy, In
days of youth he lov'd the truth, In days of youth he lov'd the truth, In
days of youth he lov'd the truth, He was a temp'-rance boy.

He studies not from classic lore,
  He knows not many lands,
But he has learned what's better far,
  The way to use his hands ;
He walks with head erect, his feet
  No landlord may decoy;
In days of youth he loved the truth,
  He was a Temperance boy.

He cannot boast of golden store,
  His house is not so high,
But he has laid up treasure bright
  Where thieves can ne'-r come nigh :
He reads his Bible morn and eve,
  His faith has no alloy ;
In days of youth he loved the truth,
  He was a Temperance boy.

Then let us follow Robert Strong,
  And may his name endure,
And may his good example live
  In many thousands more.
Bright water is the drink for all,
  It bringeth peace and joy,
To British youth, who love the truth,
  And every Temperance boy.

142. THE CHILDREN ARE GATHERING.

Harmony by W. Hoyle.

The child - ren are gath' - ring from near and from far, The
tem - per - ance trum-pet is sound - ing for war, The con - flict is
raging, 'twill be fear - ful and long, Gird on your armour, and be
marching a - long. Marching a - long, we are marching a - long,
Gird on the armour and be marching a-long, The con-flict is raging 'twill be
fear - ful and long, Then gird on your armour and be marching a - long.

The foe is before us in battle array,
But let us not waver or turn from the way;
The Lord is our strength, be this ever our song,
With courage and faith we are marching along.—Marching, &c.

We've taken the Pledge, and will stand by it true,
With Christ as our captain, we never shall rue;
The "Sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong,
We'll hold in our hands as we're marching along.—Marching, &c.

Thro' conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,
For here we contend against evil and sin;
But one thing assures us, we cannot go wrong,
If trusting our Saviour while marching along.—Marching, &c.

143. I'M HAPPY AS A KING.

Words and Harmony by W. Hay.

I'm hap - py as a king Up - on his ro - yal throne,
FINE.
The pleasures of the spring I will e - ver proud-ly own;
Bran - dy and ro - sy wine, The drunk-ard's joy may be,
D.C.
Bright wa - ter's joys are mine, O the crys - tal spring for me.

The Band of Hope I love,
It is a joyful place,
Abstainers faithful prove,
Learn to run the heavenly race,
And there I would be found,
That wisdom I may gain,
Rich blessings yet abound,
For all children that abstain.
I'm happy as a king, &c.

With temperance men so brave
I'll tell to drunkards round;
What bliss abstainers have,
And what joys for them abound;
And when I older grow,
With temperance men I'll be,
And sing where'er I go,
"O the crystal spring for me!"
I'm happy as a king, &c.

144. OF ALL THE AIDS.

Music by W. Hoyle.
Words by J. Rewcastle.

Of all the aids to vir - tue's cause, I like tee - to - tal best;
It aids the cause of man's advance, What-e'er the mode may be.
For while its own great work pro-ceeds, It kind - ly helps the rest,
To mor - al worth, or men - tal pow'r, Or man - ly pi - e - ty,
But this, its high-est, chief - est claim, Demands the loft - iest praise,
It helps a man to help himself, By vir - tue's temp'rate ways.
f rall.
It helps a man to help him-self, By vir - tues temp'rate ways.

It saves the intemperate in his course
Of drunken revelry;
Awakes him to a proper sense
Of his high destiny.
It stays the moderate in the path
That lures to drunkenness,
And tells him of a surer way
To social happiness. But, &c.

It gives to science and to truth
The mind's pure energy,
To search the secret, hidden depths
Of true philosophy;
It speeds the gospel's onward course,
At home and foreign climes;
Makes light the path, and straight the road
To brighter, better times. But, &c.

145. WELL DONE, JOHN!

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

How glad I am to see you, John, Since you the pledge have sign'd,
I'm sure you are a bet - ter man, In bo - dy and in mind.
O nev - er mind what o-thers say, Their i - dle taunts and jeers Can
nev - er fill your home with joy, Nor heal the grief of years.
Well done, John! fol-low on, Stand for the right and care not for a - ny, There's a
rest, I say, a bright - er day, For ev - 'ry Christian he - ro.

When drinking days were on, how dark,
How dreary was your life,
What sorrow filled the loving hearts
Of children and of wife;
The clouds are passed, the glad sun shines,
Your wife and children smile,
Take courage from the happy change,
When tempters would beguile.
Well done, John, &c.

Though hard to pull against the stream,
They win who nobly try,
For when a man but helps himself,
God's aid is ever nigh.
I never knew an earnest soul
To sink down in despair,
The man who strives, and trusts in God,
Shall conquer anywhere.
Well done, John, &c.

146. POOR MARY GRAY.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

When first I saw poor Ma - ry Gray, No maiden was more blithe and gay, But
Cupid with beguiling art, Found entrance at poor Mary's heart, She knew a man whose
name was Joe, He vow'd to cherish and love her so, 'Till Mary seal'd her earthly strife And
fool - ish-ly be - came his wife, O poor Ma - ry Gray! Wayward, foolish
Ma-ry Gray! Sighing and sorrowing all the day, O maidens ne'er marry a drinker.

Now, Joe, a frolicsome soul was he,
As ever strode o'er bank or lea,
Yet unto his wife he thus did say :—
"I will but drink one glass each day,
Believe me, dearest, loving wife,
Your days shall merrily pass thro' life;"
But, sad to tell, twelve months or so
Revealed a life of bitter woe. O, &c.

Each night Joe went out for a spree,
And reeling home again came he,
Poor Mary tried, but all in vain;
Her foolish Joe would not abstain.

He said his ways would never do,
Yet still he followed a drinking crew,
Which filled poor Mary's heart with pain—
She wished that she were single again. O, &c.

Now, maidens all, let wisdom's voice
Direct you to a happy choice;
Whatever gifts he has be sure
Your lov'd one, drinks but water pure;
For if you don't you soon may rue,
And find he follows a drinking crew.
Then, maidens all around, I pray,
Take warning from poor Mary Gray. O, &c.

147. PREVENTION.

Music and Words by W Hoyle.

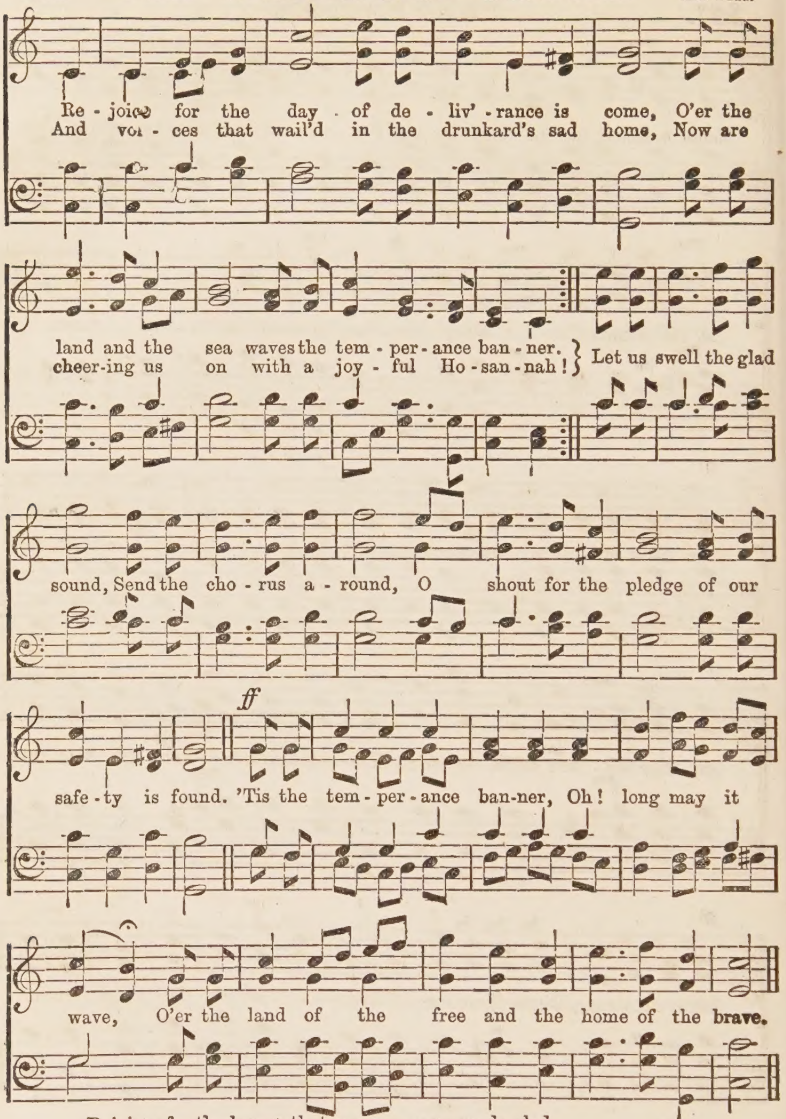
Come brothers, let us sing a song, For we want something to amuse, But
let the strains that float along Em - bo - dy sound tee - to - tal views.
p
Our Band of Hope is no vain thing, No i - dle ef - fort to al-lure, We
f
ga - ther wis - dom while we sing Pre - ven-tion's bet - ter far than cure,
p
f
better than cure, better than cure, Pre-ven-tion's better far than cure.

How truly thankful we should be
That we are taught such wholesome truth;
The hoary drunkards that we see
Had ne'er such lessons in their youth,
For boys and girls were thought too young
To form a band devout and pure—
They grew the thoughtless drunken throng;
Prevention's better far than cure.

God bless the friends who first began
This gracious movement for the young,
And blessings on each earnest man
Who strives to help the cause along.
A glorious victory we shall gain,
Our principles are tried and sure,
If we will all through life abstain:
Prevention's better far than cure.

The veteran warriors of the past,
They nobly fought and bore abuse;
Our lives in better times are cast,
The victory is reserved for us.
Then let us spread the cause of truth,
The reign of drink can't long endure;
Let's show to all our British youth
Prevention's better far than cure.

Words by Mrs. Dana.


Re - joice for the day of de - liv' - rance is come, O'er the
And voi - ces that wail'd in the drunkard's sad home, Now are
land and the sea waves the tem - per - ance ban - ner.
cheer-ing us on with a joy - ful Ho - san - nah!
Let us swell the glad
sound, Send the cho - rus a - round, O shout for the pledge of our
ff
safe - ty is found. 'Tis the tem - per - ance ban-ner, Oh! long may it
wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Rejoice, for the homes that are once more made glad,
For the eyes that are bright where the big tears were streaming;
Rejoice, for the hearts that no longer are sad,
For the sweet tears of joy and the smiles that are beaming;
Let the rich and the poor touch the poison no more,
Oh let the red wine-cup be banish'd each door!
Till the Temperance Banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Rejoice, for the names we can now call our own,
For the brothers we claim who are holding high places;
Rejoice, for the fair! they would conquer alone!
It is well they have join'd us, God bless their bright faces!
Through the length of the land, Oh let none coldly stand,
And proudly refuse us the warm helping hand!
For the Temperance Banner in triumph must wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

149. OUR GOOD TEMPERANCE PLAN.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

The world is up-side down they say, And ma-ny try to put it right, But
Some say "Try this" some say "Try that," A thousand plans yet none succeed, The
something al-ways blocks the way, And mocks their gen-ius and their might.
mischief lies in *still* and *vat*, Our temp'rance scheme is what they need.
Mend it if you can! Our good temp'rance plan,* Would
let no *vat* or *still* remain, Would lead the drunkard to abstain, Just
try our plan, just try our plan, Our no-ble temp'rance plan.†

We've places for the pauper class,
And yet we've beggars at each door;
So must it be while thousands pass
Their wealth into the landlord's store.
You cannot pay for satin gown,
To make his wife supremely grand,
And have a good dress of your own,
And ample means at your command, &c.

We've houses of correction, too,
Upheld by rates that sorely rest
Upon the shoulders of the true,
Yet thieves our streets and lanes infest
The judges of our land admit
Strong drink creates the vicious class;
Our statesmen will not alter it
Until our temperance laws they pass.

And we've asylums for the sick,
We laud them to the very sky,
Yet call *that* good which makes men weak,
And robs them of their energy.
With want and crime, with wounds and pain,
Our land is one vast lazaret,
And so the foul plague must remain
Until teetotal laws we get, &c.

Then let us go for temp'rance laws,
Nor rest until our statesmen grant
A bill which shall remove the cause—
A measure which the people want.
Oh, say not what we might have been
But for the tyrant's cruel might;
Let's save our Country and our Queen—
Enough to know, Heaven helps the right, &c.

* *Or "our Alliance plan," or "our Good Templar's plan."*

† *Or "our grand Alliance plan," or "our noble Templar's plan."*

150. I'M GOING TO ENLIST, BOYS.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

Joyfully.

I'm go - ing to en - list, boys, I'm go - ing to en - list, Our
brave tee - to - tal war - ri - ors, I'm go - ing to as - sist, To fight the direst
e - ne-my that ev-er did en - thral, With old and young an army strong, We'll
chase King Al - co - hol. On, steady, boys! March on, steady, boys! March on, steady, boys,
sound the fife and drum! All be rea-dy, boys, see our armies come! Our
Our warriors gay,
warriors gay, Let none dismay, Let none dismay, March on for we shall gain the
ff
Vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry! For we shall gain the Vic - to - ry!

The landlords of the town say,
"These puny stripling bands!
What can they do for Temp'rance,
With meagre hearts and hands?"
They think not we are growing, boys,
A fearless mighty host;
We'll make them smell our shot and shell,
We'll drive them from the coast, &c.

They little know the metal
Of a brave cold water boy,
Whose heart is strong in temp'rance.
Whose home is peace and joy;
They'd send us up in garrets, boys,
Or down in cellars deep;
If they contrive, we're all alive,
And mean our pledge to keep, &c.

They've sent enough to prison, boys,
They've filled each poorhouse, too,
Our hospitals are crowded so,
They don't know what to do;
But we've a simple remedy,
Then let us all unite;
At once begin, we're sure to win,
We'll set the nation right, &c.

We'll turn the barrels out, boys,
We'll knock them through and through,
And say to every landlord
"We've had enough of you!"
We'll give them marching orders, boys,
To work like honest men,
Or emigrate to some new State,
And not come back again, &c.

151. A GLASS OF WATER BRIGHT.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

When Fa - ther Ad - am walk'd a-broad, In Par - a - dise, sweet vale,
No o - ther drink did he re-quire, To make his spi-rits light,
He loved to quaff a brim-ful cup, From streams that never fail.
A charming bev'rage sure - ly is, A glass of wa - ter bright.
O sparkling wa - ter bright! Re - fresh-ing wa - ter bright!
We'll sing and laugh, and gai - ly quaff A glass of wa - ter bright.

From mountain side it sweetly flows
In rippling streams along;
The cattle browse upon its banks,
The birds renew their song;
The waving cornfields greet its course,
How charming is the sight!
Fair fount of health and pleasure is
A glass of water bright, &c.

Not all the lauded drinks contained
In filthy vat and still,
Can yield one tithe of joys that lie
In nature's sparkling rill.

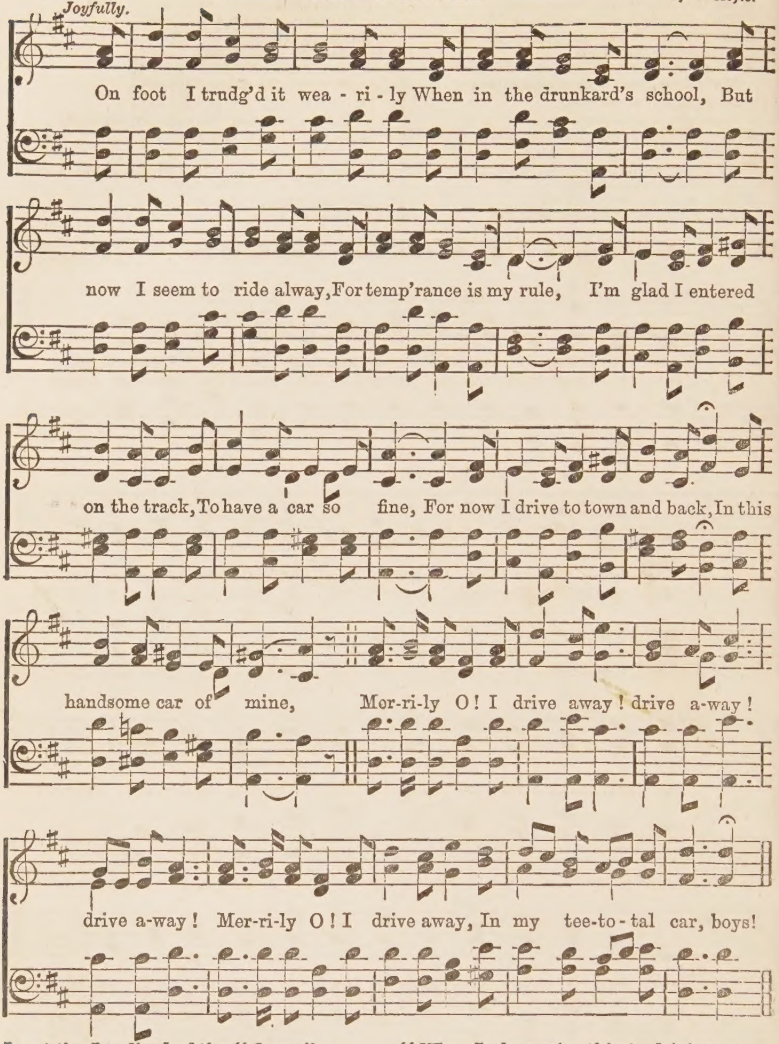
They fear no frowning creditors,
They share no pauper's mite,
Who practice sound philosophy
By drinking water bright, &c.

Then let us pledge good fellowship
In nature's simple drink,
It never drives our reason out,
Nor leads to ruin's brink;
It never bids foul passions rise
Our happiness to smite;
The friend of peace and virtue is
A glass of water bright, &c.

152. THE TEETOTAL CAR.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

Joyfully.


On foot I trudg'd it wea - ri - ly When in the drunkard's school, But
now I seem to ride alway, For temp'rance is my rule, I'm glad I entered
on the track, To have a car so fine, For now I drive to town and back, In this
handsome car of mine, Mor-ri-ly O! I drive away! drive a-way!
drive a-way! Mer-ri-ly O! I drive away, In my tee-to-tal car, boys!

I met the Landlord of the "Queen"
As I drove out one day,
He said, "Why Jack, where have you been?
You never pass this way;
I thought you'd gone to New South Wales,
Or else to Timbuctoo;
You never call to try our ales,
Have I offended you?" &c.

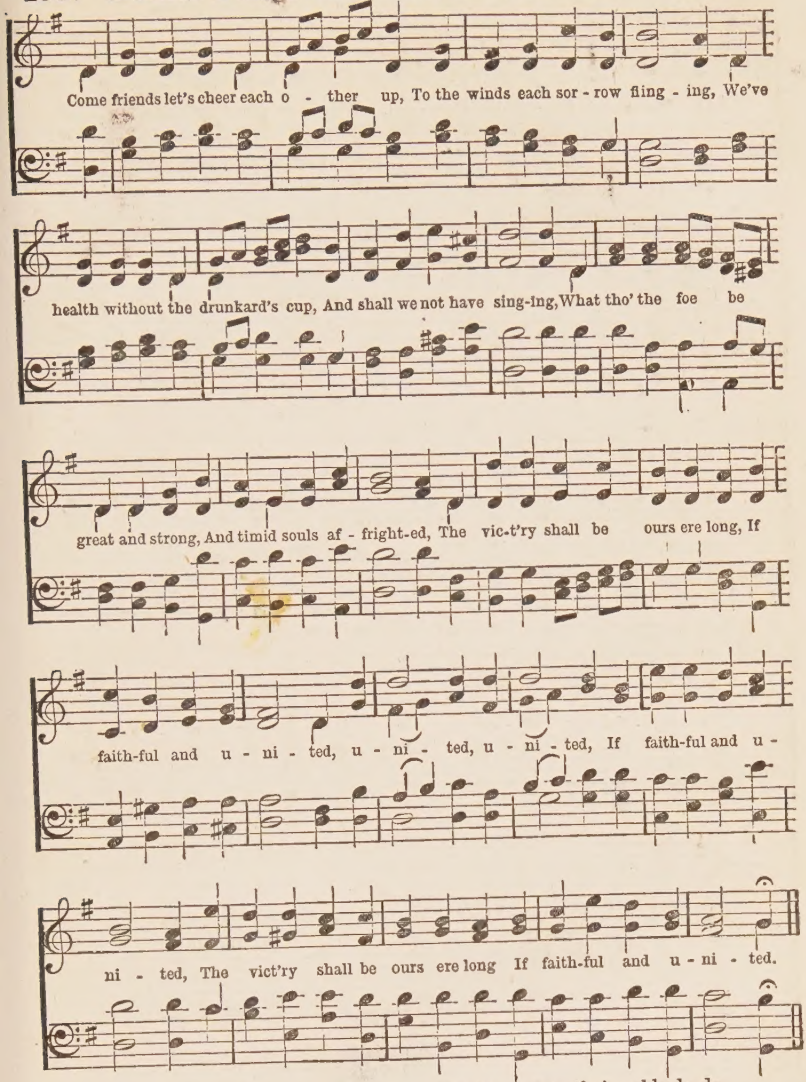
"Why, Landlord, no offence—I mean
I've not roamed very far,
I've only had a journey in
A fine teetotal car.
'Tis very strong, tho' rather old—
Of course, it won't suit you;
They say 'tis worth its weight in gold,
And I believe 'tis true," &c.

"Why, Jack, you're thirsty driving so,
You surely want a rest;
Pray just step in—now don't say 'No'
My liquors are the best.
I've got a fine museum now,
With gems from foreign climes;
If you step in I'll show you how
We keep up with the times," &c.

"Thank you, I'd rather be excused,
I cannot longer stay;
My car improves the more 'tis used,
So I must jog away.
Just tell the lady in the bar,
Who wears the satin gown,
That Jack has mounted on a car,
And cannot well get down," &c.

153. COME FRIENDS LET'S CHEER.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.


Come friends let's cheer each o - ther up, To the winds each sor - row fling - ing, We've
health without the drunkard's cup, And shall we not have sing-ing, What tho' the foe be
great and strong, And timid souls af - fright-ed, The vic-t'ry shall be ours ere long, If
faith-ful and u - ni - ted, u - ni - ted, u - ni - ted, If faith-ful and u -
ni - ted, The vict'ry shall be ours ere long If faith-ful and u - ni - ted.

From every rank and every creed,
Come words of approbation,
And honour flows to all who lead
Our temperance reformation.
It was not so in years gone by—
The change how great and glorious!
Let's labour on, soon you and I
Shall raise the shout victorious.

The veteran warriors of the past
Rejoice to see our numbers,
We'll show them by our labours vast
The cause of truth ne'er slumbers.

We'll emulate their noble deeds,
We'll take their lofty station,
And bring the help our good cause needs,
From the children of our nation.

Come friends, let's cheer each other up,
Why foster feelings chary?
Without the drunkard's fiery cup
We may be wise and merry.
There's beauty in the crystal spring,
And rosy health—a treasure,
We're happier far than duke or king,
With abstinence—our measure.

154. FATHER DANIEL.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

Cheerfully.

O know ye Fa - ther Dan - iel, Who lives down by the glen?
He is so kind and generous to His serv-ing maids and men,
1st. time.
A-mong the poor his bounteous store, With will-ing hand he leaves,
A youthful throng with speech and song,
2nd. time.
He joy - ful - ly re - ceives, He joy - ful - ly re - ceives,
Oh kind old Fa - ther Dan - iel, Oh, generous Fa - ther Dan - iel!
God bless old Fa - ther Dan - iel, And all the store he gives.

The other day I heard him,
Down by the miller's store,
Conversing with a drunken man
Who seemed depressed and poor;
"My friend," said he, "you ne'er can be
A gentleman so fine,
While hard-earned wealth and precious health
You drown in beer and wine."
Oh, wise old Father Daniel!
Oh, thoughtful Father Daniel!
Long live old Father Daniel,
And all his words divine.

Up came a lusty landlord,
With cautions look and mien,
"Why Dan," said he, "I hear that you
Intend to rob the Queen!
For shame on you! the revenue
You should not try to cheat!
My drink in short, goes to support
Our army and our fleet."
Oh, rare old Father Daniel!
Oh, fine old Father Daniel,
Three cheers for Father Daniel,
His fearless soul we'll greet.

Then spake old Father Daniel—
"The revenue I know
Should always be supported, but
Not by the way you show;
Thro' tears and blood a nation's good
No monarch e'er commands;
With holy lives old England thrives,
Her throne on virtue stands."
Oh, brave old Father Daniel!
Oh, noble Father Daniel,
God bless old Father Daniel,
And all his hopeful bands.

155. TOM THE TAILOR.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.

Tom was a tai - lor when so - ber at home, But he'd a strong in - cli -
na - tion to roam, Down to the ta - vern that stood by the green,
Where there was plen - ty of life to be seen, Life to be seen,
life to be seen, Where there was plen - ty of life to be seen.

Stitching all day made him weary and sad—
"Hang the broad cloth! it will drive a man mad;
I'll have a pot of old Jenkin's brown beer"
Out went poor Tom his sad spirits to cheer.

Once in the tavern how jovial was he!
Shirt out at elbow, a patch on each knee;
Ready for dancing or singing his share;
Ready for fighting if any one dare.

In came a cobbler with apron before,
Said he could beat all the tailors twice o'er:
Cobbler and tailor of course came to blows,
After the first round poor Tom broke his nose.

In came the landlady all in a fright—
"Now my good fellows, you never should fight;
Sing and be merry each other to please;
Bring me your money and drink at your ease."

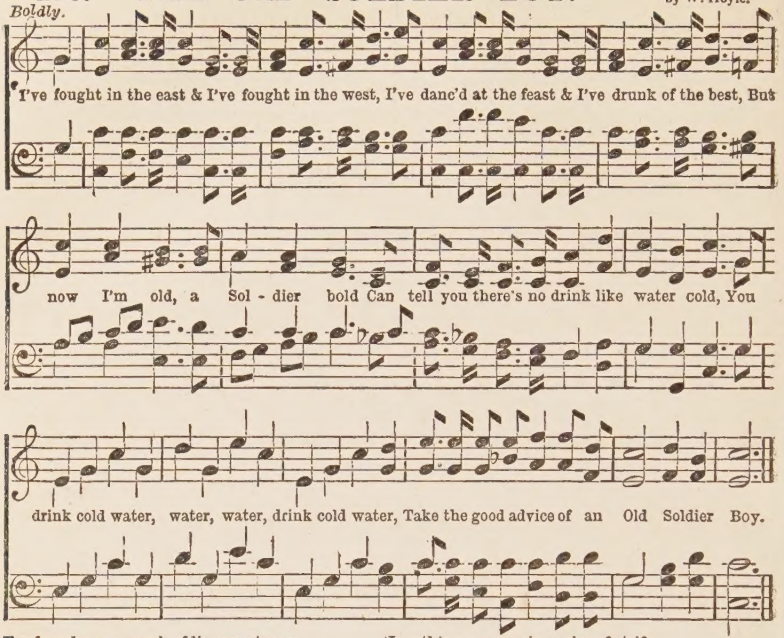
Home went poor Tom with a pain in his head,
Felt in the morning like someone half dead;
Kindly his wife made him gruel and tea,
Whisper'd so fondly, "Tom, don't you love me?"

Sad and repentant, Tom kissed his dear wife,
Called her his jewel—the charm of his life;
Thoughts of the *past* made him better things prize,
Now Tom, the tailor, is sober and wise.

156. THE OLD SOLDIER BOY.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

Boldly.


I've fought in the east & I've fought in the west, I've danc'd at the feast & I've drunk of the best, But
now I'm old, a Sol - dier bold Can tell you there's no drink like water cold, You
drink cold water, water, water, drink cold water, Take the good advice of an Old Soldier Boy.

I've heard many speak of liquors strong
I've seen many seek them all day long,
And many I know have gone down below, [&c.
The nectar from the spring would not serve them so

The charge I've led till the foe did yield,
I've buried the dead on the battle field,
But drink after all, has made more to fall
Than e'er were laid below with a cannon ball, &c.

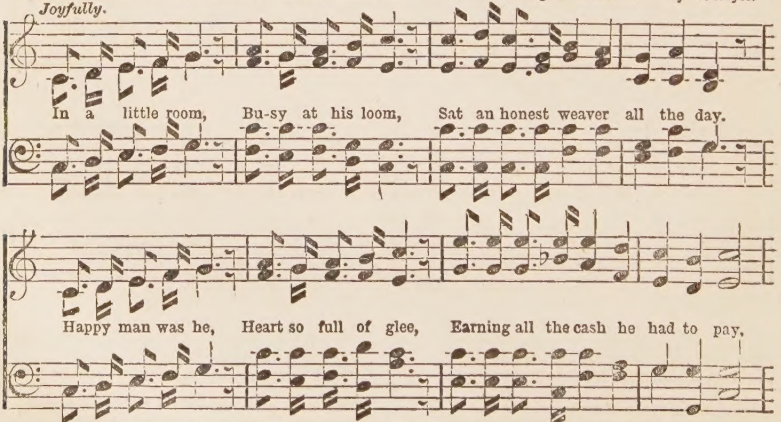
I nothing can say in praise of strife,
I'd rather pray for a peaceful life;
I enlisted, you see, in a drunken spree,
And that has been a very sad warning to me, &c.

But now I serve in the Volunteers,
Who well deserve your very good cheers;
We all combine, by the pledge we sign,
To banish all the force of the drinking line, &c.

157. THE WEAVER AND THE SQUIRE.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

Joyfully.


In a little room, Bu-sy at his loom, Sat an honest weaver all the day.
Happy man was he, Heart so full of glee, Earning all the cash he had to pay.

When the day was done, he would watch the sun
Sinking gently in the golden west;
Read the daily news, think about his views,
Pray for help, and then retire to rest.

Near the weaver's cot lived an idle sot,
Owner of a large estate was he;

He would shoot and sail, travel by the rail,
Get as drunk as any squire could be.

Servants he had nine, sons and daughters fine,
Heavy debts contracted larger grew;
Living past the rate ruined his estate,
Brought him to disgrace—what could he do?

Creditors then came—oh! the sin and shame
Brought upon the squire by his reckless way;
All his lands were sold, soon the tale was told,
In a pauper's grave at last he lay.

In the weaver's room still was heard the loom,
Merry as the lark in Sol's bright ray;
Humble and content, ready with his rent,
Laying by in store for a rainy day.

Soon he owned a cot, all his toils forgot,
Farm'd a little land at his desire:
Children tell to me which you'd rather be—
Sober Weaver or a drunken Squire?

158. OH THE BETTER TIME.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

Joyfully.
Oh the bet-ter time is com-ing on, When our land shall see all her sons set free, And the
Let us onward press to face the foe, God that answers prayer shall our way prepare, For He
curse of drink shall all be gone, What a hap-py na-tion we shall be.
knows the crime dis-ease and woe, Which the demon drink scatters ev-'rywhere.
Soon shall the foe with the vanquished lie! Soon shall the curse of the na-tion fly, And a
shout of joy, shall rend the air, Borne from the heart of the brave and fair, Vict'ry for truth,
rall
Safe-ty for youth! Free-dom for all! Proud er-rors fall! Glo-ry to the Lord!

Bands of Hope shall spread and multiply,
Like an army great they shall fill the state,
And shall firmly stand when tempters try
To enslave them with the landlord's bait.
All the landlords of the town shall quake,
For they soon shall find men of sober mind,
Will no longer let them fortunes make
Out of drunkards, wretched, poor and blind, &c.

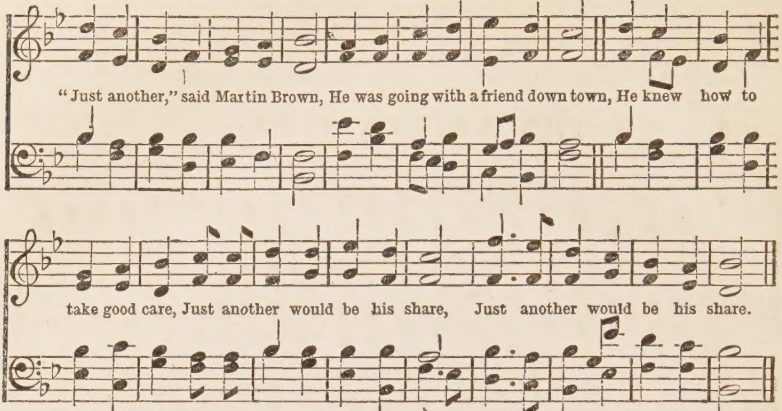
Pulpit, platform, press shall thunder forth
Till the public mind, unto truth inclined,
Shall demand the laws of moral worth,
And not leave a trace of drink behind.

In the poor man's cot what peace shall reign
When he home returns with the cash he earns,
And his children leap for joy again,
While a grateful heart within him burns, &c.

In the house of God what crowds shall meet,
Hearts and minds renewed, with new life endued
Rescued from the drunkard's scornful seat,
Standing with the holy and the good.
Oh! the better time is coming on
When our land shall see all her sons set free,
And the curse of drink shall all be gone,
What a happy nation we shall be! &c.

159. JUST ANOTHER.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.


"Just another," said Martin Brown, He was going with a friend down town, He knew how to
take good care, Just another would be his share, Just another would be his share.

On they went to the "Stag and Hounds,"
Where a man played charming sounds;
Brown was called to sing a song,
Which he did with a chorus long.

Every man his glass did reach,
Brown must drink and make a speech;
He drank glasses one, two, three,
And a very good speech made he.

Flattered with the compliment,
For the waiter Brown then sent—
"These are very good friends I've found,
Let them all have glasses round."

Brown threw down a sovereign bright,
Ten full glasses came in sight;
Each man vowed that Martin Brown
Was the very best friend in town.

Beer soon got to each man's head—
Some grew noisy, some half dead:
Then a frantic strife arose,
And it led to furious blows.

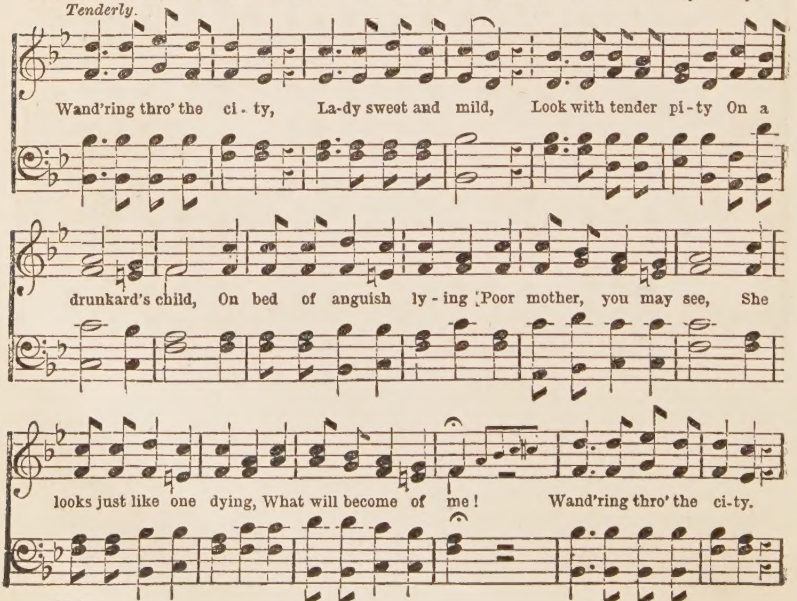
Chairs and tables flew about,
Waiters came to turn them out;
Bleeding lay poor Martin Brown,
All his money and watch were gone.

When he came to himself next day,
To his wife he thus did say—
"I must be advised by thee,
'Just another' will ruin me."

On a pledge he wrote his name,
And his good wife did the same;
Now he meets with many a brother,
But he ne'er wants "Just another."

160. WANDERING THRO' THE CITY.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.


Tenderly.
Wand'ring thro' the ci - ty, La-dy sweet and mild, Look with tender pi - ty On a
drunkard's child, On bed of anguish ly - ing Poor mother, you may see, She
looks just like one dying, What will become of me! Wand'ring thro' the ci-ty.

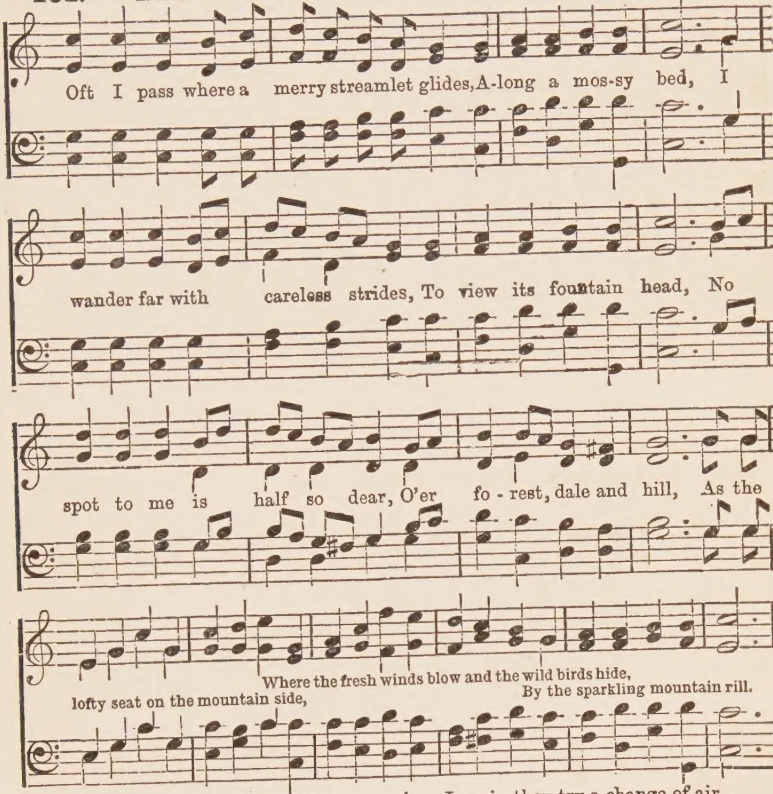
Father comes home reeling, says what he will do
If I don't try stealing, calls me idle too;
Sometimes I beg a penny from gentle passers by,
And when I don't get any, I sit me down and cry, &c.

Once I had a brother, he went o'er the sea,
He was good to mother, and so kind to me,
Poor mother might get better if brother Jim were here
But now we get no letter, he must be dead we fear, &c.

I don't go a stealing, I don't want to try,
But if I'd a shilling I know what I'd buy; [and tea,
I then would do like brother, I'd make some toast
'Twould be so nice for mother, a crust would do for me.

161. THE MOUNTAIN RILL.

Music by G. F. Root.
Words by W. Hoyle.


Oft I pass where a merry streamlet glides, A-long a mos-sy bed, I
wander far with careless strides, To view its fountain head, No
spot to me is half so dear, O'er fo - rest, dale and hill, As the
Where the fresh winds blow and the wild birds hide,
lofty seat on the mountain side, By the sparkling mountain rill.

When I take my frugal meal,
I drink from the mountain rill;
How happy and content I feel,
No drunkard e'er can tell.
Observing nature's simple laws,
I'm blest with rosy health, [light,
With a head that's clear, and a heart that's
No pain nor ache from morn till night,
Is better far than wealth.

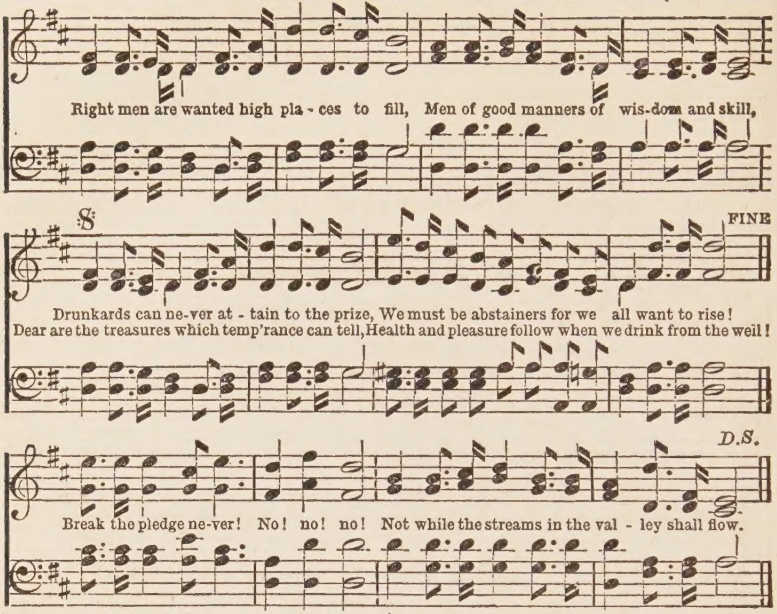
Oft I sigh for deluded souls,
Who seek the drunkard's cup;
Within their veins a poison rolls,
Which soon will burn them up;

In vain they try a change of air,
In vain the doctor's skill:
They ne'er can live, unless they try
Their glass to fill like you and I,
From the sparkling mountain rill.

Soon, ah! soon would a thousand ills
Flee from our native land,
Were all to drink from sparkling rills
That flow on every hand;
They are sent to cheer each living thing,
From boundless stores above,
Then shall we God's own gift despise
For cups wherein a mocker lies,
And thus ungrateful prove?

162. DRINK FROM THE WELL.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Music by C. H. Work.


Right men are wanted high pla - ces to fill, Men of good manners of wis-dom and skill,
S
FINE
Drunkards can ne-ver at - tain to the prize, We must be abstainers for we all want to rise!
Dear are the treasures which temp'rance can tell, Health and pleasure follow when we drink from the well!
D.S.
Break the pledge ne-ver! No! no! no! Not while the streams in the val - ley shall flow.

Strength we require for the steep hill of life,
Armour we want ere we enter the strife,
Weak is the drunkard and helpless he lies,
We must be abstainers for we all want to rise, &c.

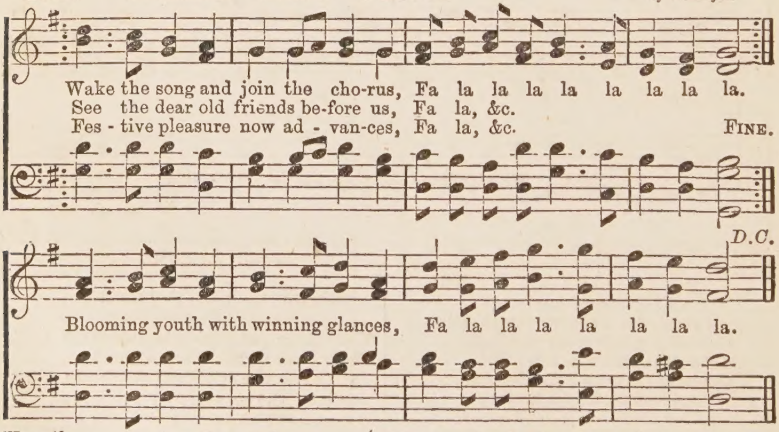
Heav'n helps the man that will help on himself,
Seeking true wisdom while working for self;
Idle and careless the drunkard ne'er tries,
We must be abstainers for we all want to rise, &c.

Who'd be a drunkard with old ragged clothes,
Covered with shame, with derision and woes;
Warned by his fall we are sober and wise,
We must be abstainers for we all want to rise, &c.

Drunkards begin with a small glass or so,
None are secure but abstainers we know;
Health, time and money are talents we prize,
We must be abstainers for we all want to rise, &c.

163. WAKE THE SONG.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.


Wake the song and join the cho-rus, Fa la la la la la la la la.
See the dear old friends be-fore us, Fa la, &c.
Fes - tive pleasure now ad - van-ces, Fa la, &c.
FINE.
D.C.
Blooming youth with winning glances, Fa la la la la la la la.

Happily we meet together, fa la,
Heedless of the wind or weather, fa la,
Strangers to the drunkard's folly, fa la,
Banish grief and melancholy, fa la.

Drinkers drain their fiery glasses, fa la,
Water all their drink surpasses, fa la,
From the crystal fountain flowing, fa la,
Health and happiness are glowing, fa la,

Through the land our cause is gaining, fa la,
Truth, each hostile band disdaining, fa la,
Soon shall cover all the nation, fa la,
Hail the glorious reformation, fa la.

Wake the song and join the chorus, fa la,
Brighter days are yet before us, fa la,
Press we on, the conflict sharing, fa la,
In the good work ne'er despairing, fa la.

164. THE WORLD IS ALL AWRY.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

Sim - ple rule for which we plead, Soon to bet - ter times would lead,
Ban - ish drinks that steal the brain, Let both old and young ab - stain;
Lar - ger trade and small-er need, By the spread of truth and tem-'prance.
Earth would ring with joy a - gain, By the spread of truth and tem-'prance.
The world is all a - wry, We'll mend it by and bye, A
few more years, and who shall stand Be - fore our mighty conq'ring band?
We'll fight.
We'll fight, we'll fight for England, home, and lib - er - ty!

Statesmen puzzle their wits to find
Measures to improve mankind;
Don't you think they're very blind
When they can't find truth & temperance?
Patriots, judges, many a score,
Every year drink's work deplore;
Strange they open the ale-house door
While they talk of truth and temperance!

Doctors very politely say,
"Drink a little strong drink you may,"
Well they know what brings their pay;
They're afraid of truth and temperance.

Gentlemen and ladies fine,
When they walk abroad, or dine,
Empty bottles of beer and wine,
Never dream of truth and temperance.

Land of Bibles! land of might!
Messenger of gospel light!
Raise thyself from error's night,
By the spread of truth and temperance.
Land of drunkards! land of crime!
By-word thou in every clime!
When shall dawn thy purer time
By the spread of truth and temperance?

165. CLEAR THE WAY.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

Boldly.

The a - gi - ta - tion is be-gun In ear-nest now, you see, The
The ter - ror - stricken landlords cry, But who cares what they say, Their
rich and poor u - nite in one, To set our na - tion free.
gold - en days are pass - ing by, We're going to clear the way.
No mat-ter what landlords say, We're go-ing to clear the way! Our
army's ris - ing, all sur - pris-ing! Deeds of brave-ry banish slavery!
All get rea - dy for the strife, We're going to clear the way.

Strong drink has long a barrier been
To honest competence;
How many subjects of our Queen
Lose all their hard-earned pence?
Their starving wives and children sink
In anguish and dismay;
When sober, how they wish the drink
Ten thousand miles away. No, &c.

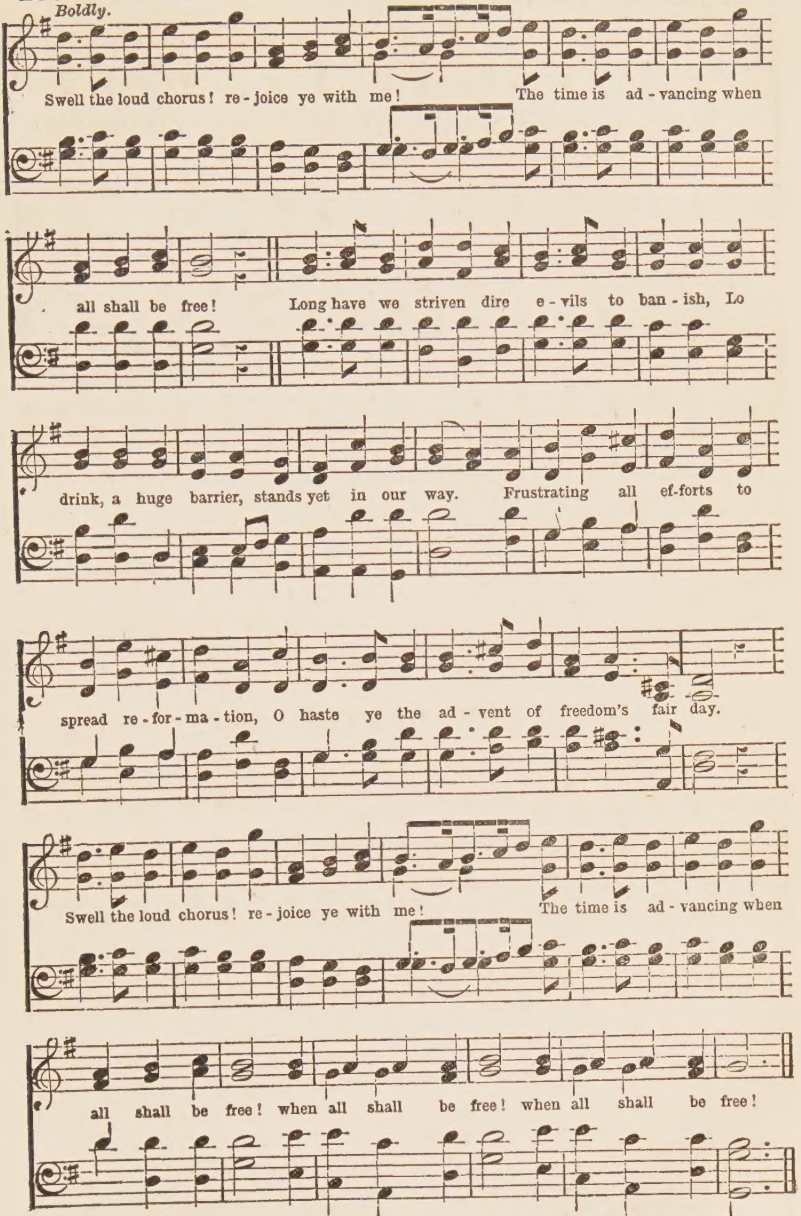
Strong drink assails the intellect,
Drives reason from her throne;
The course of thought we can't direct
While strong drink keeps men down.
In vain we build fine colleges,
In vain we preach and pray;
We cannot make men good and wise
While drink is in the way. No, &c.

We ne'er can win a deathless fame
For all that's good and great,
While strong drink is our country's shame,
The weakness of our state.
Not all our arms, our arts, can save
Our nation from decay,
Unless we rise like patriots brave,
And roll the curse away. No, &c.

All glory to the God of truth,
The cruel trade can't stand,
We're raising up our British youth
To save our fatherland.
Like patriots brave we'll do the right;
We'll surely win the day,
For Heaven will help us in the fight;
So shall we clear the way. No, &c.

166. SWELL THE LOUD CHORUS.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Music by C. Avison.


Boldly.
Swell the loud chorus! re-joice ye with me! The time is ad-vancing when
all shall be free! Long have we striven dire e-vils to ban-ish, Lo
drink, a huge barrier, stands yet in our way. Frustrating all ef-forts to
spread re-for-ma-tion, O haste ye the ad-vent of freedom's fair day.
Swell the loud chorus! re-joice ye with me! The time is ad-vancing when
all shall be free! when all shall be free! when all shall be free!

Shouts of thanksgiving shall rise thro' the land,
The freemen of temperance shall gloriously stand;
Drunkards, long pinioned, shall break from their fet-
And rise with religion and temp'rance endued; [ters,
Our young men and maidens, no longer degraded,
Shall live the pure lives of the holy and good.
Swell the loud, &c.

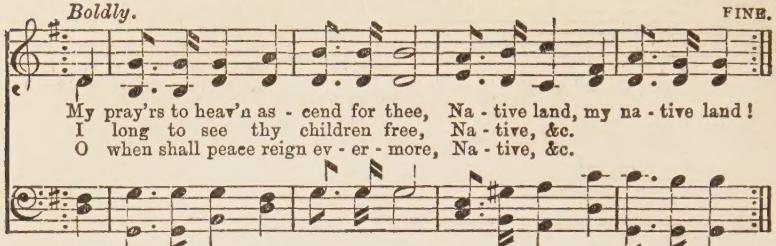
Praise ye the Lord, for the day shall arise;
How vast is our army! the noble and wise,
See how they gather from city and village,
A numberless host marching on to the fight!
Jehovah shall smite every foe with confusion,
And vict'ry shall bring to the champions of right.
Swell the loud, &c.

167 MY NATIVE LAND.

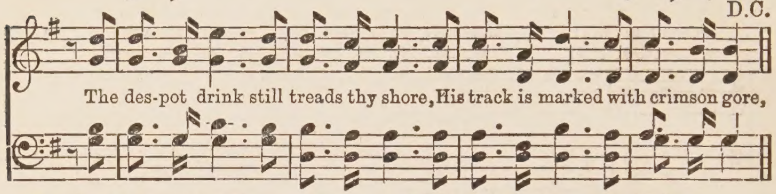
Words by W. Hoyle.
Music Adapted.

Boldly.

FINE.


My pray'rs to heav'n as - cend for thee, Na - tive land, my na - tive land!
I long to see thy children free, Na - tive, &c.
O when shall peace reign ev - er - more, Na - tive, &c.

D.C.



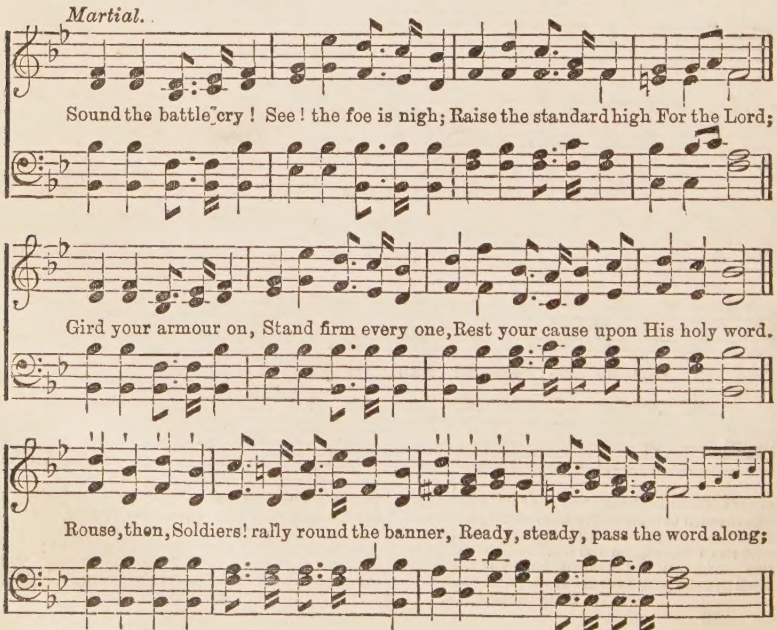
Thou hast a fame thro' distant parts,
Native land, my native land!
For willing hands and loving hearts,
Native land, my native land!
Thy domes of splendour grace the skies;
Like mountains vast thy cities rise;
And thou hast many great and wise,
Native land, my native land!
But think not thou art great and strong,
Native land, my native land!
Boast not thy fame in art and song,
Native land, my native land!

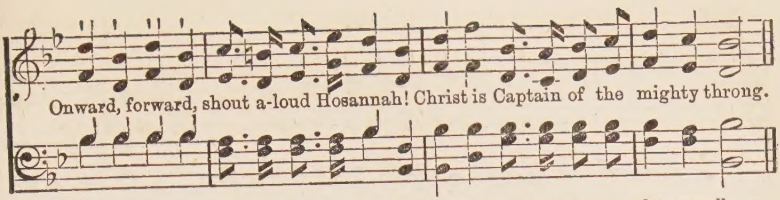
While on thy shore a deadly foe
Is yearly laying thousands low,
And filling hearts and homes with woe,
Native land, my native land!
Yet thou hast many brave and true,
Native land, my native land!
Who nobly will their duty do,
Native land, my native land!
I hear thee rising for the fight,
Thou soon wilt crush the tyrant's might,
For God will surely aid the right,
Native land, my native land!

168 SOUND THE BATTLE CRY.

W. F. Sherwin.

Martial.


Sound the battle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high For the Lord;
Gird your armour on, Stand firm every one, Rest your cause upon His holy word.
Rouse, then, Soldiers! rally round the banner, Ready, steady, pass the word along;



Strong to meet the foe, marching on we go,
Whilst our cause we know must prevail;
Shield and banner bright gleaming in the light,
Battling for the right we ne'er can fail, &c.

Oh, thou God of all! hear us when we call,
Help us one and all by thy grace:
When the battle's done, and the victory won,
May we wear the crown before Thy face, &c.

169. HOPE OF ENGLAND.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Music by G. F. Root.

Joyfully.
Hope of England! hope of England! are our so - ber youthful bands!
Rising up in town and ci - ty; Tell it out to dis-tant lands.
Britain's sons shall not be branded With the drunkard's wretched name,
In the com - ing ge - ne - ra - tion We will roll a - way the shame.

With religion and with temperance
We will face our country's foe,
In the strength of God, our Leader,
Forth to conflict we will go.
Girded with the Christian armour
We will watch and we will pray,
And our solemn vow remember
As we journey on our way.

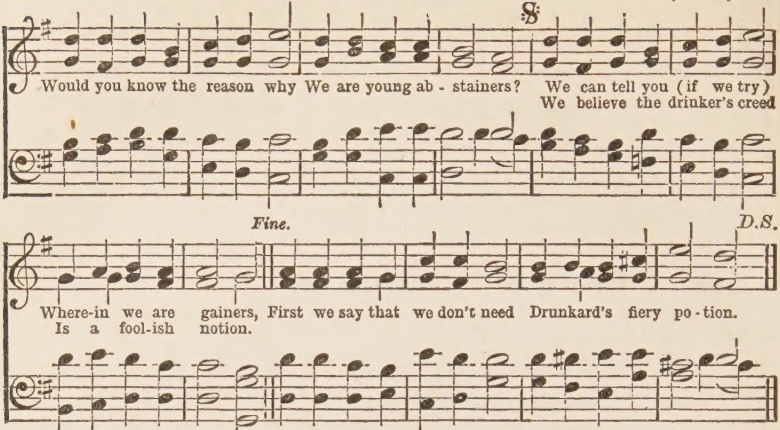
All the drunkard's ways avoiding
In the days of early youth,
We will heed the voice of conscience,
And regard the word of truth

Growing up a sober people,
Living only for the Lord,
Who can tell our joys and blessings!
Who can count our sure reward!

Hope of England! hope of England!
What a glorious hope have we!
Soon the cause of truth shall triumph,
And our nation shall be free.
Britain's sons shall not be branded
With the drunkard's wretched name,
In the coming generation
We will roll away the shame.

170. THE REASON WHY.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.


Would you know the reason why We are young ab - stainers? We can tell you (if we try) We believe the drinker's creed
Fine.
D.S.
Where-in we are gainers, First we say that we don't need Drunkard's fiery po - tion.
Is a fool-ish notion.

Though experience we may need,
We must beg to mention,
Many fail while we succeed,
Simply by prevention:
Count the losses which arise
Through a course of drinking,
You will see there's something wise
In our way of thinking.

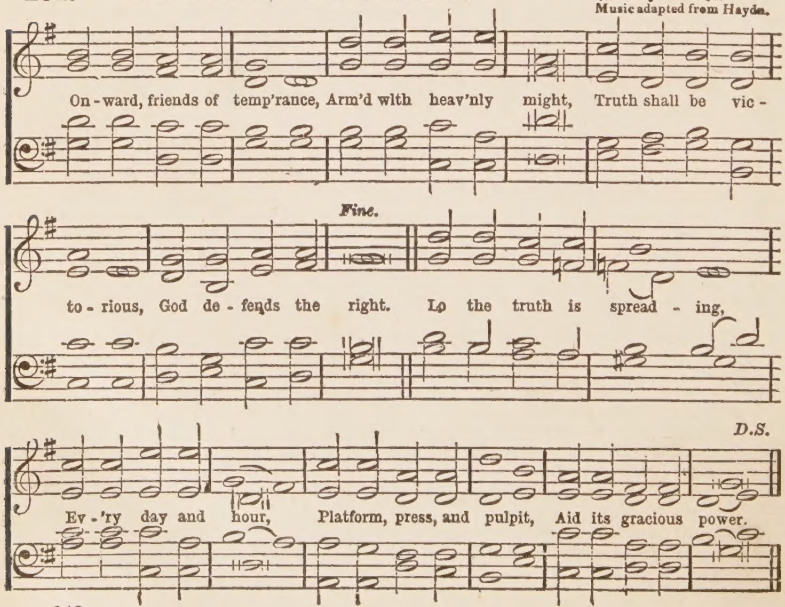
Some may boast of mod'rate cups,
We to such are strangers;
Well we know that little sups
Are beset with dangers,
Farthest from the precipice
Farthest is from ruin;
Those who run the drinker's race
Think not what they're doing.

Mark the drunkards as they pass,
Madly, headlong reeling,
Conscience seared, and heart, alas!
Void of human feeling:
Such can never enter heav'n
Is the solemn warning;
We must heed the counsel giv'n
In life's early morning.

Would you know the reason why,
We are young abstainers?
Sign our pledge and fairly try,
Wherein we are gainers.
Moral wrecks are strewn around,
Beacon lights are burning,
While in safety we are found,
Let us heed the warning.

171. ONWARD FRIENDS.

Words by W. Hoyle
Music adapted from Hayda.


On - ward, friends of temp'rance, Arm'd with heav'nly might, Truth shall be vic -
Fine.
to - rious, God de - fends the right. Lo the truth is spread - ing,
D.S.
Ev - 'ry day and hour, Platform, press, and pulpit, Aid its gracious power.

Strong drink's cruel traffic, cursing our dear land,
God will surely banish with his mighty hand;
Though his justice lingers, faithful is His word;[&c.
Only let us trust Him, He will help afford.—Onward,
Glorious is the dawning of the brighter day,
When the tears of orphans shall be wiped away;
When the widow's wailing shall be hushed in peace,
And the sin-bound drunkard find a glad release. &c.
Not in vain we labour, not in vain we pray.
Jesus and his kingdom shall have larger sway;
All that now opposes in the dust shall lie,
And a shout of triumph shall ascend on high, &c.

172. THE DOWNFALL OF ALCOHOL.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

Boldly.
A war - rior led an ar - my great, A na - tion to en - thral,
His ar - my they were pub - li-cans, And bre-wers not a few,
He rode a - bout in roy - al state, His name was Al - co - hol,
Who migh - ty grew on sel - fish plans, And ma - ny thousands slew,
And ma - ny thousands slew, And ma - ny thousands slew,
Who migh - ty grew on self - ish plans, And ma - ny thousands slew.

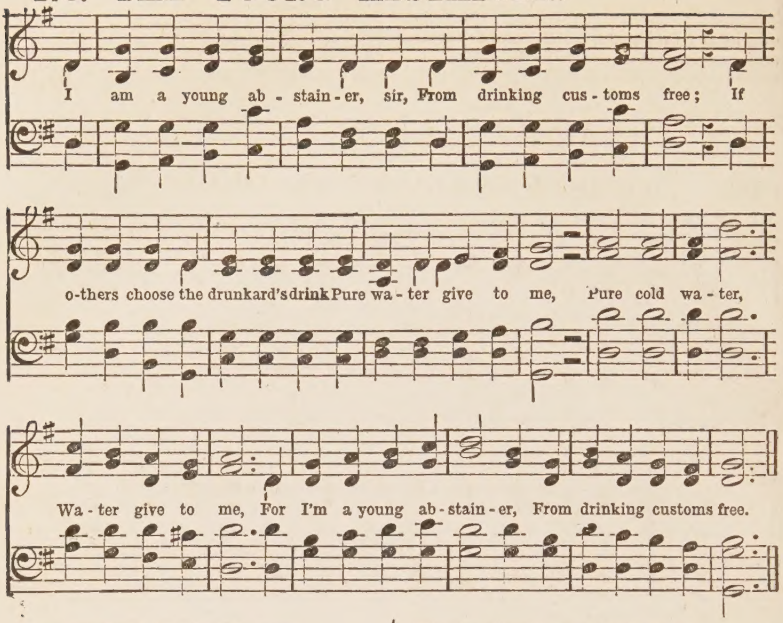
They drew no warrior's glittering sword,
They fired no shot or shell;
But slily into goblets pour'd
A poison dire and fell;
Then drank the peasant and the peer
Till hope and reason fled;
Full sixty thousand every year
Were numbered with the dead.

The cry of mourning filled the air,
For many a noble son;
And many a maiden, chaste and fair,
Laid helpless and undone;
Yet heedless as a sleeping child,
That foolish nation lay;
Till lo! the cry grew fierce and wild,
And louder day by day.

Then like insulted giants 'woke
The chief men of the land,
Swift thro' the tyrant's lines they broke,
And spoiled his cruel band.
They bound him with a mighty chain,
Forbidding him to roam;
His army vanquished on the plain,
Fled each man to his home.

Then rang the bells from many a tower,
Upon that joyful day;
And God was praised, who gave the power,
To drive the foe away.
Restored to peace, religion grew,
And plenty filled the state;
And all the world the tidings knew,
The victory was so great.

173. THE YOUNG ABSTAINER.


I am a young ab - stain - er, sir, From drinking cus - toms free; If
o-thers choose the drunkard's drink Pure wa - ter give to me, Pure cold wa - ter,
Wa - ter give to me, For I'm a young ab - stain - er, From drinking customs free.

The drunkard is a foolish man,
He staggers through the streets,
And he is pointed at with scorn,
By every one he meets. Pure, &c.

The drunkard is a careless man,
He throws his cash away,
He does not save his money up
Against an evil day. &c.

The drunkard is a cruel man,
And thus we often see
His wretched wife and family
In rags and misery. &c.

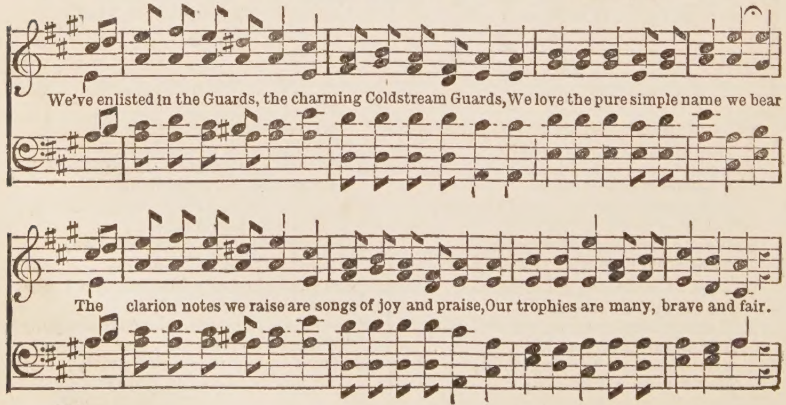
The drunkard is a wicked man,
He quite neglects his mind,
And God will punish him for that,
As he will surely find. &c.

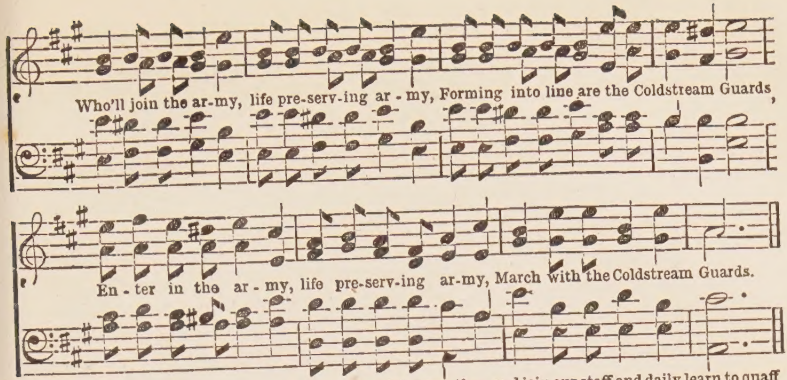
The foolish man and wicked man,
May drink wine, gin, and beer,
But I prefer a wiser plan,
My drink is water clear. &c.

I am a young teetotaler,
From drinking customs free,
Can't you give up the drunkard's drink,
And come and work with me. &c.

174. THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Harmony by W. H. Whitehead.


We've enlisted in the Guards, the charming Coldstream Guards, We love the pure simple name we bear
The clarion notes we raise are songs of joy and praise, Our trophies are many, brave and fair.


Who'll join the ar-my, life pre-serv-ing ar - my, Forming into line are the Coldstream Guards,
En - ter in the ar - my, life pre-serv-ing ar-my, March with the Coldstream Guards.

The soldiers in the guards may count on sure rewards
In street or lane they will never lie;
They wear no ragged clothes, they fear no fatal woes,
And you may all guess the reason why, &c.

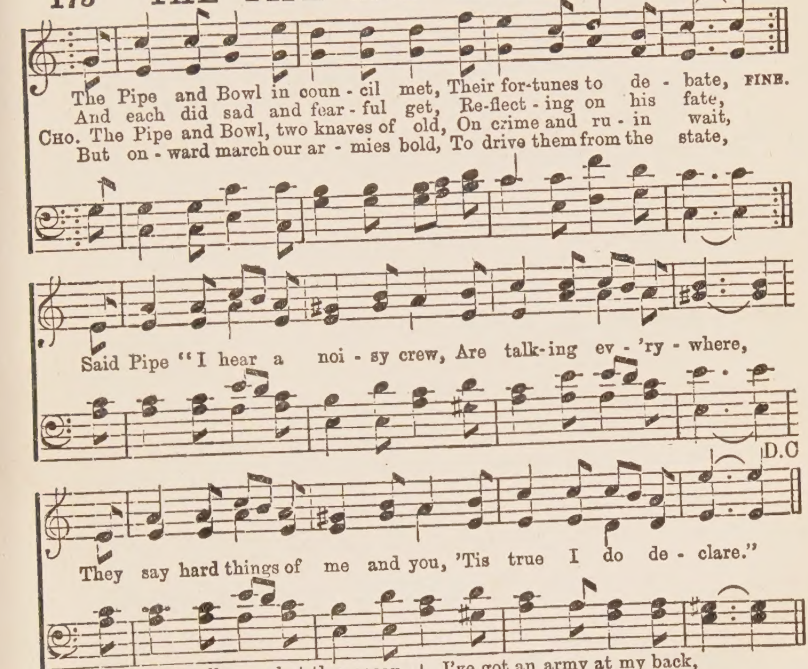
When first you join the force, it may be hard of course,
But when the few early drills you pass,
You learn to smile at those who stand among the foes
And fain would tempt with a friendly glass, &c.

Come, then, and join our staff, and daily learn to quaff
The nectar drawn from the sparkling rill; (wealth,
You'll feel the glow of health, you may attain to
You'll surely save many a doctor's bill, &c.

Our duty we must do, and we appeal to you
To help us now in the great campaign; (be stormed
Our land must be reform'd, strong drink must now
Till not a trace of the curse remain, &c.

175 THE PIPE AND BOWL.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.


The Pipe and Bowl in coun - cil met, Their for-tunes to de - bate, FINE.
And each did sad and fear - ful get, Re-flect - ing on his fate,
CHO. The Pipe and Bowl, two knaves of old, On crime and ru - in wait,
But on - ward march our ar - mies bold, To drive them from the state,
Said Pipe "I hear a noi - sy crew, Are talk-ing ev - 'ry - where,
D.C
They say hard things of me and you, 'Tis true I do de - clare."

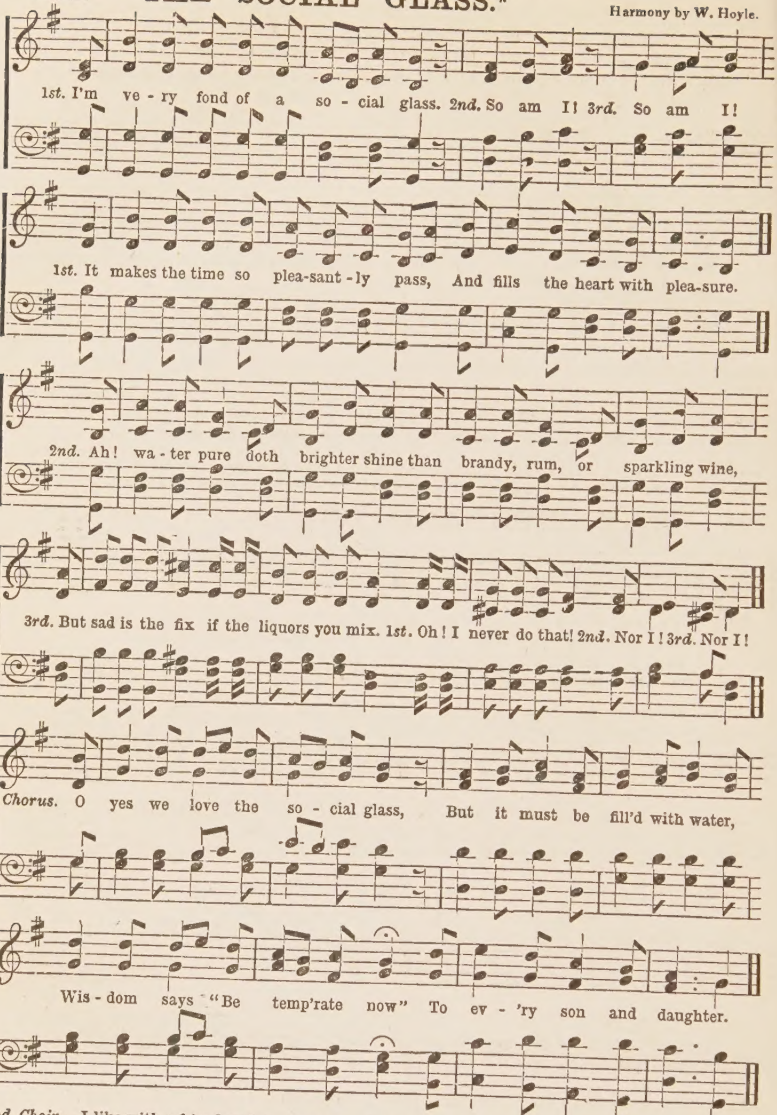
Said Bowl, "I'll tell you what they mean,
This noisy crew I know;
They're charging me with crime and sin,
And mean my overthrow;
And you get threat'ning words from them,
They call you 'Lazy Lout;'
They say they'll break your shining stem
And put your furnace out." The Pipe, &c.

Said Pipe, "and it is true old friend,
That you and I must fly?
I'll fight unto the bitter end,
I'll conquer or I'll die.
I've got an army at my back,
Who love my soothing weed,
They'll join me in the fierce attack,
If only help I need." The Pipe, &c.

Said Bowl "our foes are mighty grown,
It fills me with dismay,
They've young recruits in every town,
Ten thousand strong they say.
Our valiant arms might proudly cope
With foemen of the past;
But these fast gathering Bands of Hope,
Will seal our doom at last." &c.

176. THE SOCIAL GLASS.*

Harmony by W. Hoyle.


1st. I'm ve - ry fond of a so - cial glass. 2nd. So am I! 3rd. So am I!
1st. It makes the time so plea-sant - ly pass, And fills the heart with plea-sure.
2nd. Ah! wa - ter pure doth brighter shine than brandy, rum, or sparkling wine,
3rd. But sad is the fix if the liquors you mix. 1st. Oh! I never do that! 2nd. Nor I! 3rd. Nor I!
Chorus. O yes we love the so - cial glass, But it must be fill'd with water,
Wis - dom says "Be temp'rate now" To ev - 'ry son and daughter.

2nd Choir.—I like with a friend an hour to pass,
3rd Choir.—So do I!
1st Choir.—So do I!
2nd Choir.—But never with the "social glass,"
Unless it be cold water.
1st Choir.—No! friendship's joys are so divine,
They never should be mixed with wine;
2nd Choir.—Perhaps you may think
That I love strong drink?
3rd Choir.—I certainly do!
1st Choir.—And I!
2nd Choir.—Not I! *Chorus*—O yes, &c.

3rd Choir.—I love to sing a temperance glee,
1st Choir.—So do I!
2nd Choir.—So do I!
3rd Choir.—I long to see the inebriate free,
And every moderate drinker.
2nd Choir.—I'm glad to meet with friends so true,
For I have long been temperate too;
3rd Choir.—Then I understand he's a temperate man?
1st Choir.—I reckon he is.
2nd Choir.—You're right.
3rd Choir.—All's right. *Chorus*—O yes, &c.

* *Only the Chorus of this piece is sung in harmony. The singers are divided into three Choirs—Treble and Alto 1st, Tenor 2nd, and Bass 3rd. Each Choir must observe where they should sing. The complete harmony is added for the accompaniment only.*

177. PULL TOGETHER BOYS.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

See, brothers, see, the storm comes on, The waves roll mountains high ! 'Mid
rocks and sands poor drunkards glide, O list ye to their cry ; Their wretched bark no
storm will stand, Upon the rocks they're gone, Man well our temp'rance boat, O save ! Ere
death's dark night comes on. Pull, pull to - ge-ther, boys, Pull, pull to -
geth-er boys, Pull, pull to - geth - er boys, Like brothers ev - 'ry one.

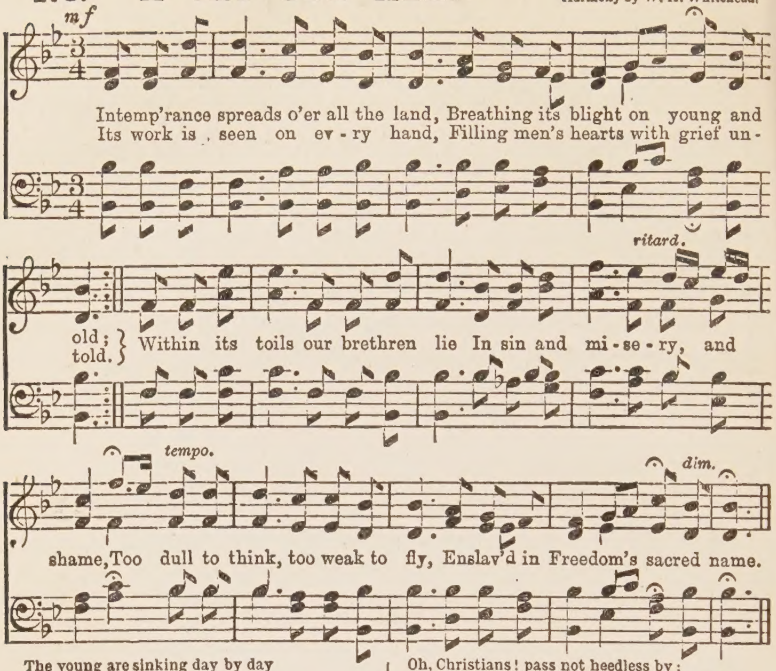
They thought their moderation bark
Would weather any gale,
They heard not warning words from crews
Who knew well how to sail :
Awhile they bask in sunny rays,
Then lo ! a storm comes on,
They wish they'd pull'd together, boys,
Like brothers every one. &c.

The treacherous rocks and quicksands, boys,
Are sin in many forms ;
Life's voyagers may soon be lost
When rise temptation's storms ;
But with our temperance life-boat strong,
Religion leading on,
Our hopes are bright, as on we glide,
Like brothers every one. &c.

Temptation's storms around us rise,
Who does not feel their power ?
Alas ! how many barks are lost
In some unguarded hour !
O let us pray that all good men
May help our life boat on,
And pull through life together boys,
Like brothers every one. &c.

178. A CRY FOR HELP.

Words by Rev. Chas. Garrett.
Harmony by W. H. Whitehead.

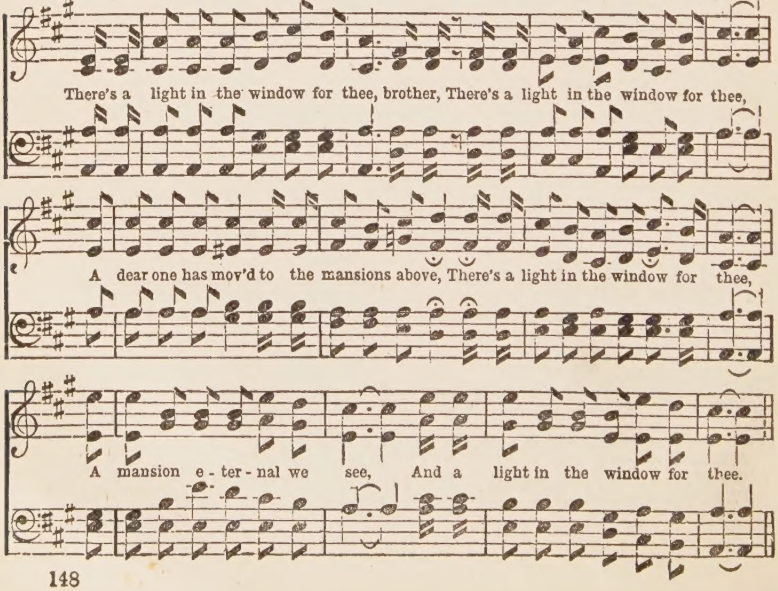

mf
Intemp'rance spreads o'er all the land, Breathing its blight on young and
Its work is seen on ev - ry hand, Filling men's hearts with grief un -
ritard.
old; } Within its toils our brethren lie In sin and mi - se - ry, and
told. }
tempo.
dim.
shame, Too dull to think, too weak to fly, Enslav'd in Freedom's sacred name.

The young are sinking day by day
In deepest sin, and wretchedness;
In anguish wild to you they pray,
To help them in their sore distress.
They cry aloud, they cry to you—
The strong, the wise, the pure, the good—
You, who such sorrow never knew,
And in such danger ne'er have stood.

Oh, Christians! pass not heedless by;
'Tis Christ's own lambs for help who call;
On wings of love to aid them fly,
And rest not till ye save them all.
Begin at once, begin to-day,
Their sorrows chase, the cause destroy,
Each home shall then be pure indeed,
And filled with light, and peace, and joy.

179. A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

Melody by Bradbury.
Harmony by W. Hoyle.


There's a light in the window for thee, brother, There's a light in the window for thee,
A dear one has mov'd to the mansions above, There's a light in the window for thee,
A mansion e - ter - nal we see, And a light in the window for thee.

There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, brother,
When from toil and from care you are free,
The Saviour has gone to prepare you a home,
With a light in the window for thee. A mansion,&c.

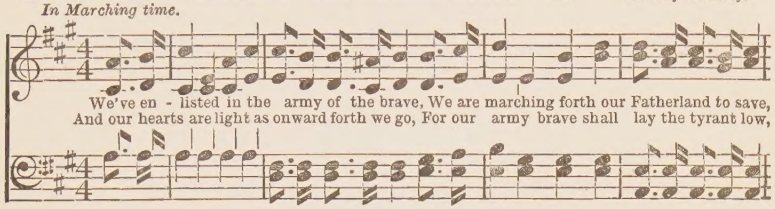
O watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea,
Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee. A mansion,&c.

Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till, from conflict and suffering free,
Bright angels now beckon you over the stream,[&c.
There's a light in the window for thee. A mansion,

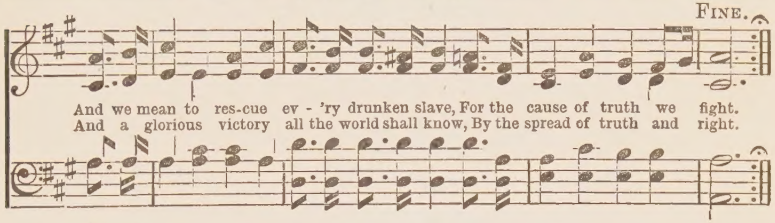
180. THE ARMY OF THE BRAVE.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Music by Bradbury.

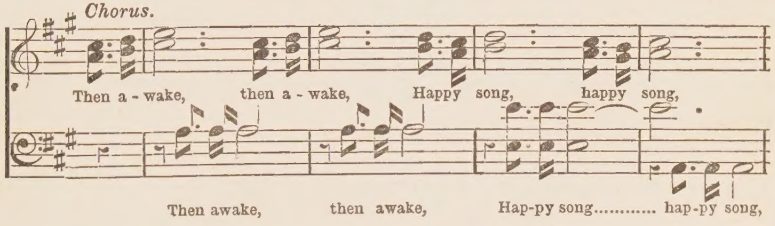
In Marching time.


We've en - listed in the army of the brave, We are marching forth our Fatherland to save,
And our hearts are light as onward forth we go, For our army brave shall lay the tyrant low,

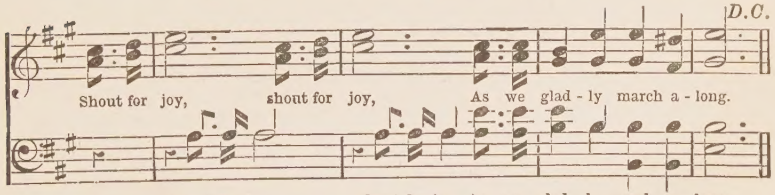
FINE.


And we mean to res-cue ev - 'ry drunken slave, For the cause of truth we fight.
And a glorious victory all the world shall know, By the spread of truth and right.

Chorus.



D.C.



But, we wish to tell you, while we gather here,
There is room for you, if you will volunteer
In the great crusade, to banish wine and beer
And the drinks that sadly blight.
'Tis a glorious work in which we all engage,—
To protect our youth from error's cruel rage,
And to drunkards give the blessings of the pledge,
[illegible] spread of truth and right.
Th[illegible]ake! &c. And our hearts, &c.

Oh! the land has long in error's fetters lain,
And the tyrant drink has many thousands slain;
But we're rallying all to charge with might & main.
Come and join us in the fight.
And the Lord of hosts shall lead us in the fray,
For He knows our aim, & hears His servants pray,
And His word is sure, strong drink shall flee away
By the spread of truth and right.
Then awake! &c. And our hearts, &c.

181. ALL MAY BE WELL.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.

A poor de - graded drunkard was pining o'er his lot, For-getting that his
fol - ly his wretchedness had brought, But he met a temp'rance brother who
unto him did say, "There is hope in the future if you will watch and pray.
All may be well, false ha - bit now as - sail, And let the kind
Spirit's voice pre - vail; Crave par-don for the past; look up with courage
true; Sign to - day, while you may; All may be well."

Adown his cheeks so furrowed
The scalding tear-drops stole,
The warning voice of conscience
Awoke within his soul,
For he thought of days departed,
When home's bright joys did twine,
And he cried, broken-hearted,
"Can peace again be mine?"
All, &c.

The pledge book was the token
Of brighter, better days,
His children danced around him,
His wife broke forth in praise,
And he hastens now to rescue
Poor drunkards all around,
By relating the blessings
Which he through grace had found.
All, &c.

182. THE BUBBLING SPRING.

W. B. Bradbury.

1 Ver. A song, a song to the bubbling spring, so clear and bright, Let us all its praises sing,
2 Ver. How sweet it is, when tired and faint With noontide heat, Here to quaff the gushingwave,
3 Ver. No grief or discord here is found, None here is found, Peace and love and joy abound ,
pp
Sing, sing to - night. Sparkle lit - tle fountain, singing ev - er gai - ly,
Cool, cool and sweet. Sparkle lit - tle fountain, singing ev - er gai - ly,
Joys, joys, a - bound. Sparkle lit - tle fountain, singing ev - er gai - ly,
Spar - kle lit - tle foun - - tain, sing - ing ev - er gai - - ly,
Sparkle little fountain, singing ever gai - ly, Cheer us with thy music, Cheer us,cheer us daily,
Sparkle little fountain, singing ever gai - ly, Cheer us with thy music, Cheer us,cheer us daily,
Sparkle little fountain, singing ever gai - ly, Cheer us with thy music, Cheer us,cheer us daily,
Cheer us with thy mu - - - - sic, Cheer us, cheer us dai - ly,
Sparkle little fountain singing ev - er gai-ly, Cheer us, cheer us dai - ly, dai - ly,
Cheer us with thy mu - - - - sic, Cheer us, cheer us dai - ly,
Sparkle little fountain singing ev - er gai - ly, Cheer us, cheer us dai - ly, dai - ly.
f
Tra la la la la la la la Tra la la Tra la la la Tra la la la
Tra la la la la la la la la la la, Cheer us, cheer us dai - ly.

183. SING WE MERRILY.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Music arranged by Bradbury

Joyfully.

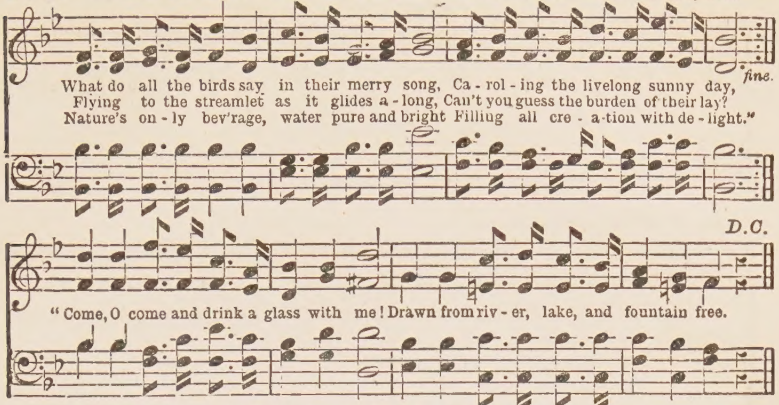
Sing we mer-ri- ly! Sing we mer-ri - ly! Blissful strains we love to sing, With
sweetest har-mony! sweetest har-mony! Shall the wak-ing echoes ring,
Welcome friend and welcome stranger! All who love the soul of song, And
all who love the cause of freedom, Wel - come to our fes - tive throng!
Hail! hail this hap - py day! Hail! hail this hap - py day!
Hail this day! hail this day! Hail this hap - py day!
yes
yes

Joy and happiness! joy and happiness!
Flow to cheer us on our way,
While love and purity! love and purity,
Fill our hearts from day to day.
Welcome, &c.

Homes are beautiful, homes are beautiful,
Children sing and children play,
And earth seems lovelier, earth seems lovelier
When true Temp'rance holds her sway.
Welcome, &c.

184. WHAT DO ALL THE BIRDS SAY.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Music by Root.


What do all the birds say in their merry song, Ca - rol - ing the livelong sunny day,
Flying to the streamlet as it glides a - long, Can't you guess the burden of their lay?
Nature's on - ly bev'rage, water pure and bright Filling all cre - a-tion with de - light."
fine.
D.C.
"Come, O come and drink a glass with me! Drawn from riv - er, lake, and fountain free.

What do all the beasts say in the distant wold,
Over mountain range or trackless sand?
"We perform our task in seasons hot or cold,
Strength and long endurance we command," &c.

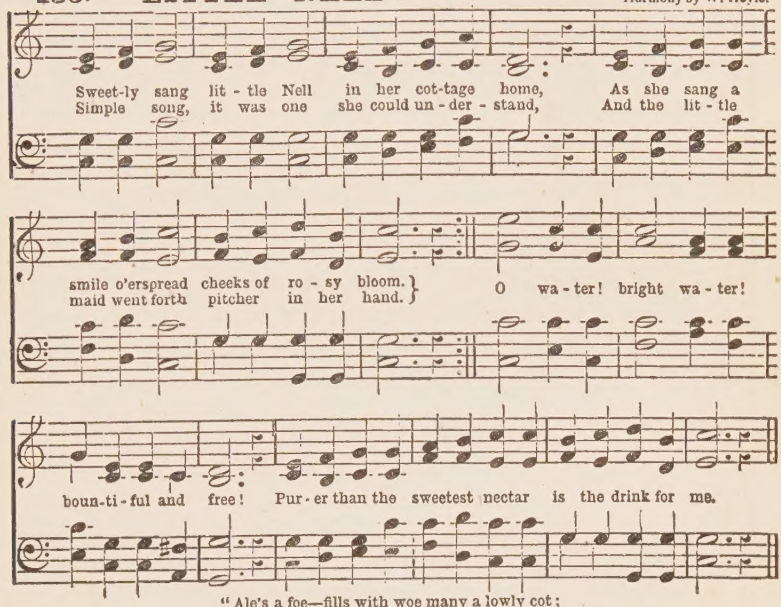
What do all the fish say in the ocean wide,
Gliding on beneath the billows free?
"We could never live where fiery drinks abide,
Water is the only drink we see," &c.

What do all the trees say in their murmurs low
Bending heavy branches to the breeze?
"Water fills our roots and makes our branches grow,
Yielding precious fruit to feed and please," &c.

What do all the flowers say, deck'd with pearly dew,
Sparkling like a thousand gems of light?
"Tints of rarest beauty, sweetest fragrance too,
Dwell in goblets from the fountain bright." &c.

185. LITTLE NELL.

Harmony by W. Hoyle.


Sweet-ly sang lit - tle Nell in her cot-tage home, As she sang a
Simple song, it was one she could un - der - stand, And the lit - tle
smile o'erspread cheeks of ro - sy bloom.
maid went forth pitcher in her hand.
O wa - ter! bright wa - ter!
boun-ti - ful and free! Pur - er than the sweetest nectar is the drink for me.

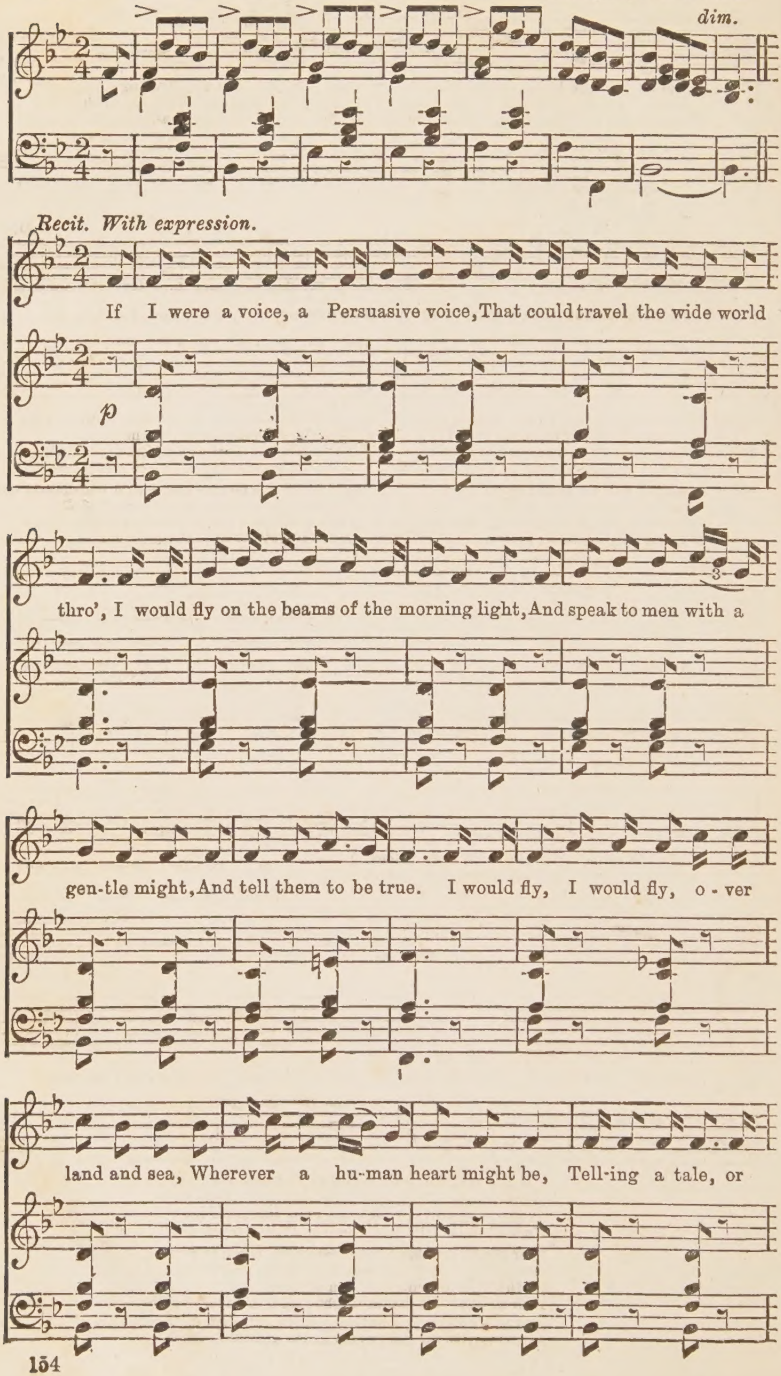
"Ale's a foe—fills with woe many a lowly cot;
Those who love it do not know our most happy lot,"
As she sang still her song, soon she reached a rill,
Kneeled the daisied grass among, there her jug to fill. &c.

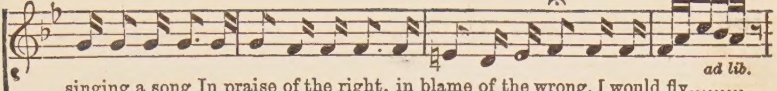
Near the stream lay a man, careworn, down to rest;
Upward rose the weary sigh from his aching breast,
He to vile drunkenness was a wretched slave,
Well he knew his course might lead to a hopeless grave, &c.

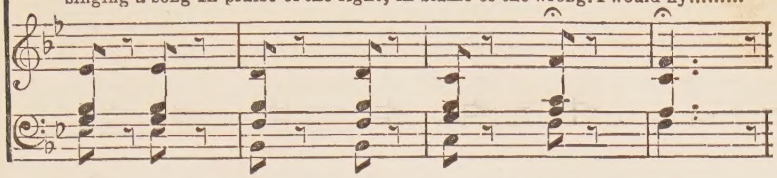
And he heard every word sung so sweetly still,
As she tarried for the pitcher at the sparkling rill,
Then he said to the maid, singing in her glee,
"O that water, precious water, had sufficed for me." &c.

185A. IF I WERE A VOICE.

Arranged by W. H. Whitehead.


dim.
Recit. With expression.
If I were a voice, a Persuasive voice, That could travel the wide world
p
thro', I would fly on the beams of the morning light, And speak to men with a
gen-tle might, And tell them to be true. I would fly, I would fly, o - ver
land and sea, Wherever a hu-man heart might be, Tell-ing a tale, or



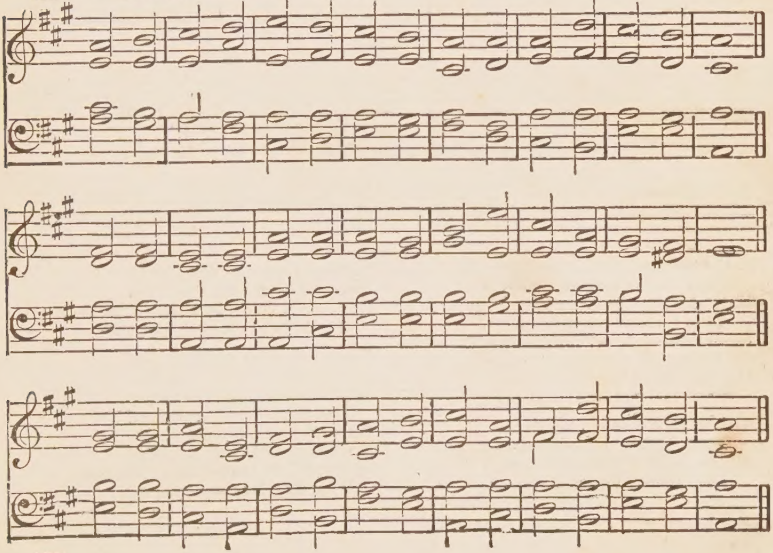


Repeat last three bars as Chorus.

If I were a voice, a Consoling voice,
I'd fly on the wings of the air,
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
To save them from despair.
I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town,
And drop like the happy sunlight down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to look up again;
I would fly o'er the crowded town.

If I were a voice, an Immortal voice,
I would fly the earth around,
And wherever man to his idols bowed,
I'd publish in notes both long and loud
The Gospel's joyful sound.
I would fly, I would fly, on the wings of day,
Proclaiming peace on my world-wide way,
Bidding the saddened earth rejoice;
If I were a voice an immortal voice,
I would fly on the wings of day.

185B. BENEDICTION.



186. LOVE AT HOME.

Harmony by W. Hoyle.

There is beauty all around When there's love at home; There is joy in
ev-'ry sound, When there's love at home. Peace and plen-ty here a-bide,
Smiling sweet on ev-'ry side, Time doth softly sweetly glide, When there's love at
home. Love at home, Love at home.
Time doth soft-ly sweet-ly glide When there's love at home.

In the cottage there is joy,
When there's love at home;
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
When there's love at home.
Roses blossom 'neath our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home, &c.

Kindly heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home;
All the earth is filled with love,
When there's love at home.

Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky;
Oh, there's One who smiles on high
When there's love at home, &c.

Jesus, make me wholly Thine,
Then there's love at home;
May Thy gentle life be mine,
Then there's love at home.
Safely from all harm I'll rest,
With no sinful care distressed,
Through Thy tender mercy blessed,
With Thy love at home, &c.

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